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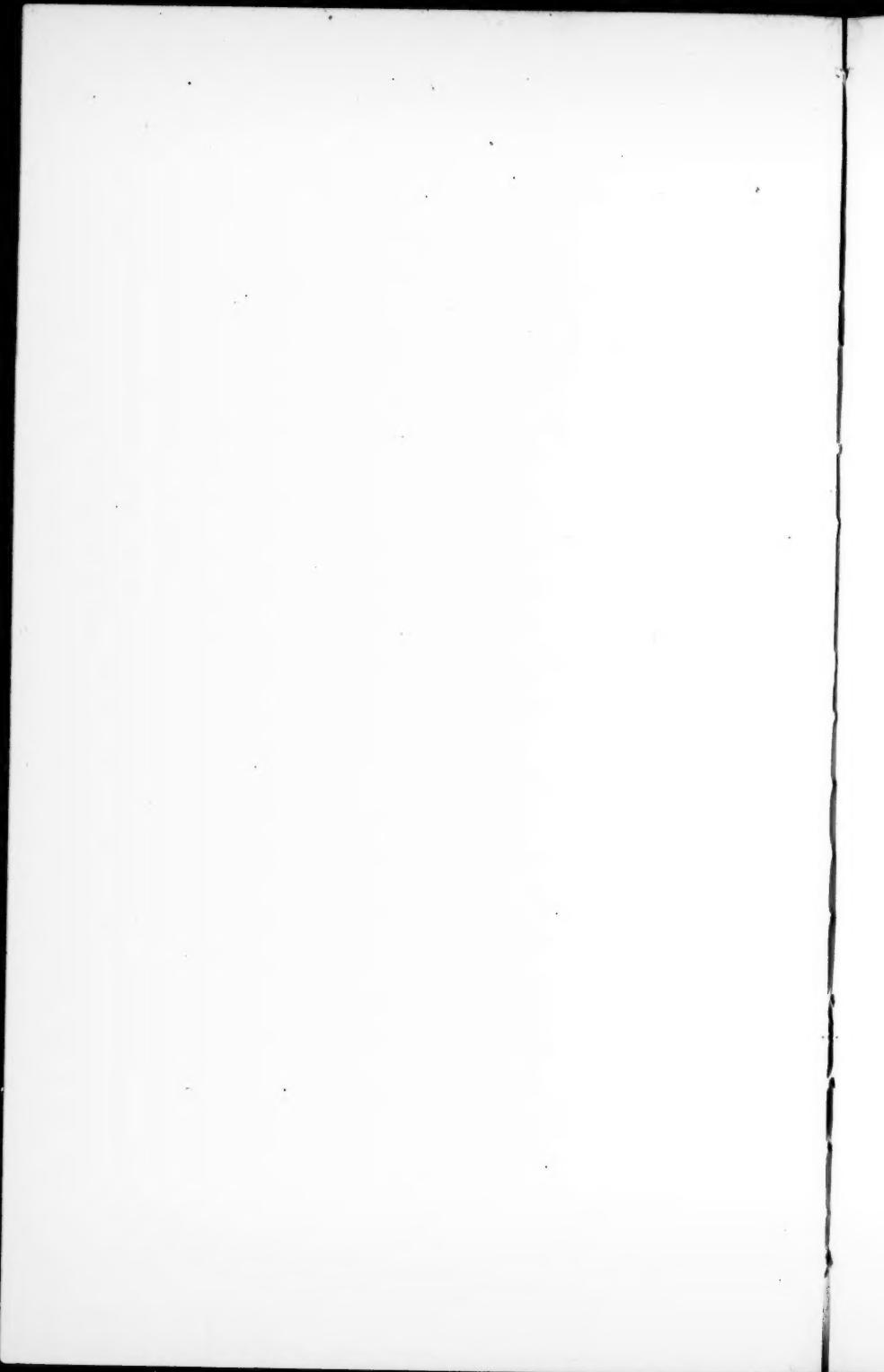
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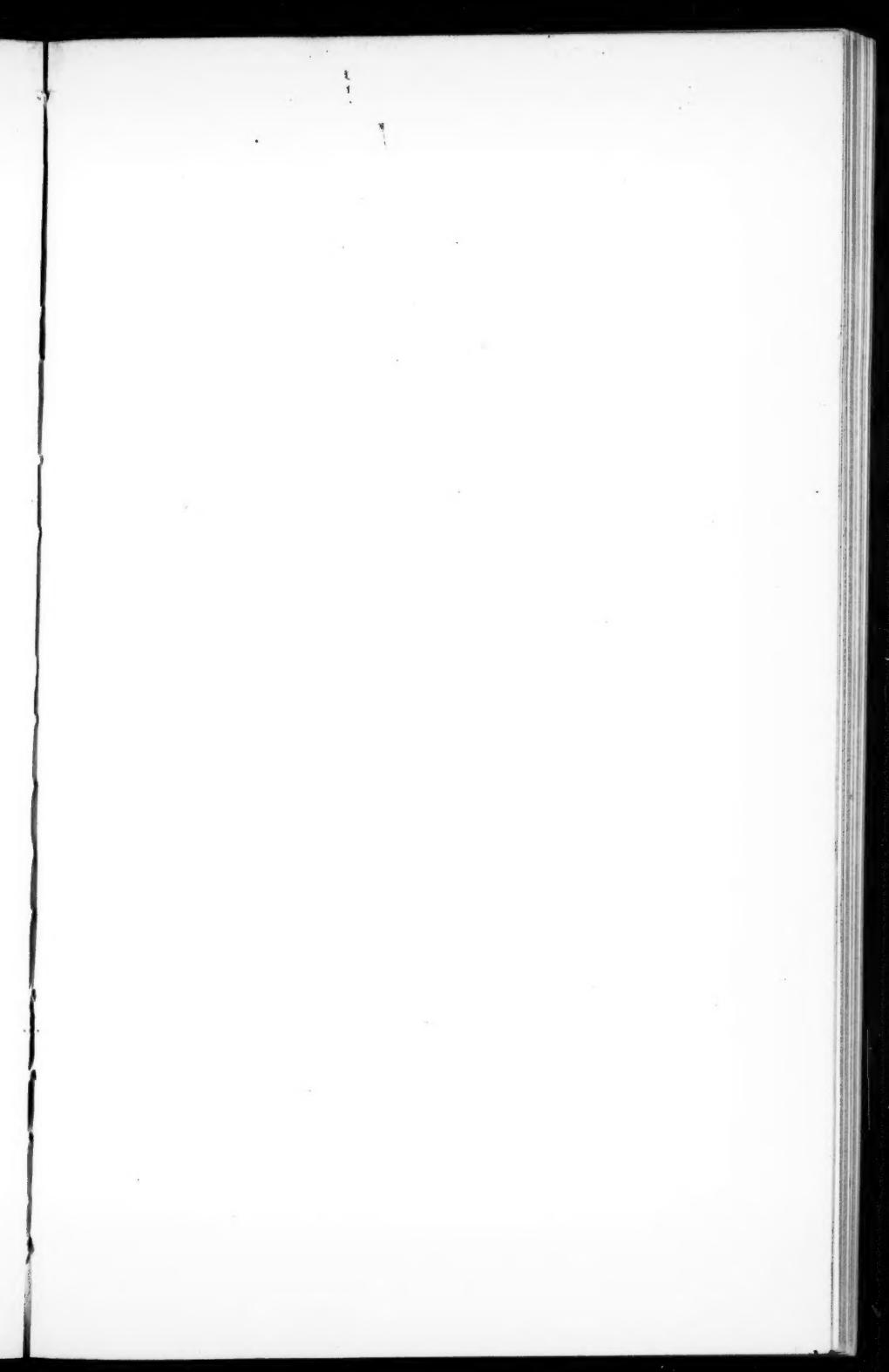
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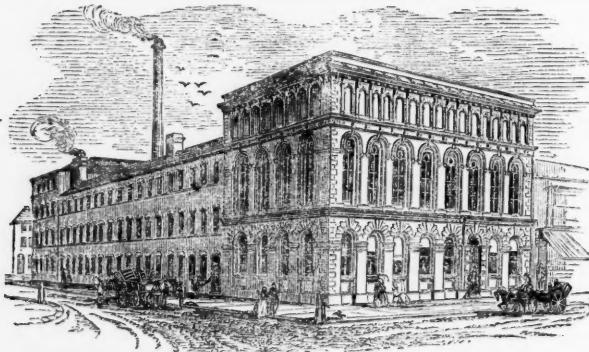
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constructive anathemas the soldier had intended to accompany by a symbolical act, that is to say, by putting out one of his candles; but, as he explained to his wondering audience after each phase of abolition, the wind was so high that he could not light his candle. One candle, however, he had safely burning away in the lantern; and of this also he had a use to make. Fifthly and lastly, he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a Bible. "Here," he exclaimed, "is a book you have in great veneration, consisting of two parts, the Old and New Testament. I must tell you, it is abolished; it contains beggarly rudiments, milk for babes; but now Christ is in glory among us, and imparts a fuller measure of his Spirit to his saints than this can afford; and therefore I am commanded to burn it." So, taking the candle out of the lantern, he set the leaves on fire; and then, putting out the candle, he cried, "and here my fifth light is extinguished."

Extravagances such as this were congenial to a few excited spirits in the army, but had no attraction for Englishmen in general, even when the nation had tasted blood and developed its most extreme propensities. Much less was this sweeping removal of all ordinances contemplated by the men of Kent and the Kentish men who in 1640 and 1641 petitioned the knights of the shire or the House of Commons on account of their ecclesiastical grievances. They inclined evidently to the Presbyterian type, which allows the minister considerable power over his flock, but also intrusts the flock with a very tight hold on its minister. In several cases the only grievance of which they complained was the very scanty income with which the services of a good curate or vicar were rewarded. In one instance the petitioners, having preferred certain articles against their curate, are soon after anxious to recall their petition, confessing that it was precipitately sent "at the instigation of a malignant humour," and that their curate was "very able, sufficient, and painful in dispensing the word of God," though he had seemed to carry himself somewhat too loftily towards them. In one case an elaborate series of charges against an incumbent palpably breaks down; in another, the parson pleads guilty to human infirmities, including a little occasional intemperance. No subject of complaint is so frequent as the ministers railing-in the holy table, placing it altarwise, and obliging communicants to receive at the rails. Occasionally disputes about tithes crop up, such as were frequent in all times till the memorable era of the commutation. In several cases the congregations profess themselves to have been scandalised by doctrines contradicting that of Calvin; and it is objected to the minister of Crayford that he, "drinking with certain gentlemen at the Bull in Dartford,

did confidently affirm and say he was persuaded that the first motion and inclination of the heart to any sin without consent, was not sin." But if the men of Dartford were curious in theological distinctions, the men of Chatham could not appreciate a joke; for they informed the House of Commons that their curate, being urged by the apostle's words that his duty did consist in preaching, and being instant in season and out of season, replied that "in season" was preaching on Sundays in the forenoons, and "out of season" was preaching in the afternoons. But we need not linger among the grievances which came in different ways under the cognisance of Sir Edward Dering, himself a most unskilful and unhappy meddler in the controversies of those times. The interesting volume printed by the Camden Society, in which these particulars are contained, will help those who are curious in such matters towards furnishing that mental picture of the civil war which every educated Englishman should try to draw distinctly for himself, with appropriate details for the background. At present we would call the attention of our readers to the memory of three men, each important during that eventful period in politics, in religion, or in both; each venturing to think for himself; and each having the greater claim on the regard and respect of posterity, as having risen superior to interest and party, and preferred independence to success.

Our trio consists of a nobleman and two clergymen; and the nobleman shall have due precedence. Lord Falkland has been as fortunate in history as he was unhappy in life, going down to posterity in that magnificent eulogium of Clarendon. But Clarendon must not be trusted implicitly with regard to Lord Falkland or any one else. The shrewd politician was too keen a partisan to write history without colouring it. His enthusiasm for Falkland was genuine and well founded; but it did not so disturb the usual balance of his mind as to keep him from tampering a little with Falkland's portrait. It was not enough that his friend should have shared his loyal principles, should have toiled for the king as secretary of state, and died for the king at Newbury: it was necessary also that his opinions on other subjects should be assimilated as far as possible to those of the conservative Hyde. As Clarendon was not fond of alluding freely to the liberal sentiments of his own youthful days, he veils as far as possible the avowed liberalism of his friend. He did not wish the firm supporter of the king to appear as the opponent of the temporal power of bishops. He attributes to him a change of opinion of which there is much reason to doubt if it ever took place. It is, of course, both natural and probable that a man like Falkland, independent,

conscientious, and scrupulous, might think different measures expedient at different times, and might change his opinion in many particulars as well of things as of persons. Nothing is more likely than that, as Clarendon narrates, he asserted this right of judging and acting according to the occasion, when Hampden pressed him with a charge of inconsistency. But it is often found that the greatest firmness in principle is exhibited by those who repudiate consistency in details; and there is every reason to think that Falkland did not at all vary in his general view of episcopacy. Two of his speeches in the House of Commons in reference to that subject are extant. The first was published in 1642, and has been more than once republished since in the interest of those who either disliked bishops altogether, or feared the jurisdiction of the order. The second was published in 1660, as a valuable document on the side of those who favoured a moderate episcopacy. The first speech was in support of the bill for excluding the bishops from the House of Lords; the second was against the utter abolition of bishops. The earlier speech is a deliberate and pointed attack on that portion of the bench which was most fully represented by Laud. In consequence of his father's connection with Ireland as lord-deputy, and his own residence in the island and education at Dublin, Falkland had strong views of his own respecting Irish affairs, and detested the policy of Strafford. But to detest the policy of Strafford was also to condemn that of Laud. He raised his voice against both in the House of Commons. No one can doubt to whom he alludes when, in attacking "some bishops and their adherents," he remarks: "We shall find them to have been almost the sole abettors of my Lord of Strafford, while he was practising upon another kingdom that manner of government which he intended to settle in this; and after they called him over from being deputy in Ireland to be in a manner deputy of England, to have assisted him in the giving of such counsels, and the pursuing of such courses, as it is a hard and measuring cast, whether they were more unwise, more unjust, or more unfortunate; and which had infallibly been our destruction if, by the grace of God, their share had not been as small of the subtlety of serpents as of the innocence of doves." In a well-known passage he inveighs against them as having been the destruction of unity under pretence of uniformity; as having brought in superstition and scandal under the titles of reverence and decency, and having defiled our Church by adorning our churches. He declared that their apparent work had been "to try how much of a papist might be brought in without popery; and to destroy as much as they could of the Gospel without bringing themselves into danger of being destroyed by

the law." But he never for a moment included episcopacy in his censure of certain bishops. Of the order he said in the same speech, "I do not believe them to be *jure divino*, but neither do I believe them to be *injuria humana*. I neither consider them as necessary nor as unlawful, but as convenient or inconvenient." He was confident that the House would "not think fit to abolish upon a few days' debate an order which hath lasted (as appears by story) in most churches from Christ to Calvin, or in an instant change the whole face of the Church, like the scene of a masque." His second speech is in thorough keeping with the first. He repudiates the necessity of episcopacy, while insisting on its expediency. Its grounds, he said, were ancient, general, and uncontradicted in the first and best times; episcopacy had agreed very well with the constitution of the laws and the disposition of the people; and Englishmen had lived very happily and gloriously under that form of government. But he expresses, at the same time, his dread of the encroachments of ecclesiastical jurisdictions, and mentions the *jus divinum* only to protest against it. It was a saying of his, that "those who hated bishops, hated them worse than the devil; and they who loved them, did not love them so well as their dinner." He himself had no hatred either of his dinner or of bishops; but he loved neither so well as liberty and truth. He resisted their extravagant pretensions as firmly as Hampden or Pym; and he thought ecclesiastical courts quite unlike the seventh heaven.

No satisfactory biography of Falkland has as yet been written; and this for obvious reasons. The material is not very abundant; and most persons who are tempted to begin the search are disappointed with the nature of the material which they find. The advocates of the Long Parliament as opposed to the king, the admirers of Hampden, Pym, or Cromwell, are not attracted by a decided royalist who died fighting in the king's army, and has even been suspected (though, we believe, without a shadow of reason) of being privy to the king's attempt to seize the five members. Those, on the other hand, who approach Falkland from Clarendon's point of view, expecting to find in him a stanch advocate for all that is generally meant by "Church and King," if they weigh the facts of his life fairly, will probably feel themselves disappointed. We all know the sad unbuttoned man, negligent of his person and careless of his life, abrupt in manner and conversation, and grown into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness, who, when sitting among his friends, would, after deep silence and frequent sighs, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the words *Peace, peace*. But we must not judge of his life by its closing days, by the opinions of his later companions, or by the sentiments of his friend and

panegyrist. The quick little man, full of spirit and learning, at once a soldier and a scholar, nice in dress, sharp in retort, epigrammatic in diction; imprisoned in the Fleet in boyhood for some outbreak of youthful passion, and not without some suspicion of gallantry even at the time of his death; fond of freedom, and watchful against the encroachment of authority; loving learning much, but reason more; taking the king's side actively, but not with the spirit of one who thinks that his cause is wholly good and must conquer; a Christian, rather than a churchman; very outspoken against bishops and episcopal abuses; and accused, with however little reason, of Socinianism, can scarcely, at the distance of two hundred years, gain the hearty attachment of conservative students who admire the Caroline divines. Were he alive now, and a member for the University of Oxford, his seat would be as insecure as that of Mr. Gladstone. Cautious men would scarcely account him "safe;" and suspicious men would breathe some hint of heresy. His house at Great Tew was indeed "a college in a purer air;" but it had no touch of a cloister. Intellectually, as well as physically, its atmosphere was very different from that of St. John's at Oxford.

But the burden of the civil war lay far more heavily on Falkland than the part which he played in theological controversy. To this he was partly attracted by his intellectual activity, and partly forced by the circumstances of his family. His mother was a Romanist; his two younger brothers, while yet children, were stolen from his house and carried beyond seas, that they might be brought up in the same belief; and his two sisters, as Clarendon says, anticipating a modern term, were "perverted." It is not surprising that under these circumstances he took up his pen and attacked the papal infallibility. But his attack is that of a chivalrous combatant who wishes to defeat his adversary, but not to disgrace him unfairly, or to ply him with reproachful words as auxiliaries or substitutes for better weapons. "I have ever thought," he says, "that there should be as little bitterness in a treatise of controversy as in a love-letter; and that the contrary way was both void of Christian charity and human wisdom, as serving only to fright away the game, and make the adversaries unwilling to receive instruction from him, from whom they have received injuries." "I desire," he elsewhere says, "that recrimination may not be used; for though it be true that Calvin hath done it, and the Church of England a little (which is a little too much),—for *negare manifesta non audeo, et excusare immodica non possum*,—yet she, confessing she may err, is not so chargeable with any fault as those which pretend they cannot, and so will be sure never to mend it."

And he reckons among the chief causes which make so many leave the Church of Rome, “this opinion of damning so many, and this custom of burning so many, this breeding up of those, who knew nothing else in any point of religion, yet to be in a readiness to say, To the fire with him, to hell with him ; as Polybius says of a certain furious faction of an army of several nations, and consequently of several languages, *μόνον τὸ ρῆμα τοῦτο συνίεσσι, βάλλε*—they all joined only in understanding this word, throw at him.”

It is not easy to estimate with exactness the literary obligations of Chillingworth to Falkland. He used his library, and had the advantage of his conversation ; perhaps, as has been asserted, he availed himself directly of his learning. For Chillingworth had not the reputation of being a very learned man. It is said of him that he did not study much, but that when he did, he did much in little time. Yet he was not exactly the man to take his learning at secondhand, while he was just the person whose learning was liable to be underrated. Falkland wrote easily, like the gentlemen of his day ; did not trouble himself much about the structure of his sentences, and admitted at once a classical allusion, or a Greek quotation, if it came ready to his hand. But Chillingworth was a disputant by profession, and looked warily to his tools. He used, we are told, to walk much in Trinity College gardens, keeping, as he walked, a sharp look-out for some unhappy victim whom he might entangle and baffle with his logic. Like most effective arguers, he trusted little to abstruse research, and much to retort and homely illustration. He threw off the old scholastic armour entirely, and relied on a rapier and his own bare arm. Indeed, that skill in intellectual fence which was the strength of the controversialist was the weakness of the man. On one occasion, we know, being worsted by a Jesuit controversialist, and convinced by experience that he was not infallible, he inferred too hastily that the Church of Rome was. But he gained little satisfaction from his half-year’s communion with that Church, and his very brief sojourn among the Jesuits at Douay. It is said, indeed, that he did not find himself sufficiently well treated among the Jesuits ; that they made him porter, to try his temper and exercise his obedience, and that he could not stand the test. And this is probable enough; for Chillingworth was hasty, impetuous, excitable ; and the Church of Rome is quite wise in driving from itself the quickest wits, if they cannot be thoroughly broken to harness. A little contemplative leisure, in a position in which he could not conveniently find an opponent with whom he could argue, may have combined with letters from his friends in England to convince him that there were two sides to Roman

infallibility, as to most questions, and that on the side which he had not hitherto explored there was a precipice of huge and fatal assumptions. So he came back to England and to Protestantism, to argue still, but to use argument more wisely than before. Once, perhaps, he argued for the sake of argument ; now, he argued for the sake of truth. As to truth, he found, like most persons who endeavour to discover it mainly by force of reasoning, that it was much more easy to discover where it was not than where it was. He never persuaded himself that, in returning to Oxford and to the Church of England, he came back to another but a smaller Rome, which claimed the right to suppress inquiry and to silence conscience. His restless, sceptical mind had doubts about many things, and about the Church of England among the number. There were points of her formularies which he found great difficulty in assenting to ; and as a controversialist he defended, not his own Church, but Protestantism in general. Seeing, as he did, plainly, and with his own eyes, popes against popes, councils against councils, some fathers against others, and the same fathers against themselves ; having searched for interpretations of holy Scripture, delivered by tradition from the Apostles, and having found few or none, he discovered no certainty but of holy Scripture only for any considerate man to build on. In believing holy Scripture to contain all necessary truth, and in this belief only, he found, as he avowed, rest for the sole of his foot. And, therefore, ignoring alike for the time the doctrine of Luther and Calvin and Melancthon, the Confessions of Augsburg and Geneva, the Catechism of Heidelberg and the Articles of the Church of England, he declared the Bible, and the Bible only, to be the religion of Protestants.

*The Religion of Protestants a safe Way to Salvation* was published at the close of 1637. Laud was then in the full swing of his power. In the June of that year Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick had been sentenced in the Star-Chamber, and had lost their ears. In July Laud's old rival, Williams bishop of Lincoln, had been censured in the Star-Chamber, fined 8000*l.*, imprisoned at the king's pleasure, and suspended by the king's commission. In August a royal proclamation had declared that processes might issue out of the ecclesiastical court in the names of the bishops ; and that a patent under the great seal was not necessary for the keeping of the said ecclesiastical courts, or for the enabling of citations, suspensions, excommunications, and other censures of the Church. Resistance to the liturgy was beginning in Scotland, and an anonymous libeller had fixed his libel on the south gate of St. Paul's, declaring that the Church of England was a candle

in the snuff, going out in a stench ; but the Archbishop of Canterbury kept his candlestick conspicuously on high, and trimmed the snuff with sharp scissors. His feelings with regard to the foreign Protestant churches were a matter of common notoriety. A few years before, he had endeavoured to force the English factories in Holland, Hamburg, and elsewhere into exact conformity with the English liturgy. He had effectually discouraged the attendance of the English ambassador at Paris at the Huguenot church at Charenton. He had robbed the French, Dutch, and Walloon churches in London, Norwich, and Canterbury of that free use of their own discipline which had been wisely granted to them by former kings and tolerated by former archbishops. Not even his close and intimate relations with the king and the royal family could induce him to allow a draft of the royal letters patent on behalf of the banished ministers of the Palatinate to pass unchallenged, in which it was asserted that the religion of the Palatine ministers was true, and the same with our own. It might well have seemed a bold thing in Chillingworth to publish his pronounced opinions in the face of one whose strong hierarchical ideas were backed by the unflinching exercise of arbitrary power. A divine without preferment, and with the stigma of recent Romanism clinging to his name, he made common cause with Huguenot and Calvinist in England and abroad, when the archbishop had recently oppressed and discouraged them. Poor Bishop Hall, only two years later, was severely criticised by Laud for not being strong enough on behalf of bishops in a book whose very title proclaimed "the Divine Right of Episcopacy;" yet Chillingworth was connecting the Church of England with bodies which held episcopacy to be contrary to the law of God. Laud was strong for the value of tradition as an interpreter of holy Scripture : Chillingworth's watchword is "the Bible only." Laud was adding forms to the liturgy in England, and endeavouring to enforce its use in Scotland : Chillingworth had not only scruples as to some of its contents, but would gladly have seen some new form of worshiping God proposed, which was taken wholly out of Scripture. But in this, as in so many other cases, things as they were differed widely from what we might have expected. Laud was throughout the patron of Chillingworth : it was to Laud that Chillingworth ascribed his reconversion to the Church of England ; it was Laud whom, two years before the publication of his book, he had feared to offend by declining Church preferment ; it was to examiners appointed by Laud that Chillingworth submitted his book for approbation before it was published. Such are the facts, strange as they may seem at first ; facts which can be adequately explained

by no mere personal ties between Laud and Chillingworth, and which find their parallel in the relations between Laud and Hales, of which no similar explanation can be given.

A happy man this Chillingworth—one might have thought who read history by snatches, and knew only that he had powerfully asserted the supremacy of the Bible, and had retained the friendship of Laud,—a happy man, with friends on the right hand and the left : unlovely, of course, to Papists, but dear to Puritans ; not perhaps agreeing exactly with rigorous Calvinists and strict Presbyterians, but fighting powerfully on their side against Rome, and defending the charter of their spiritual freedom ; an ally without the camp, if not a friend within it; a herald who could go from Geneva to Canterbury with a flag of truce, receiving honour in both places, and free from the fear of personal danger. His friendship with Laud might need accounting for; but who could wonder if the Presbyterians, disclaiming all tradition, and finding their own dear polity in the Bible, welcomed with all their heart this champion of universal Protestantism, and embraced him as a scriptural Christian? Poor Chillingworth! he had probably few hopes of this kind himself, knowing the Puritan temperament far too well. Certainly the history of his later days tells quite a different tale—a tragedy, in which there is real suffering, and much to offend the sensitive mind, and to which the perverse and fanatical intolerance of the principal actor gives, by its sheer intensity, a kind of unconscious humour.

Chillingworth, it seems, was of opinion that war was unlawful ; and accordingly, with an inconsistency which may surprise us in so keen a logician, thought that he would do his best to put an end to it by a little ingenious fighting. He had been at the siege of Gloucester, though it is not quite certain in what capacity—whether as spectator, chaplain, or amateur engineer. Be that as it may, in December 1643 he accompanied Lord Hopton into Sussex, to make experiments with a military engine which he had invented, and which was to move so lightly as to be a breastwork in all encounters and assaults in the field. We are not informed how this modern application of *testudines cum pluteis* succeeded against the enemy ; but we know that the experimental trip was most disastrous in its consequences to Chillingworth. He fell ill on the expedition, and was left at Arundel Castle, which was retaken in January 1644 by the parliamentary forces under Sir William Waller. Clarendon tells us that he was most barbarously treated by the rebels, and died shortly after in prison. But this is only Clarendon's way of putting it. Chillingworth was, we suppose, liable to imprisonment by the laws of war ; but, on account of his illness,

he was treated with more consideration than the other prisoners. They were sent to London, but Chillingworth was removed to the bishop's palace at Chichester, where he received much attention and kindness, as he acknowledged in a codicil to his will.

But the poor sufferer met with a fate which was not the less cruel because inflicted by one who really meant to be kind. He was spared by the Presbyterian soldiers, but he was killed by a Presbyterian divine. What Horace prophesied jestingly of himself was gravely fulfilled in Chillingworth; he was literally talked to death. The garrulous person who slew him was Cheynell; a man of learning, probity, ability; a despiser of wealth, and given to hospitality; one who had himself suffered loss in these unhappy times; but also, as Chillingworth found to his cost, the most zealous of doctors, and the most orthodox of Presbyterians.

Cheynell was a member of the Assembly of Divines; he had lately published a work accusing Laud, Chillingworth, and their adherents of Socinianism; he was come on a preaching excursion into Sussex, when the current of war drifted him to Arundel Castle. When the castle fell, and Cheynell found Chillingworth within it, he interceded with Sir William Waller on his behalf. We may omit details, transport Chillingworth without further delay to Chichester, and bring Cheynell there to visit him in his illness. Happy indeed would it have been if the Christian had come to the sick man's bedside, leaving the controversialist behind.

The defect of Chillingworth's constitution, we learn from Clarendon, was "his sleeping too little and thinking too much, which sometimes threw him into violent fevers." It was abundance of sleep, and complete freedom from disturbance, that he needed on his sick-bed at Chichester; but these simple remedies were not granted him. Cheynell, on his first visit, thought that the patient might need repose, and therefore spared him for the time. But he soon returned; and after telling Chillingworth that he did not desire to take him at the lowest, when his spirits were flattened and his reason disturbed, asked him whether he was fit for discourse. He answered with a "yes" which even Cheynell perceived to be faint; and accordingly they went straight to an argument, of which we have only Cheynell's account, and which, as we rather sympathise with Chillingworth, we have no wish to inflict upon our readers. Indeed, times have changed; and the matter which then kept the invalid awake might now send the strong man to sleep.

To be brief, a long discussion followed, from which the sick man never fully rallied. Cheynell gave him many more visits;

but he seldom found him fit to discourse, because his disease grew stronger and stronger, and he weaker and weaker. Occasionally, however, Cheynell contrived to throw in a hard question ; and Chillingworth, whenever it was possible, referred him for answer to his book. At last Chillingworth died, after suffering, to an uncertain extent, a torture like that which is inflicted in China on some criminals, who are never allowed to sleep. Then followed the grave question of his burial.

Was he to be buried as a Christian at all ? As he had not answered Cheynell's questions satisfactorily, he was not supposed to have made a full and free confession of Christian religion. Besides, he had taken up arms against the Parliament, and was thought by some to have been guilty of his own death by his foolhardiness, and therefore to be *felo de se*. But Cheynell could not go all lengths with those who would have denied Chillingworth the semblance of a funeral; for, as we shall see presently, he wished a funeral to take place, and himself to perform some solemnities on the occasion. And yet he would not himself bury Chillingworth, as he avows in his account of the transaction, giving reasons to justify his conduct. He had never given Chillingworth the right hand of fellowship, but had freely and constantly protested against these damnable heresies, which he had cunningly subintroduced and vented in this kingdom. He knew that Chillingworth had once been a Papist, and he believed that his subsequent conversion was a pretence. He differed from him in fundamentals, and therefore did not feel himself a member of the same Church. He had a shrewd suspicion that prayer over the dead was likely to lead to praying for them. Besides, Chillingworth had expressed a wish to have some part of the Common Prayer-Book read over his grave ; and Cheynell objected to the Prayer-Book in general, and to the Burial Service in particular. He believed that it was absurd and sinful to use the same form of words at the burial of all manner of persons, as insinuating that they were all elected, all rest in Christ, and that we have sure and certain hope of their salvation. In short, Cheynell wished to subject the dead, as well as the living, to the pure Presbyterian discipline ; he could not understand that when the soul of a fellow-sinner had left the body, it was not for man to judge the departed, much less to pass sentence on him. He dared not express a hope on a subject on which no Christian has any right to despair. Not content with proclaiming God's eternal enmity to sin, he felt it his duty to act in a way which would convey the impression of his eternal enmity to the sinner. Thus armed with a harsh and unholy theory, he forbade his lips to utter those good and solemn words, which express so wonderfully the dim and mysterious

hope which rises naturally in the Christian heart at the sight of a corpse and a coffin. He refused to bury Chillingworth as he wished; but still he was to be buried, and the question remained, where.

Chillingworth, at the time of his death, was chancellor of the cathedral-church of Sarum, and held also the prebend of Bricklesworth, which is attached to that chancellorship. There is reason to think that this preferment was much more honourable than lucrative, but it had its pleasant associations. Hooker, for instance, had not many years before held a stall in the beautiful cathedral of Salisbury; and Bricklesworth is Brixworth in Northamptonshire, a place remarkable for the exceeding antiquity of its church, which appears to be really a fragment of a Roman basilica. But Cheynell had probably no eye for architecture (if he had been so blessed, could he ever have been a fellow of Merton College, and then have become the strictest of Puritans?); as a rigorous Presbyterian, he could not have cared much for Hooker; and he would probably have regarded the Roman bricks at Brixworth only as an additional mark of the beast. As to burying Chillingworth within the chancel of Chichester Cathedral, either because he was chancellor of another cathedral, or simply because he was a priest, he jeered at the very idea. "Being *cancellarius*," he says, "it was conceived that he should be buried *intram cancellos*, and rot under the altar, near the pot of incense, that the constant perfume of the incense might excuse the thrift of his executrix,—*ossa inodora dedit*. . . . But some more serious conceived that this desire of burying him *intram cancellos* was but the issue of a superstitious conceit that the chancel, or *sanctum sanctorum*, was more holy than other places, and the carcass of a priest as sacred as that holy ground; and it was their opinion that a modest and well-grounded denial of this request would be the most effectual confutation of that superstitious conceit." As these more serious persons had their way, it was arranged that Chillingworth should be buried in the cloisters; and there Cheynell met the corpse, which he refused to bury. The conclusion of his invective will suffice our readers. "I refuse"—this is his own report of his own words—"to bury him myself; yet let his friends and followers, who have attended his hearse to this Golgotha, know, that they are permitted, out of mere humanity, to bury their dead out of our sight. If they undertake the burial of his corpse, I shall undertake the burial of his errors, which are published in his so much admired yet unworthy book." Then follow some words of bitterness against Chillingworth, which we need not quote. Cheynell soon returns to the book in these words, suiting, of course, the action to the word: "Get thee

gone thence, thou cursed book, which has seduced so many precious souls ; get thee gone, thou corrupt rotten book, earth to earth, and dust to dust; get thee gone into the place of rottenness, that thou mayst rot with thy author and see corruption. Touching the burial of his corpse," he continues, " I need say no more than this. It will be most proper for the men of his persuasion to commit the body of their deceased friend, brother, master, to the dust; and it will be most proper for me to hearken to that counsel of my Saviour, 'Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou and preach the kingdom of God.'" And so he went from the grave to the pulpit, and preached on that text to the congregation.

It is hard to think that the kingdom of God which Cheynell preached was exactly righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. The malignants at least, whom he left standing by the grave when he went off to the pulpit, must have been of a very peculiar constitution, if the straitness of his zeal did not kindle in them the bitterness of aversion. They may have been royalists of a very common type, caring little for any form of religion; some of them may have been like that Sir Edmund Varney, whose sad, thoughtful face, thanks to Vandyke, we could see at the British Institution last summer,—the gallant standard-bearer who fought for his king because he had long eaten his bread, but owned privately to having no reverence for bishops. Yet for the nonce they must have become Episcopilians of the strictest sect, if they could gain that distinction by disgust at the Presbyterian brotherhood. To agree with Chillingworth was to distrust tradition, to insist on the supremacy of Scripture, to uphold reason and private judgment, to claim community with foreign Protestants, and to deny the divine right of any hierarchical system. These were far from the sentiments of Laud; yet they were, practically, further still from the school of Calvin. Compared with this tyranny of Geneva, even the rule of Rome would seem tolerable at a distance, and that of Canterbury would be embraced as absolute freedom.

But it may be thought that Cheynell was not a fair specimen of his class. He was a hot and violent man, and at one time of his life at least was not without a suspicion of madness. Be it so; he was an extreme man in one direction, as Laud was an extreme man in another. His conduct at the grave was about as characteristic as the conduct of Laud in the ecclesiastical courts and the Star-Chamber. But he had real Christian virtues, little as they showed themselves at the burial of Chillingworth; and far from being rejected by the Presbyterians as an unfair representative of their opinions, he was put forward by them as one of their leading men. In the previous year he

had published his treatise on the "Rise, Growth, and Danger of Socinianism," in which he had vehemently declared that the religion upheld by Laud was "not the true pure Protestant religion, but a hotchpotch of Arminianism, Socinianism, and Popery." Before he had time to correct the proof-sheets, he was summoned to preach before the House of Commons on the monthly fast, and sounded "Sion's memento and God's alarum" to the full satisfaction of his hearers. In 1646 he was sent to Oxford by parliament, with six other divines, with authority to preach in any pulpits of the University for six months, in order, as Neal quaintly words it, to "soften the spirits of the people." In 1647 he was made one of the visitors of the University, that he might reform by force the body which he failed to persuade. In 1648 he was appointed president of St. John's,—a most strange successor of Laud,—and Margaret professor of divinity. If he could not retain these preferments, it was the fault, not of the Presbyterians, but of the Independents. He is a fine, and therefore an exaggerated, specimen of his class,—orthodox among the orthodox, violent among the violent, earnest among the earnest. We cannot say that all Presbyterians were like him; but we may safely say that the Presbyterianism of that day was very much like him indeed.

Perhaps, as a mere representative of opinions, more objection can be taken to Chillingworth than to Cheynell. Chillingworth was no doubt hateful to the Presbyterians as a royalist as well as a divine. And his adherence to the king was no matter of pure theory. Whatever were his speculative objections to war, they were overruled by a practical disposition for fighting. His head, as Cheynell said, was full of engines as well as of scruples; he was not only a malignant clerk of Oxford, but also the queen's arch-engineer and grand intelligerence. Thus in his case political questions became inextricably mixed up with religious differences. When Cheynell wished to press him home in argument, he chose for discussion the thesis, *Is tyranny God's ordinance?* It was just possible for a quiet thinker, even in those troublous times, if favoured by fortune, insignificance, or a patron, and uniting the wisdom of the serpent to the harmlessness of the dove, to escape the notice of the diligent searchers after delinquency, malignity, and heresy. John Hales, who gained the title of "ever memorable" while toiling after something better than fame, is not quite a case in point; for he lost his fellowship at Eton in refusing to take the Engagement. But he had been allowed to retain it for a time without taking the covenant, and so far serves to show that the Presbyterians could make some approach to tolerance. But his history also proves that Laud,

with all his faults, could sometimes rise above mere tolerance, and could be actively and decidedly liberal.

Associated as John Hales was with Falkland and Chillingworth, he differed from them in one respect, which constitutes for the most part a bar to intimate friendship. He was a much older man. He was probably a student at Oxford when Chillingworth was born, and was appointed by the University to deliver the funeral oration of Sir Thomas Bodley when Falkland was only three years old. The two younger friends died within four months of each other, being respectively a little more than thirty and forty years old; but Hales lived on another twelve years, and passed the allotted age of three score years and ten. Falkland fell in battle; Chillingworth died from the consequences of a siege; Hales, stripped of his preferments, and not allowed to act as private tutor in a family, because to give him board and lodging would have amounted legally to harbouring a malignant, spent his last days in the house of an old servant, and was in an undesirable sense a *helluo librorum*, living on the proceeds of a partial sale of his library. His long life had not been without variety. He had been a fellow at Merton, like Cheynell, but many years before Cheynell's time. He had been Greek lecturer in his college, and Greek professor in the University. He had been the principal reliance of Sir Henry Savile in preparing for the press that fine edition of St. Chrysostom, which is unhappily too full of contractions for degenerate moderns to read. He had attended Sir Dudley Carleton, ambassador to the Hague, as his chaplain; had been present at the Synod of Dort, to which he went as a Calvinist, and at which, upon the well pressing of St. John iii. 16 by Episcopius, he "bade John Calvin good night." But he was not of that false and untrustworthy temper of mind which flies immediately from one extreme to the other. A model convert, he was still among Calvinists as a Calvinist, and could use freely their technical phraseology, while he gave it a moderation which was his own. He knew when to speak and when to hold his tongue; indeed, if he erred at all in this respect, it was on the safer side of saying and writing too little. He published nothing except his oration at the funeral of Sir Thomas Bodley. When once he preached at St. Paul's Cross, he began by saying that he would not have been seen (he quite despaired of being heard) in that conspicuous pulpit, if he had had in his power the choice of his ways and the free management of his own actions; with no thirst after popular applause, he felt that a small, private, retired auditory better accorded with his will, and he believed that it better accorded with his abilities. He even declined to undertake the cure of souls, so entirely

did he devote himself to study. But his thoughts and his reading had no narrow or unworthy object. Once he was obliged, to some extent, to discuss his own conduct and principles ; and then he wrote as follows : “ The pursuit of truth hath been my only care ever since I first understood the meaning of the word. For this I have forsaken all hopes, all friends, all desires, which might bias me, and hinder me from driving right at what I aimed. For this, I have spent my money, my means, my youth, my age, and all I have, that I might remove from myself that censure of Tertullian,—*suo vitio quis quid ignorat?* If with all this cost and pains my purchase is but error; I may safely say, to err hath cost me more than it has many to find the truth; and truth itself shall give me this testimony at last, that if I have missed of her, it is not my fault, but my misfortune.”

The pursuit of truth, even in matters of religion, is sometimes conducted in a hard unsympathetic spirit, with little apparent love of God or man. But this was not the case with John Hales : in seeking truth, he found peace, the sister of truth. His soul, he said, in the opening words of his last will and testament, which was written in his closing days of poverty and trial, had long been bequeathed to the mercies of God in Christ, his only Saviour. Towards man he was alike tolerant in opinion and kind in practice. He would often say that he would renounce the religion of the Church of England to-morrow if it obliged him to believe that any other Christian should be damned, and that nobody would conclude another man to be damned who did not wish him so. His behaviour was full of the same overflowing charity ; he was remarkable for his liberality to the poor, and for his general kindness and courtesy. Aubrey, who called on him at Eton after his sequestration, and found him living at an inn when ejected from the college, was received by him with much humanity. He describes him, at the time of the interview, which was within a year of his death, as a pretty little man, sanguine, of a cheerful countenance, very gentle and courteous, dressed in a kind of violet-coloured cloth gown with buttons and loops, and reading *Thomas à Kempis*. He was apparently a proficient in the philosophy of “ tips,” to an extent which would have delighted Mr. Thackeray ; for we hear incidentally of his giving, in his poorer days, ten shillings to three Oxford students who called upon him when on a “ frolic on foot ” from that University to London. A year after his death, Pearson, who was in time to be Bishop of Chester, and a great authority in dogmatic theology, wrote an introductory notice to his *Golden Remains*, in which he could scarcely abstain from the language of unmixed panegyric. Hales, he informs his readers, was not only most truly and most strictly

just in his secular transactions, most exemplarily meek and humble notwithstanding his perfections, but beyond all example charitable, giving to all, preserving nothing but his books to continue his learning and himself; of a nature so kind, so sweet, so courting all mankind; of an affability so prompt, so ready to receive all conditions of man, that it was nearly as easy a task for any one to be so knowing, as so obliging. One spot, indeed, in an almost faultless character, the shrewd and discerning Pearson—who contrived, with better worldly success than Hales, to be successively chaplain to the drunken Goring during the civil war, incumbent of a City church in the time of the Commonwealth, and rector, prebendary, archdeacon, master of Trinity, and bishop after the Restoration—thinks that he discerns, though he scarcely ventures to indicate it. “He took, indeed,” observes Pearson, “a liberty of judging, not of others, but for himself; and if ever any man might be allowed in all matters to judge, it was he who had so long, so much, so advantageously considered, and, what is more, never could be said to have the least worldly design in his determinations.”

A man like this, so learned, so wise, and so peaceable, was not likely to set up for a great discoverer of truth, and to trouble the world with his crotchets. His friends, indeed, complained of that genial and indulgent silence which had no touch of reserve; and we knew from Clarendon that he often said, with regard to certain points on which his sentiments differed from those which were generally received, that his opinions, he was sure, did him no harm; but he was far from being confident that they might not do others harm who entertained them. He himself, in one of his sermons, alludes pleasantly to a tale told by Julius Agricola, who, writing *de animantibus subterraneis*, reports of a certain kind of spirits that converse in minerals, and much infect those that work in them. Their manner when they come is, to seem to busy themselves according to all the custom of workmen: they will dig, and cleanse, and melt, and sever metals; yet, when they are gone, the workmen do not find that there is any thing done. So, observes Hales, fares it with a great part of the multitude who thrust themselves into the controversies of the times: they write books, move questions, frame distinctions, give solutions, and seem sedulously to do whatsoever the nature of the business requires; yet, if any skilful workman in the Lord’s mines shall come and examine their work, he shall find them to be but spirits in minerals; and that with all this labour and stir there is nothing done. Devoted as he was to avoiding the fault which he censured, and to working out quietly his own fine vein of pure gold,

he was once, and once only, at all entangled in controversy. There is matter suggestive of reflection, both in the occasion and in its issue.

Hales had, apparently for the use of Chillingworth, written a small tract on schism, contained in less than two sheets of paper. It was passed from hand to hand, till, to the surprise and annoyance of its writer, it reached the Archbishop of Canterbury. Its opening words could scarcely have been pleasing to Laud. "Heresy and schism, as they are commonly used, are two theological scare-crows, with which they who use to uphold a party in religion, use to fright away such as, making inquiry into it, are ready to relinquish and oppose it, if it appear either erroneous or suspicious." As Laud read on, he must have found matter as little to his mind. Hales had been accustomed, in common discourse, to say that it was only pride and passion which kept the Christian world from agreeing upon such a liturgy as might bring the world into one communion; all doctrinal points upon which men differed in their opinions being to have no place in any liturgy. He wrote to the same effect in this little tract. "Why may I not go," he asked, "if occasion require, to an Arian church, so there be no Arianism expressed in their liturgy? And were liturgies and public forms of service so framed, as that they admitted not of particular and private fancies, but contained only such things as in which all Christians do agree, schisms on opinion were utterly vanished. For consider of all the liturgies that are, and ever have been, and remove from them whatever is scandalous to any party, and leave nothing but what all agree on, and the evil shall be, that the public service and honour of God shall in no wise suffer. Whereas, to load our public forms with the private fancies upon which we differ, is the most sovereign way to perpetuate schism unto the world's end. Prayer, confession, thanksgiving, reading of Scriptures, administration of sacraments in the plainest and the simplest manner, were matter enough to furnish out a sufficient liturgy, though nothing either of private opinion or of church pomp, of garments or prescribed gestures, of imagery, of music, of matter concerning the dead, of many superfluities which creep into the Church, under the name of Order and Decency, did interpose itself."

The clear and distinct assertion that, in cases of separation among Christians, those who would impose burdens on others and enforce an unnecessary conformity are really responsible for the schism; the evident longing for a simple, scriptural, and comprehensive liturgy, encumbered with a *minimum* of ceremonies; the strong censures on episcopal ambition, as the great cause of frequent, continuous, and bloody schisms; and all this

in a curt, abrupt, and telling style, compressing much matter on two sheets of paper, could not easily be overlooked at Lambeth. Laud sent for Hales, whom he had known of old. Heylin, who happened to be at the palace that day, gives an account of their meeting, which can be trusted up to a certain point: how the archbishop and Hales, about nine o'clock in the morning, adjourned to the garden till the bell rang for prayers; how, when prayers were ended, they returned to the garden and stayed there talking till dinner-time; how, when dinner was over, they resumed the old work in the old place, and did not desist till the archbishop's presence was required by some great people, when they both came in, high-coloured and almost panting for breath—enough to show that there had been some heats between them, not yet fully cooled. But Heylin, whose great object was to varnish Laud's portrait, did not care much for accidentally bespattering that of Hales. He insinuates that Laud on this occasion secured the loyalty of Hales to the Church of England by his arguments, strengthened by a chaplaincy at the time, and riveted into conclusiveness by higher preferment afterwards. Clarendon, though singularly unlike Hales in temper, tastes, and opinions, represents him as acting in a way far more consonant with his character; as answering the inquiry, if he wanted any thing, by saying that he had enough and desired no additions; and as afterwards with great difficulty persuaded to accept a canonry of Windsor, because he knew that his means were already equal to his wants.

The canonry, we know, did not long stay with Hales; and when Laud's time of trouble came, Lord Say and Seal quoted against the archbishop the opening words of Hales' tract on schism. But the student probably parted readily with the preferment which he had been slow to accept; and the primate on his trial could hear without a blush the words of an honest man with whom he was far from agreeing in opinion, but whom, from motives which perhaps he could not analyse, he had in former days protected instead of injuring.

Two hundred years and more have passed since the men with whom we have been holding converse have passed from this earthly scene. No fanatical soldiers disturb the church or churchyard of Walton-on-Thames, preaching intolerable doctrines and extinguishing symbolical candles. The name of Dering has lately been before the world in consequence of a contested election between a Conservative-Liberal and a Liberal-Conservative. Our interest in the great men of the civil war has extended from their opinions to their bones. Falkland, happier than Hampden, sleeps in a tomb at Great Tew, of which no one can even conjecture the place, and is safe from literary or surgi-

cal examination of his skeleton. Chillingworth still rests in the cloisters of Chichester Cathedral, unvexed by Cheynell and not startled even by the fall of the spire. A black marble monument in Eton churchyard covers the remains of Hales. Laud was interred with the rites which he loved in the church of All-hallows Barking, when his head had been severed from his body. Cheynell—well, graves and funerals are not exactly sacred to his memory, and we have not cared to inquire of the place or manner of his interment. Yet the dead still speak and live. Hales is “the ever memorable,” even with those who knew nothing of his *Golden Remains*; Chillingworth argues as clearly as of old, if not quite so disputatiously; Falkland steps forward with a sad grace from the eloquent pages of Clarendon. As for Laud, his handiwork is visible in almost every church in England. The holy table stands altarwise in the chancel, protected by a decent rail from the hats of irreverent men, the satchels of careless boys, and the misdoings of profane dogs. A ceremonial more strongly resembling that of Rome than any thing which Laud ventured on is practised in the Church of England when the clergyman and the congregation like it, and sometimes, unhappily, when the clergyman likes it and the congregation does not. The Star-Chamber and the High Commission Court are indeed no more; but Laud has been more powerful to liberate than ever he was to enslave. His blood washed away from High Churchmen for ever the “horrible decree” of Calvinistic reprobation. Cheynell, too, exists, but far more altered; mild, gentlemanly, aristocratic, very probably even, to his own surprise, a bishop. By degrees, after the day of Black Bartholomew, the old Presbyterian element reconciled itself to the Establishment; first endured episcopacy and the liturgy, and then embraced them. And Low Churchmen, too, thanks to brave John Wesley, have rejected Calvinism. At the sacrifice, it may be, of logical consistency, but with an accession of moral and spiritual strength which more than compensates for such a sacrifice, the doctrines of free grace are now taught without any attempt to thrust a single soul by necessary consequence into the pit of unutterable darkness. And yet old tendencies still exist, old sympathies, old affinities; and the modern representatives of Laud and Chillingworth are essentially much nearer to each other than either to the most softened likeness of Cheynell.

Let us suppose three tolerably defined specimens of the three modern schools—High, Low, and Broad—to meet together with a view to forward some work into which the directly religious element enters,—to approve of a curate, it may be, or select an incumbent, or regulate the religious instruction of a

school or college. If the three men are by nature equally frank and unsuspicious, there is little doubt which of the trio would feel the earliest theological misgivings. In the heart of one of them would rise up on the first disputed point a question addressed to his companions, Are you converted? His own conversion is, of course, a postulate under the circumstances. But how would a modern Falkland, or Laud, or Chillingworth answer such a question, if it dropped, as it were unconsciously, from the lips of a modified Cheynell? Falkland might say that he was honestly bent on doing the work in hand, and might be told that honesty was not the spiritual mind. Even an appeal to a text of Scripture—"We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren"—might not be accepted as satisfactory from a common mortal. Who, Cheynell would ask, are the brethren? and what were the time and place of the supposed passage? Laud might suggest that he was a baptised Christian, and might hear in reply that the grace of baptism was only a charitable hypothesis. Chillingworth might say something about the light which lighteth every man, and would be consigned at once to the outer darkness of the heathen.

The school which thus erects religion on experiences, and ignores so many forms of high and unconscious goodness; which declines to accept results if it cannot see processes, and disbelieves the divine life of man if it cannot trace its history, often shows a partial sense of the danger of its own position. There is something terrible in staking so much on a few facts of religious consciousness. A man whose own faith is the warrant of his hope, whose present trust in God turns upon some past phase of his inner history, who is sure that he is now in the right way mainly on the ground that some time ago he certainly turned out of the wrong one, had need have a good memory, and a good deal of obstinacy too. His religion is not only personal, but individual ; and his past convictions are a part of his present faith. Out of a few texts of the Bible he constructs his tests of a standing or falling church, a standing or falling soul ; collates these texts with certain passages of his life, and then—woe to him who would shake his confidence in either. If he is thoroughly in earnest, he is essentially a moody and morbid man. We know his thin rigid face, every line of which is hardened and drawn out in the endeavour to fix the soul on a few supposed truths, even at the danger of rejecting all other truth as falsehood. He is suspicious and solitary ; for he knows that his shibboleth is easily caught, and is often repeated by hypocrites. He may have a few chosen companions whom he can trust ; but he cannot throw himself unsuspectingly abroad among the glorious company of the saints and the noble army of martyrs.

They were sincere, no doubt, in their way ; but he has great doubts about their vital Christianity.

The most narrow and exclusive Laudian, who having signed the Articles on the ground that they must be right, because such men as Andrews and Cosin and Bramhall have signed them before him, betakes himself to a medieval book with massive clasps, and fancies, as he chants Gregorians out of it, that every Christian of orthodox repute before the unhappy Council of Trent was exactly of the same opinion as himself, may be further from the truth than the modern copy of the Puritan, and yet can reach it by an easier and more open road. His world of thought is small and artificial, distorted in its facts and maimed in its proportions, a feeble copy of God's world ; still it is a world, a cosmos ; a thing of order and degree, of variety, of multiplicity, of law ; full of spirits, angels, powers, authorities, hierarchies, not a thin line of connexion between the soul and God. If, as his knowledge enlarges and his feelings deepen, he escapes in an early stage of transition the superficial fascinations of Rome, he may grow naturally and almost insensibly into broader and deeper views of truth. He will still love the Church, though he has ceased to see an essential connexion between the Church and any one form of Church-government ; he will respect, and wish others to respect, the sacraments, while not regarding them as charms ; while admiring the types of holiness which were received in former days, he will not despise the peculiar shape which goodness may assume in his own day ; he will feel that living and breathing men are as sacred as those whose bones are encased in shrines and reliquaries, and that righteousness and peace have not changed their nature in escaping into the world from the cloister. He will love the chant, the psalm, the solemn rite, the old seat of religion, the home of medieval learning, as truly as of old, and more wisely ; without any taint of superstition, he can keep in its niche the image which the Puritan would break, and view without horror an apocryphal saint in a painted window ; but still, as he pays the due tribute of respect to Jerusalem and even to Gerizim, he will not fear to trust himself to that spirit of Truth which is also the Spirit of God.

But the keen observer of events of the day will need no precedents from the seventeenth century to prove that those who in the nineteenth century seek for enlightened tolerance in the Church of England must look for it rather High than Low ; and an analysis of the process which has of late led many, and will yet lead more, from dull, dry, unsympathetic orthodoxy to the loving freedom of truth, has no necessary connexion with Falkland, or Chillingworth, or Hales. Let us return briefly to

our old subject before finally quitting it, and see the spirit of intolerance sitting by the side of the death-bed, not only torturing the victim, but also hardening the tormentor, by leading him to forget alike the extent of human ignorance and the scale of divine operations, and to strive with feeble yet obstinate hands to bring together those great events which God has put far asunder—the hour of death, and the day of judgment.

Chillingworth had, at least for a time, several scruples respecting the formularies of the Church of England; and one of these shall be stated in his own words. “The damning sentences in St. Athanasius’ Creed, as we are made to subscribe it,”—thus he writes to his friend Sheldon,—“are most false, and also in a high degree presumptuous and schismatical. And therefore I neither can subscribe that these things are ‘agreeable to the Word of God,’ seeing I believe they are certainly repugnant to it; nor that the whole ‘Common Prayer is lawful to be used,’ seeing I believe these parts of it certainly unlawful; nor promise that ‘I myself will use it,’ seeing I never intend either to read these things, which I have now excepted against, nor to say ‘Amen’ to them.” Unhappily the answer of the future archbishop to the remarkable letter from which this passage is an extract is not extant. It is probable, however, that he succeeded in palliating, if he could not wholly remove, Chillingworth’s scruples; for the discussion between the two friends extended to other subjects connected with the Articles, on which it would not have been worth while to enter while this great issue remained unsettled; and Chillingworth, within three years of the date of his letter, did, on his admission to the chancellorship of Salisbury Cathedral, “willingly and heartily subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, and give his consent thereto.”

His case was, to all appearance, a very common one. On inquiry, he found that he could assent to the formularies of the Church of England with an explanation; and he assented accordingly, wishing all the time that their sound meaning was more obvious, and that they did not need to be explained. Their letter, he saw, was fatal; but he knew that an apostle had said as much of the letter of holy Scripture itself. He could himself employ upon occasion (and an apostle could do so too) the damnable language of ecclesiastical dogma; but it was foreign to the ordinary tone of his mind, and conflicted unpleasantly with his matured convictions. He was much more inclined to abstain from judging, that he might not be judged, than to condemn others in the hope that he might be saved himself.

On this man, always of a tolerant and charitable disposition,

and especially now, when he felt that he was dying, longing to be at peace with all men, Cheynell, on finding him one day a little more hearty than usual, made an onslaught with a terrible question—Did he conceive that a man living and dying a Turk, Papist, or Socinian could be saved? Chillingworth wished to decline the controversy, but in vain; Cheynell persisted in tormenting him, though he gained for his pains only this answer from Chillingworth respecting Turk, Papist, and Socinian, that he did not absolve them, and would not condemn them.

Half of the answer Cheynell dismissed with a sneer. It was frivolous for Chillingworth to talk of absolution; priest though he was, he could not absolve them if he tried. With the other half he professed himself gravely dissatisfied. If he could only have extracted an anathema from the lips of the dying man, he would have had some hope of his salvation. And one passage in Chillingworth's works had encouraged him to think that he might be successful in the attempt. In replying to one of his most formidable assailants, Chillingworth had written as follows: “You charge me with a great number of false and impious doctrines, which I will not name in particular, because I will not assist you so far in the spreading of my own undeserved defamation; but whosoever teaches or holds them, *let him be anathema!*” On these latter words the eye and the memory of Cheynell fixed themselves, as on something sound, wholesome, and satisfactory, occurring in the midst of a hotchpotch of Arminianism, Socinianism, and Popery. And when the dying man declined to repeat the formula, Cheynell expresses his fear lest “Mr. Chillingworth grew worse and worse, and would not anathematise a gross Socinian.” Poor Cheynell! incapable of perceiving that if there be a time for cursing, there is also a time for abstaining from curses; that a dying man has something better to do than to condemn the gravest errors of his neighbour, and that the heartiest anathema directed against a heretic is a miserable substitute for the faintest faith in a Saviour.

Within two months after the death of Chillingworth, the trial of Laud began. But had the archbishop been able to leave the Tower, and to visit his dying friend and godson, we can imagine some of the incidents of the visit. He would have come, Prayer-Book in hand, and would have turned to the Visitation of the Sick. As he used it, he would very probably have indulged in sundry gestures and bowings, and have longed in his heart for the oil of unction. Still he would have been faithful to its words; and when he came in its course to inquire whether the sick man believed as a Christian man would or no, he would simply have rehearsed the Apostles' Creed, and have asked Chillingworth if he believed it. The sick person having

answered, "All this I steadfastly believe," the archbishop, or any other minister, must go on to other matter. The clergy of the Church of England have no reason or excuse for forcing on the sick and dying the language of scholastic distinctions and ecclesiastical censures. The Apostles' Creed must suffice them when they admit the babe into the Church at baptism, or strive to strengthen those who are ready to die. The Athanasian Creed is an occasional incident in morning prayer; it never touches font or altar, or blends itself with even the skirts of a sacrament. Falkland and Hales and Chillingworth, we cannot doubt, would gladly have dispensed with it. Laud might have comforted himself on its removal, with the reflection that the Councils both of Ephesus and Chalcedon had forbidden any addition to the Nicene Creed; an archbishop of Canterbury, not long after Laud, wished the Church well rid of it. It has become offensive in the course of two hundred years, even to the more judicious successors of Cheynell. Its days in the Church of England are surely numbered; and though it is too much to expect that churchmen of strong conservative instincts will be pleased at its final disappearance, yet their children of the next generation will take up a prayer-book which contains neither the State Services nor the Athanasian Creed, and rejoice that their good fathers had not their own way in all things.

#### ART. II.—PROFESSOR CONINGTON'S HORACE.

*The Odes and Carmen Sæculare of Horace translated into English Verse.* By John Conington, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. London: Bell and Daldy.

*The Odes of Horace translated into English Verse.* With a Life and Notes by Theodore Martin. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn.

HORACE occupies a peculiar position not only in Roman poetry, but in the history of Europe. As a poet he stood on the boundary-line between the objective poetry of the earlier Romans, and the more subjective poetry of the Empire. More than any other man he may be called the art-poet of Rome. More than any other man, without sacrificing the objective form of the antique, he embodied that reflex play of conflicting feelings which accompanies every culminating civilisation, and which is essentially subjective. Horace first, as a poet, began to

muse over his own feelings, and to play with his own experience. When Montaigne sat in his arm-chair spinning his own soul for future generations, he merely did in uncouth gothic style what Horace had taught him to do in the perfection, but also in the trammels, of ancient beauty. It is true that, when compared with later Europeans,—with Shakespeare or Schiller, with Shelley or with Goethe,—Horace's writings seem strangely shallow and meagre, as no doubt to him theirs must, could he have read them, have seemed the ravings of madmen or sick girls. But all proportion kept, if we compare Horace with other ancient authors, Latin and Greek, it is impossible, we think, not to feel that he is, by comparison with them, essentially subjective, and already, though with a youthful hand, unconsciously busy interpreting the self-inspection and self-dissection of his time. The key-note of his character in this respect (oddly enough, for it cannot have been by design) appears in his dedication to Maecenas. The "sunt quos juvat"—words which, somehow or other, have served to stamp the feeling of the difference of human tastes ever since, and which ticket the ode in the schoolboy's mind—describe the very essence of his character. Let Lucretius describe the mysteries of creation uncreated, and Virgil her outward beauties; let Plautus set the manners of his countrymen in action; Horace is absorbed in his own feelings and those of the men around him, whom he personally knows. His classical conventional imagery is mere conventional drapery, a pure make-believe that he is sailing in the clouds. No man really hugs the ground closer, or is more intent upon the actual living throng about him. The real secret of Horace's hold upon later European thought arises precisely out of the living reality of his experience, coupled with the translucency of ancient forms, which made them readily intelligible. And it would be difficult to point to any set of feelings in modern society, the germs of which are not to be found in Horace, invested with that peculiar freshness which belongs to every first crop. His position as a freedman, belonging to the mercantile class, gave him an insight into the whole tract of sentiment arising out of the jealousy between the political aristocracy and the plutocracy of his day. All that he writes is written with a living personal feeling which is unmistakable. Every phase of this multiplex social conflict was minutely and vividly familiar to him. He was born tolerably well off. Like many a young man, he took the noble and loyal, but losing side. He tasted comparative poverty. He was by whatever train of circumstances reconciled to his victors. He became partly dependent upon their good offices. He adopted their politics. He preached poems to their adversaries, his former friends. He

rose to the enjoyment of universal popularity. He kept his personal pride. In a word, he passed through every vicissitude which could make the life of his time a living reality, vividly and personally familiar to him in its most fleeting and evanescent details. Another man passing through the same train of events might not have written as Horace, but assuredly without his experience Horace would never have written as he did, or become the household author in the hands of what may be called the European "man of the world."

It is this singular combination of ancient art and complex personal feeling which makes Horace so peculiarly untranslatable. Had he written poems for the sake of writing poetry and not to express his feelings, they would have been much more imperfect (judged by the highest standard), but probably much more translatable. The source of their perfection—their personality—is also one cause of the impossibility of adequately rendering them,—their intensely conversational tone, differing only from spoken language by the more exquisite crystallisation of forms, and a certain additional care and apparatus. Whether he begins, "Lydia, dic per omnes te deos oro," or "Nullam, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem,"—whether he wards off, with averted head, the "brutal crowd," or asks Asteria, why she weeps for Gyges,—there is almost always and throughout a strictly spoken tone. And this of all others, though apparently the smallest difficulty in the way of the translator, is absolutely insuperable. To translate Horace into English which shall preserve his feeling, yet sound like the English addressed by one Englishman to another, is an impossibility. If any one will satisfy himself of this, let him compare the fiery and talented distortions of Mr. Theodore Martin with the cool, wary, and wonderfully elaborate translation of Professor Conington. It is not too much to say, that in nine cases in ten, Professor Conington comes infinitely closer to the tone of Horace than Mr. Martin, and in nine cases in ten he is still at an infinite distance from the original. Who would ever, in any English form of address, say :

"O, wont the flying Nymphs to woo,  
Good Faunus, through my farm," &c. ?

The Latin is in the quietest form of colloquial appeal:

"Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator,  
Per meos fines et aprica rura  
Lenis incedas," &c.

In this instance Mr. Martin has the advantage :

"Faunus, lover of the shy  
Nymphs, who at thy coming fly,  
Lightly o'er my borders tread," &c.

This is better just because it is more simple and natural. But after the unlucky first line, Professor Conington falls on his feet again, and proceeds more soberly, if not as happily as usual. Mr. Martin's second stanza is all in the plunging style:

“ When December's Nones come round,  
Then the cattle all do bound  
O'er the grassy plains in play.”

This “when,” “then,” “bound,” “round,” hop-skip-and-jump translation is manifestly alien to the easy, serpentine, conversational tone of the Latin :

“ Ludit herboso pecus omne campo  
Cum tibi Nonæ redeunt Decembres  
Festus in pratis vacat otioso  
Cum bove pagus.”

But in order to place the conversational character of Horace's style more strikingly in view, we ask our reader's leave to print one of the odes without the rythmical division into lines, as if, in fact, it were prose:

“AD LEUCONOËN.

Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi finem dī derident, Leuconoë, nec Babylonios tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quicquid erit, pati, seu plures hyemes, seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam, quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare Tyrrhenum. Sapias, vina lique, et spatio brevi spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida ætas. Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.”

There is in these lines an undulating grace and variety, an ease, a refinement, and a coincidence of sense and metre so exact, that the rhythm seems to differ at every step. In other words, the metre has followed the sense, a humble handmaid following her mistress with a basket of flowers ; the sense is not manacled in the metre, like a rogue in the pillory. Compare with the Latin Mr. Martin's version of the same ode, which we also print as prose :

“ Ask not of fate to show ye—such lore is not for man—what limits, Leuconoë, shall round life's little span. Both thou and I must quickly die ! Content thee, then, nor madly hope to wrest a false assurance from Chaldean horoscope. Far nobler, better were it, whate'er may be in store, with soul serene to bear it. If winters many more Jove spare for thee, or this shall be the last, that now with sullen roar scatters the Tuscan surge in foam upon the rockbound shore. Be wise, your spirit firing with cups of temper'd wine, and hopes afar aspiring in compass brief confine. Use all life's powers, the envious hours fly as we talk. Then live to-day, nor fondly to to-morrow trust more than you must or may.”

It is impossible to read these lines without smiling. They are the best burlesque of the Latin that could probably have been written, if the intention had been to *mock* every single thing Horace had said, step by step. And in saying this we are not at all exaggerating our real meaning. Surely the trundle and mockery of the balladic rhythm is unmistakable. It almost seems to carry with it a jeering, flouting tone, admirably suited to the rollicking banter of Don Gaultier's ballads, where the very essence of the poetry is its mocking and phantomlike unreality, but wholly alien to the sobriety and intrinsic reality of Horace, who hardly ever, if ever, strays very far from the tone of spoken language.

Another remarkable feature is the Tennysonian workmanship of Horace, the "callida junctura," the exquisite art of imparting freshness and novelty to common words by a slight change of usage without ceasing to be classical. The "oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare," the "spem longam reseces," the "carpe diem" (*plucking the day*), the "creedula postero," are all exquisitely graceful, new, yet transparently clear. The other expressions are unforced, simple, and polished. There is absolutely nothing hackneyed or trivial. But in the English, such expressions as 'asking of fate' 'to show ye,' 'such lore,' 'nor madly hope,' are all on the boundaries of bad taste.

Professor Conington's version steers much nearer the original, both in ease, grace, sincerity, and variety :

"Ask not ('tis forbidden knowledge) what our destined term of years, mine or yours ; nor scan the tables of your Babylonish seers. Better far to bear the future, my Leuconoë, like the past, whether Jove has many winters yet to give, or this our last ; *this*, that makes the Tyrrhene billows spend their strength against the shore. Strain your wine, and prove your wisdom ; life is short ; should hope be more ? In the moment of our talking, envious time has ebb'd away. Seize the present ; trust to-morrow e'en as little as you may."

This is, in tone and feeling, much more like Horace. We add another example in the same form :

#### **"AD VENEREM."**

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus et militavi non sine gloria. Nunc arma defunctumque bello barbiton hæc paries habebit, levum marinæ qui Veneris latus custodit. Hic, hic, ponite lucida funeralia, et vectes, et arcus oppositis foribus minaces. O quæ beatam, Diva, tenes Cyprum, et Memphī carentem Sithonia nive, Regina, sublimi flagello tange Chloën semel, arrogantem."

The tone here is evidently more jocose, and the trip of the rhythm exactly fits the fun of the poet. But for all that, the

general tone lies near the temper of animated but polished conversation. How different are the following lines,—

“Of late I've been leading a life of flirtation, and trophies have won that I care not to show. But wooing and winning are only vexation; I'm heartily sick of the business. Heigho! My spurs having earn'd, I'll lay down my armour and hang up my lyre, ne'er to touch it again, on this wall by the left hand of Venus the charmer,—the sea-goddess Venus that sprang from the main. Quick, quick! pile them here, while the fit is upon me; the torches, the tabors, the arrows, the pike, and the crowbar, which oft-times an entrance hath won me to beauty that only to valour would strike. O goddess, o'er Cyprus the sunny who reignest, fair queen of soft Memphis, oblige me and touch with your scourge that minx Chloë,—the scornfullest, vainest,—just so as to frighten, but not hurt her—much.”

Is not this just in the tone in which a clerk would hum a comic song to himself, with his hands in his pockets, on his way to his office? Here again the Oxford professor has the advantage in dignity, sobriety, and taste:

“For ladies' love I late was fit, and good success my warfare blest. But now my arms, my lyre, I quit, and hang them up to rust or rest. Here, where arising from the sea stands Venus, lay the load at last, —links, crowbars, and artillery, threatening all dohrs that dared be fast. O goddess! Cyprus owns thy sway, and Memphis, far from Thracian snow. Raise high thy lash and deal, I pray, that haughty Chloë just one blow.”

The word “lady,” however (as in the next ode, “sire” for “pater”), gives a disagreeable touch of gentility to the ode. “Defunctumque bello barbiton,” a beautiful expression, is lost. So is “carentem Sithonia nive.” So is the exquisite emphasis of the final word, “arrogantem;” which seems so to have touched Mr. Martin's poetical sensibilities that he unburdened his swollen feeling in the following paraphrase, “that minx Chloë,—the scornfullest, vainest,—just so as to frighten, but not hurt her—much.”

Professor Conington has dwelt at great length upon the question of the choice of metre in translation; a question which has engrossed the attention of recent scholars in a great degree. He says, “The question what metres should be selected is of course one of great difficulty. I can only explain what my own practice has been, with some of the reasons which have influenced me in particular cases. Perhaps we may take Milton's celebrated translation of the Ode to Pyrrha as a starting point:\*

\* We give the Latin, with Milton's translation, and also Professor Conington's; a comparison between which will doubtless prove interesting to our readers.

*"AD PYRRHAM."*

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus  
     Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro ?  
     Cui flavam religas comam,  
 Simplex munditiis ! Heu ! quoties fidem  
 Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera  
     Nigris æquora ventis  
     Emirabitur insolens,  
 Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,  
 Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem  
     Sperat, nescius aure  
     Fallacis ! Miseri quibus  
 Intentata nites ! Me tabula sacer  
 Votiva paries indicat uvida  
     Suspensusse potenti  
     Vestimenta maris Deo."

*Milton's Translation.*

"What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,  
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
 Pyrrha ? For whom bind'st thou  
 In wreaths thy golden hair,  
 Plain in thy neatness ? O, how oft shall he  
 On faith and changed gods complain, and seas  
 Rough with black winds, and storms  
 Unwonted shall admire !  
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,  
 Who always vacant, always amiable  
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales  
 Unmindful. Hapless they  
 To whom thou untried seem'st fair ! Me, in my vow'd  
 Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung  
 My dank and dropping weeds  
 To the stern god of sea."

*Professor Conington.*

"What slender youth, besprinkled with perfume,  
 Courts you on roses in some grotto's shade ?  
 Fair Pyrrha, say, for whom  
     Your yellow hair you braid,  
 So trim, so simple ? Ah ! how oft shall he  
     Lament that faith can fail, that gods can change,  
     Viewing the rough black sea  
     With eyes to tempests strange,  
 Who now is basking in your golden smile,  
     And dreams of you still fancy-free, still kind,  
     Poor fool, nor knows the guile  
     Of the deceitful mind !  
 Woe to the eyes you dazzle without cloud  
 Untried ! For me, they show in yonder fane  
     My dripping garments, vow'd  
     To him who curbs the main."

"There can be no doubt," Mr. Conington says, "that to an English reader the metre chosen [by Milton, the iambic] does give much of the effect of the original; yet the resemblance depends rather on the length of the lines than on any similarity in the cadences. But it is evident that he chose the iambic movement as *the ordinary movement of the English poetry*; and it is evident, I think, that in translating Horace we shall be right in doing the same, as a general rule." We agree, more or less, with these remarks; and if we were to generalise the difference between Mr. Martin's and Professor Conington's versions and their comparative success, it would be that Professor Conington has in general chosen a metre that lay closer to our spoken language; whereas Mr. Martin, betrayed by his enthusiasm and misled by his previous habits as a successful balladist, has habitually, in his translations of Horace, fallen into metres which, however they may differ from one another, are essentially balladic and rotatory, and essentially, therefore, antagonistic to the prevailing temper of Horace's odes. Professor Conington goes on to say, "Anapestic and other rhythms may be beautiful and appropriate (?) in themselves, but they cannot be manipulated so easily; the stanzas with which they are associated bear no resemblance, as stanzas, to the stanzas of Horace's odes." With this, also, we agree in the main, except in so far as the word "appropriate" seems to imply, theoretically, that the same metre in one language would be "appropriately" rendered by the same metre in another. To this we should demur. It may, and it may not. Thus, for instance, we hold that the hexameter in English lies at the opposite pole of the hexameter in Greek. In the present imperfect state of our knowledge of the mirage of analogies, which constitute the association of sound with sense, it is impossible to determine accurately what is the exact metre which, if the proper words could be found, would be the nearest approximation to the sense and sound of any combination in another language. But so much seems evident, that it may happen quite well, and perhaps constantly, that, if found, the metre of the particular combination in each case would be different to what it is in the original language. The truth is, that in translating an ode of Horace, what takes place is something like this. The translator casts about for a metre; he is influenced in his choice by that particular expression which has impressed him most strongly. There are always expressions which strike the translator, and shake his mind as a tree is shaken. One or two ripe fruits fall at the first touch; the rest are sour, and he cannot ripen them for the nonce, because their maturity depends on broader causes than those coincident with the extent of his own mind,—namely, on the

difference of climate, as it were, of the two languages. Or, to use another metaphor, whatever may be the particular note which furnishes a key to the translator in his choice of a metre, that note will jar with most of the others. But it may be said that this doctrine would operate equally against the possibility of writing truly natural poetry of any kind. And unquestionably an immense quantity of the poetry palmed off upon mankind is forced and unnatural, and it dies accordingly. There is a process of natural and national churning, if we may so say, of poetical metres and idioms in every language subject to development and not already dead,—a process which goes on insensibly, and independently of any particular poet. A casual spark in a particular mind sets fire to a long train of antecedent feeling; and instantly a number of expressions, which have been long and silently preparing, crystallise by a process of natural selection into ripe and natural shape round some particular subject. These are growths, and they live. But their number is comparatively small. The painful efforts of any one man to force into bloom his own obscurer thoughts, only result in distortion and end in premature death; for in any one metre, at any given time, in any given language, there is only a certain accumulation and reservoir to tap, greater in one metre and less in another, as the case may be. To return to Mr. Conington.

"I have, then, followed," he continues, "Milton in appropriating the measure in question to the Latin metre, technically called the fourth Asclepiad; at the same time that I have substituted rhyme for blank verse, believing rhyme to be an *inferior artist's* only chance of giving pleasure." In other words, Professor Conington's modesty frightened him into putting a chime of bells round the neck of his Muse in order to reassure himself, and her, under the eventful unexplored prospect of appearing side by side with the august shade of Milton. He will forgive us for thinking this was a mistake. Milton himself must smile at the bells, however he may love the Muse. Professor Conington's modesty rather stands in his way. With all due deference to his knowledge of himself, we must emphatically deny that he is, in any sense, "an inferior artist." He may not take rank with Milton as an epic, or with Horace as a lyrical, poet; but as a translator he is a very distinguished artist indeed, and very far placed above the necessity of adorning his verse with the baby jingle of rhyme. Having said this, we will add no apology for not following him into the speculation about the respective merits of "alternate and successive rhymes," and "the effect of interlinking, so natural in a stanza." He proceeds: "Taking an English iambic line of ten syllables to represent the longer lines of the Latin, an English iambic line of

six syllables to represent the shorter, we see that the metre of Horace's 'Scriberis Vario' finds its representative in the metre of Mr. Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women.' We shall quote a few stanzas of this ode to enable our readers to judge more conveniently :

“*Dream of Fair Women.*

\* \* \* \* \*

That man, of all the men I ever knew,  
     Most touch'd my fancy. O, what days and nights  
 We had in Egypt, ever reaping new  
     Harvest of ripe delights,  
 Realm-draining revels! Life was one long feast.  
     What wit! what words! what sweet words, only made  
 Less sweet by the kiss that broke 'em, liking best  
     To be so richly stay'd!  
 What dainty strifes, when fresh from war's alarms  
     My Hercules, my gallant Antony,  
 My mailed captain leapt into my arms,  
     Contented there to die!  
 And in those arms he died : I heard my name  
     Sigh'd forth with life : then I shook off all fear,  
 Oh, what a little snake stole Cæsar's fame !”

\* \* \* \* \*

“*Scriberis Vario.*

Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium  
 Victor, Maœnii carminis aliti,  
 Quam rem cunque ferox navibus aut equis  
     Miles te duce gesserit.  
 Nos, Agrippa, neque haec dicere, nec gravem  
 Pelidæ stomachum cedere nescii,  
 Nec cursus duplicitis per mare Ulyssei,  
     Nec salvam Pelopis domum,  
 Conamur, tenues grandia ; dum pudor,  
 Imbellisque lyrae Musa potens vetat  
 Laudes egregii Cæsaris et tuas  
     Culpa deterere ingenî.  
 Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantinâ  
 Digne scriperit ? aut pulvere Troico  
 Nigrum Merionen ? aut ope Palladis  
     Tydiden Superis parem ?  
 Nos convivia, nos prælia virginum  
 Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrimum,  
 Cantamus, vacui, sive quid urimur,  
     Non præter solitum leves.”

*Professor Conington's Translation.*

“Not I, but Varius: he, of Homer's brood  
     A tuneful swan, shall bear you on his wing,  
 Your tale of trophies, won by field or flood,  
     Mighty alike to sing.

Not mine such themes, Agrippa ; no, nor mine  
     To chant the wrath that fill'd Pelides' breast,  
 Nor dark Ulysses' wanderings o'er the brine,  
     Nor Pelops' house unblest.  
 Vast were the task, I feeble ; inborn shame,  
     And she, who makes the peaceful lyre submit,  
 Forbid me to impair great Cæsar's fame  
     And yours by my weak wit.  
 But who may fitly sing of Mars array'd  
     In adamant mail, or Merion black with dust  
 Of Troy, or Tydeus' son by Pallas' aid  
     Strong against gods to thrust ?  
 Feasts are my theme, my warriors—maidens fair,  
     Who, with pared nails, encounter youths in fight ;  
 Be Fancy free or caught in Cupid's snare,  
     Her temper still is light."

*Mr. Martin's Translation.*

" By Varius shall thy prowess be  
     In strains Maonic chanted,  
 The victories by land and sea,  
     Our gallant troops, led on by thee,  
         Have won with swords undaunted.  
 Such themes, Agrippa, never hath  
     My lyre essay'd, nor bold  
 Pelides' unrelenting wrath,  
     Nor artfullest Ulysses' path  
         O'er oceans manifold ;  
 Nor woes of Pelops' fated line,  
     Such flights too soaring are !  
 Nor doth my bashful muse incline  
     Great Cæsar's eulogies and thine  
         With its thin notes to mar.  
 Who, who shall sing, with accents just,  
     Mars' adamant mail,  
 Or Merion grimed with Trojan dust,  
     Or him who, strong in Pallas' trust,  
         Made even immortals quail ?  
 Heart-whole, or pierced by Cupid's sting,  
     In careless mirthfulness  
 Of banquets we, and maidens sing  
     With nails cut closely skirmishing  
         When lovers hotly press."

We have made these quotations at length, because the comparison of the two translations with Horace and with Tennyson is full of interest the closer we look into them. It cannot fail, we think, to strike any scholar on the most cursory glance how much nearer the tone of Mr. Conington's rhythm lies to the Latin than Mr. Martin's. Nor does it seem any exaggeration to say, that when we compare with

"Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium  
Victor, Maeonii carminis aliti,"

the lines

"By Varius shall thy prowess be  
In strains Maeonic chanted,"

we are again instantly reminded of the dandling motion of a person chanting to an infant. The effect is necessarily at the opposite pole of the grave courtesy and studied simplicity of Horace, a courtesy always heightened by the ineffable varnish of *bonhomie*, nowhere more conspicuous than in Horace, and the invariable accompaniment of the highest breeding. It is a curious thing, too, to observe how perpetually the plunge of the rhythm betrays the translator into exaggeration in translation. Perhaps the temper of mind which led to one naturally resulted in the other. Be this as it may, to take an example out of five thousand,

" . . . . . pulvere Troico  
*Nigrum*; . . . . ."

a beautiful and powerful application of the simple word "black," Mr. Martin distorts into "grimed," which, besides a tinge of vulgarity, misses the true grace and vehemence of the original. Mr. Conington said well,

" . . . . . black with dust  
Of Troy . . . . ."

We look in vain in the translation of Mr. Martin for the true poetic touches of the ode. "*Carminis aliti*," "*gravem Pelideæ stomachum cedere nescii*," "*sævam Pelopis domum*," "*imbellis lyrae Musa potens*," "*laudes culpâ deterere ingeni*," are all smothered in commonplace: "*strains Maeonic*," "*swords undaunted*," "*gallant troops*," "*never hath my lyre essay'd*," "*woes of Pelops' fated line*," "*soaring flights*," "*bashful Muse*," "*careless mirthfulness*,"—all which are certainly not English poetry, and equally not Horace, than whom no poet, perhaps, departing so little from the analogies of spoken language, ever illustrated more abundantly and with a more inconceivable wealth his own precept:

"Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum  
Reddiderit junctura novum."

It would be a very interesting inquiry to ascertain, by a comparison with other Latin authors, whether there is a single line of Horace which does not contain one or more of these "*callidæ juncturæ*," entirely his own.

It is in this that the science of Mr. Conington, and his discipline, his fine perception and his reverence for his author stand him in such good stead. There is, indeed, a little too much of

the stately academic courtesy in such renderings as "Not I, but Varius," which is as much a distortion of "Scriberis Vario," as "grimed" is of "nigrum." "Not mine—no, nor mine," reads affectedly, and has a faint tinge of clap-trap. "Dark Ulysses" gives a Christian view of Ulysses alien from that of the ancients. They rather liked and admired Ulysses. He was a sort of legendary spoilt child and *enfant terrible* among heroes; a quaint cross between a Homeric Columbus and a Homeric Munchausen. They never mention him without a grin of satisfaction, not at all rendered in "dark Ulysses." "Pelops' house unblest" is feeble for "sava Pelopis domus," and again introduces a Christian element, in which the, here, truly "dark" and bloody savagery implied in *sava* is drowned in attar of roses or holy water. There is something really very simple, unaffected, yet fine, in the "tenues grandia," for which "my weak wit" is conceited and falsely modest. "Tenues" refers less to Horace himself, or his wit, than to the character of his subjects. If there is the faintest sidelong glance at himself, it is magnified a thousand times in "my weak wit."

Professor Conington may fairly say that it is a choice of difficulties; and so it no doubt is. We congratulate him heartily upon having overcome so many. It is no small achievement to have given a translation of Horace which Latin scholars can read with attention and with genuine pleasure; and the careful comparison of which at every step, while it cannot fail to increase their insight into the poet's meaning, must impress them not only with the impossibility of the task, but the wonderful science and maturity with which Professor Conington has dared to cope with it.

### ART. III.—WITS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

*Oeuvres de Chamfort, précédées d'une étude sur sa vie et son esprit.*  
Par Arsène Houssaye.

*Galerie du XVIII<sup>e</sup> Siècle.* Par Arsène Houssaye.

*Histoire de la Presse en France.* Par Eugène Hatin. Vol. VII.

*Esprit de Rivarol.* Paris, 1808.

*Causeries du Lundi.* Par M. C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Vols. III., IV.

THE reader, whose historical zeal carries him to the earlier numbers of the *Moniteur Universel*, as they appeared during the weeks of the Terror, finds himself confronted by one of those half-comical, half-revolting contrasts, for which human

nature—and especially French human nature—shows from time to time so strange a capacity. In one column he will peruse the long morning list of victims of the Conciergerie,—old men and maidens, rich and poor, strong and weak, alike swept promiscuously away under the ruthless ban of hostility to the commonweal, and, ere their doom printed, already on the road to death. In the other, as he turns shuddering away, he will be detained by an almost equally long list of “to-night’s entertainments,”—grand scenic tableaux, emblematic ballets, hippodromes *à la Grecque*, masked balls, the comic opera, the successful vaudeville, all proceeding with complete regularity, and all apparently in the greatest possible request. What, he will exclaim, must be the innate frivolity, the cruel indifference, the latent barbarism of a race which saw nothing strange in such an appalling mixture of tragedy and farce! Were they men or fiends who could be thus easily amused, while death hung over each, and the pavement outside streamed with kindred blood? Who but the traditional “tigre-singe” could skip away, yet bloody-handed from civil slaughter, to applaud the nimble feet of some venal Terpsichore, or the quips and cranks of some fashionable buffoon?

We shall run the suspicion, we fear, of the same sort of inhuman versatility if we invite our readers to a less grave, but scarcely less characteristic, aspect of the French Revolution than that with which history has rendered them the most familiar. Friends and foes for the most part, though differing wide as heaven and earth in all beside, have depicted it in the light of the sublimest of human tragedies. Whatever else a sympathising or a hostile critic judged it, both regarded it as colossal; and colossal in a sense that forbade, as if half profane, the notice of those collateral topics which, in meaner matters, might appropriately claim attention. The scale of action was heroic, the performers demi-gods or demi-fiends, and praise and censure alike assumed a tone of fitting gravity and respect. The half-frantic vehemence of Burke, the curses of an army of Tory denunciators, the shrieks of political or religious cowardice, the vindictive Conservatism—which in our own days has dwindled down to the Cassandra-like maledictions of a single maudlin peer—for a long while accustomed Englishmen to regard that strange series of events as a catastrophe whose Titanic proportions overwhelmed the sense,—an outrage at which heaven and earth might stand aghast, and which struck mankind with awful silence,—a conflagration, lit with no earthly flame, blazing at our very doors, and too full of grand results, one way or the other, to our species, for any language but the impassioned cry of hope, the solemn denunciation, the groan of horror and despair. At length the flames died down, the smoke cleared

away, and it gradually became perceptible that the universe remained intact. The calm, half-humorous genius of Carlyle, piercing through the golden haze of rhodomontade, and fathoming the shallows of many a tempest-ridden tea-cup, marshalled the facts of the story into artistic shape, reduced heroes and demons alike to strictly terrestrial proportions, and proved that the grand convulsion of French society, when cleared of fictitious embellishment, was the handiwork of no superhuman agents, but of irritable, passionate, and, in many cases, extremely feeble men; that vanity, jealousy, and a host of petty instincts had at least as much to do with it as the grander passions of our nature; and that though, in the evolution of the drama, some natures beyond the ordinary standard of daring and ability disclosed themselves,—and one intellect at least of the very highest order rose upon the surrounding chaos,—yet that most of its results could be accounted for by the activity of commonplace emotions working in a host of inferior minds, and had a side which was far more ludicrous than either terrific or sublime. A few striking personages stand of course foremost on the stage, and vindicate in more than one instance the doubtful honour of monstrosity. Louis XV., an effete Sardanapalus, grovelling daily deeper in his sensuality; Orleans, rubicund already as if with a Tartarean glow; Danton, a portent of ferocious power; Mirabeau, shaking his lion-like locks, and preparing, as a giant refreshed with wine, for the subjection of a pigmy race; the stately Austrian lady, imperial in her very weaknesses, falling queen-like and undismayed amid curses and gibes; Corday, hurrying in joyful enthusiasm to her perilous emprise; Roland, in her white robe and flowing locks, confronting her accusers, or returning from the tribunal in more than stoical dignity to announce her doom,—these are indeed the conspicuous personages of the tale, but they are not the whole; nor did their earnestness for good or evil, their strength of will, the intensity with which they felt, the scale upon which they acted, represent the true character of the great mass of Frenchmen. Behind them stand inferior performers, and it was these, after all, that made the Revolution what we know it to have been. An attitude of mind the very reverse of majestic, a childish passion for display, an insatiable thirst for flattery, an exquisite sensitivity to the sting of satire, a passionate and unthinking rebellion against the inequalities incidental to human society,—such was the thin soil out of which the Revolution sprang, such were the motive principles which shaped its onward course. It was natural enough that a generation bred in an atmosphere like this, should, when it came to be engaged in any considerable undertaking, become from time to time bombastic, theatrical, and extravagant. It was equally natural that men of such a cast, trained

by the tradition of centuries in the habits of brilliant conversation, and wielding a language of incomparable neatness and pliability, should carry the art of effective rejoinder to the utmost possible perfection, and should assign to witty and epigrammatic language a controversial importance which less impressive natures find it difficult to understand.

This was conspicuously the case in Revolutionary France. A large section of society, elevating drawing-room repartee into a standard of thought, accepted a witticism as a refutation, and considered that a thing ceased to be true when it began to look ridiculous. The salon life of Paris—the paradise of an army of ambitious idlers—engendered a tone of mind in which far less attention was paid to the accuracy with which an idea was thought out than to the elegance with which it was expressed. To achieve a social success was for the aspirant to fame the most imperative of all necessities, and for this neatness, brilliancy, promptitude, were alone essential. A race of men grew up astonishingly skilful in the fence of words, masters of forcible, pithy expressions, but superficial in knowledge, shallow in thought, and utterly innocent of all earnest intention. They breathed the poisoned air of a vicious society, whose refinement but gave a piquancy to systematic heartlessness and crime. They carried their convictions just so far as the fine ladies, whose smiles they sought, considered it in good taste to follow; their scepticism began in restlessness, and ended in a sneer; their philosophy was the cynicism of faded voluptuaries; their ambition, to live in the mouths of a fashionable coterie; their keenest pleasure, to transfix a rival with the envenomed weapon of a sarcastic epigram. The criticism passed by one of them upon another might with justice be applied to the whole class of which both were members, and serve as the epitaph for a school of wits: “*Superficiellement instruit*,” writes Chamfort of Rulhières, “*détaché de tous principes, l’erreur lui était aussi bonne que la vérité quand elle pouvait faire briller la frivolité de son esprit. Il n’envisageait les grandes choses que sous de petits rapports, n’aimait que les tracasseries de la politique, n’était éclairé que de bluettes, et ne voyait dans l’histoire que ce qu’il avait vu dans les petites intrigues de la société.*” The French empire was, according to the famous definition, a despotism tempered by epigrams. The fashionable creed of a large section alike of its assailants and supporters might be described as cynicism set ablaze with wit.

Two men, conspicuous champions on either side, may be accepted as the types of the class above described; and their performances, although already the object of more literary zeal than their importance might seem to merit, are yet so amusing, and at the same time throw so real a light upon the true history

of the times, that we make no apology for introducing them in detail to our readers' attention: Rivarol, the champion of the departing régime; Chamfort, the fanatic of equality, and the assiduous composer and collector of revolutionary facetiae. The delicate pencil of M. Sainte Beuve has already sketched the characters of both, and enabled us to understand the real affinity of thought and disposition which, under a superficial appearance of antagonism, bound the two men together, and stamped them, though fighting in different camps, as in reality kindred natures. Both have left a long list of excellent stories to attest the justice of a contemporary reputation, and the humour of each will be best appreciated by being introduced in connection with the principal circumstances of his career.

The society which, half way through the eighteenth century, excited the aspirations of an ambitious Frenchman, was no longer that of Versailles. To the court of Louis XV. survived nothing but the tedious ceremonial and the complete depravity of his great-grandfather's period. The intellectual prestige, which lent a refining splendour to the great monarch's reputation, had vanished along with everything else decent and respectable. The palace was as gloomy as it was corrupt; "quant à la gaieté," says the historian, "il n'en était plus question, le foyer de l'esprit et des lumières était à Paris." Madame Campan, indeed, with the applausive servility of a royal servant, informs us that the king knew how to jest, and occasionally honoured his dependants with witticisms which proved "la finesse de son esprit, et l'élévation de ses sentiments." As specimens, however, of the one and the other, she gives the stupid slang terms by which the Sovereign was pleased to designate the four princesses who had the misfortune to acknowledge his paternity; and she suggests that his répertoire of indelicate phraseology was sedulously enlarged by reference to the dictionary when in his mistresses' society. It is pleasant to turn from such a scene to the dignified reply made by M. de Brissac, one of the few courtiers to whom decency had not come to be a joke. The king was rallying him upon the sensitiveness he displayed as to some matrimonial catastrophe. "Allons, Monsieur de Brissac, ne vous fachez pas; c'est un petit malheur; ayez bon courage." "Sire," said the injured husband, "j'ai toutes les espèces de courage, excepté celui de la honte." The arrival of Marie Antoinette no doubt infused a new spirit into the dull routine of wickedness which had hitherto prevailed at court. Monsieur de Brissac again figures as the author of an appropriate rejoinder. "Mon Dieu," cried the young dauphiness, as the crowd surged under the balconies of the Tuilleries, "Mon Dieu, que de monde!" "Madame," said the courtier, "sans que Monsieur le Dauphin puisse s'en offenser, ce sont autant d'amoureux." Full of playfulness and vivacity, the young

princess herself was ready and elegant in conversation. Shortly after her arrival at Versailles, she made private arrangements to supplement her extremely defective education : " Il faut," she said, " que la dauphine prenne soin de la réputation de l'archiduchesse." It was in no such innocent recreations that the king's remaining powers were meanwhile expended. His notorious excesses excited scandal, alarm, indignation. The base of an equestrian statue, in the Place Louis Quinze, was guarded by four figures representing Peace, Prudence, Strength, and Justice : an unknown hand wrote under it,

" O la belle statue ! O le beau piédestal !  
Les vertus sont à pied ; le vice est à cheval."

Vice at length dismounted for the last time, and the terrified courtiers prepared for a new allegiance. The details of that terrible deathbed are universally familiar : one story, however, may be worth recording. It is a scene enacted between the Due de Villequier, first gentleman of the chamber, and Monsieur Androuillé, the head surgeon to the court. The king's disease, it will be remembered, rendered it almost certain death to go near him. The duke thereupon politely suggested to the doctor that it was his duty to open and embalm the body. The doctor professed his alacrity for the task, but he added : " Pendant que j'opérerai, vous tiendrez la tête ; votre charge vous y oblige." The duke said not a word ; and Louis the Fifteenth, it is perhaps superfluous to state, was buried unopened and unembalmed. The new court had hardly opened when the young queen's daring spirits, her impatience of ceremonial, her girlish caprices,—above all, the political intrigues amid which she lived,—began to endanger her popularity. Her contempt for etiquette scandalised the fine ladies, and obtained for her the perilous nickname of " Moqueuse." At her first mourning reception after the king's death we find one of the ladies of the court squatting down behind her, pulling her companion's petticoats, and endangering the gravity of the whole proceeding. The epigram which appeared next day might have warned her of the danger of petty indiscretions :

" Petite reine de vingt ans,  
Vous qui traitez si mal les gens,  
Vous repasserez la barrière,  
Laire, larila, larila, laire," &c.

Four years later her enemies had gathered courage, and the feeling against her was deeper and less concealed. The birth of her daughter gave rise to a host of cruel pleasantries, in which the royal family were unhappily the readiest to take a part. The Comte de Provence held the child at the font. " Monseigneur," he said, when the grand Almoner inquired its

name, "cette question n'est pas la première que vous avez à m'adresser; il faut s'enquerir d'abord les père et mère." The Almoner, astonished, said that that question was asked only when doubt existed as to the parentage of the child; "personne ignore," he added, "que madame est née du roi et de la reine." "Est-ce votre avis, M. le Curé?" the count sardonically asked, turning to the Curé of Notre Dame. The audience stood aghast; and the Curé, in fear and trembling, strove to close so embarrassing a scene. The disrespect did not stop here; the City Authorities aped the impertinence of the Court: and the queen, at last vexed beyond endurance, uttered an impatient sneer at the contemptuous delay with which the birthday fêtes were organised. "The magistrates," she said, "are resolved, I suppose, to defer them till the little one is big enough to dance at them herself." The fraternal affection thus curiously exemplified on the part of the queen's brother-in-law was the subject of a drama dedicated in this very year to the queen, which placed Chamfort, already the darling of Parisian drawing-rooms, in the full sunshine of imperial favour. For fifteen years he had been labouring at his tragedy of *Mustapha and Zéangir*; and in 1776 it was for the first time acted at Versailles. Its success was complete. The tender intimacy of the two brothers, who defy all attempts at separation, and perish at last in each other's arms, affected the king to tears. The queen summoned the fortunate author to her box, and announced, in terms so gracious that, as he said, he could never either forget or repeat them, that a pension was to be conferred upon him. "Madam," so ran the courtier-like dedication of the piece, "the indulgent approbation with which your majesty has deigned to honour the tragedy encourages me to present it to you. Your goodness has rendered the design still dearer to my gratitude. Happy, Madam, could I consecrate it by new efforts, justify your benefits by new undertakings, and find grace before your majesty more by the merit of the work than the choice of a subject." Let us see what manner of man it was whose courtier tongue could run so glibly in the conventional phrases of servility.

Born, a natural child, in 1741, he bore the name of Nicholas, and as such was entered, in the position that became his low estate, at the Collège des Grassins, in the Paris university. His appearance bespoke sensitiveness, energy, and enthusiasm; his delicate nostril, his blue eyes lighting up in instantaneous vivacity, his flexible and touching voice, gave the impression of a finely strung, highly nervous organisation. His abilities were not slow in making themselves felt, and the young scholar soon carried every prize before him. All thoughts of the church, the natural career for one so circumstanced, were

speedily resigned; and some youthful indiscretion brought his career as a collegian to a close. The world was all before him; the escape from the thraldom of orders delightful; and Chamfort, secure of pleasing, and with all the qualities to command success, threw himself with courageous recklessness upon society. Literary employment, however, was not to be had; famine knocked loudly at the door; his mother was looking to him for bread; and the young adventurer, in despair, applied for the place of clerk to a procureur. The procureur discerned the superiority of his petitioner, and made him tutor to his son; but he soon found his household in disorder. "Enfant d'Amour, beau comme lui, plein de feu, de gaieté, impétueux et malin," the new-comer proved a very troublesome inmate; and we next find him travelling into Germany in the capacity of private secretary to some provincial millionnaire. This plan, however, answered as badly as the last; and Chamfort returned nothing richer, except for the discovery "qu'il n'y avait rien à quoi il fut moins propre qu'à être un Allemand." He now began to work seriously at literature, and in 1764 brought out a little comedy, in which the fashionable doctrines of an ideal primitive perfection were carelessly worked into an amusing shape. Belton, an erratic Englishman, is wrecked upon a savage shore, and lights on Betty, an interesting and unsophisticated young lady, who provides him with sustenance, introduces him to her father's cave, and finally accompanies him to his home. Belton's wavering virtue is relieved at the fortunate moment by a charitable Quaker, who provides a dowry and insists on a formal marriage, much to the astonishment of Betty, to whom priests and lawyers are still novelties. "Quoi," she exclaims, "sans cet homme noir, je n'aurais pu t'aimer!"

The pretty trifle succeeded, and Voltaire, in expressing his approval, indoctrinated the young author with that supreme contempt for his countrymen which became in after life the leading principle of Chamfort's creed. "Our nation," he wrote, "has emerged from barbarism only because of two or three persons endowed by nature with the taste and genius which she refuses to all the rest. We must expect the race, who failed to discover the merit of *Athalie* and *Misanthrope* to continue ignorant and feeble, and in need of the guidance of a few enlightened men." Chamfort's next efforts were directed to the Academy; and a few years afterwards, in the *Eloge de Molière*, one of his successful compositions, he, for almost the first time, gave evidence of that "*âpreté dévorante*," that dreary view of life, and that cynical dislike of society, which pointed all his later witticisms. What, he asked, would be the task of the Molière of that day? "Verrait-il, sans porter la main sur les

crayons, l'abus que nous avons fait de la philosophie et de la société ; le mélange ridicule des conditions : cette jeunesse, qui a perdu tout morale à quinze ans, toute sensibilité à vingt ; cette habitude malheureuse de vivre ensemble sans avoir besoin de s'estimer : la difficulté de se déshonorer, et, quand on est enfin parvenu, la facilité de recouvrer son honneur et de rentrer dans cette île autrefois escarpée et sans bords ?” Unfortunately, in decrying the times, Chamfort was but sketching his own career. He had thrown himself with disastrous vehemence into all the worst pleasures of a corrupt capital: the women among whom he lived were the fitting priestesses of a cynical creed: none of his sayings accordingly are tinged with a fiercer scepticism than those which relate to feminine infirmity. “ Il faut,” he says, “ choisir : aimer les femmes, ou les connaître : il n'y a pas de milieu.” “ Pour moi,” he writes elsewhere, “ je recherche surtout celles qui vivent hors du mariage et du célibat : ce sont quelquefois les plus honnêtes.” Many of his stories are in illustration of the same ungallant theme :

“ Mademoiselle du Thé ayant perdu un de ses amants, et cette aventure ayant fait du bruit, un homme qui alla la voir la trouva jouant de la harpe, et lui dit avec surprise, ‘ Eh ! mon Dieu ! je m'attendais à vous trouver dans la désolation.’ ‘ Ah !’ dit-elle d'un ton pathétique, ‘ c'était hier qu'il fallait me voir.’

L'abbé de Fleury avait été amoureux de Madame la Maréchale de Noailles, qui le traita avec mépris. Il devint premier ministre; elle eut besoin de lui, et il lui rappela ses rrigueurs. ‘ Ah ! monseigneur,’ lui dit naïvement la maréchale, ‘ qui l'aurait pu prévoir ?

Un homme était en deuil de la tête aux pieds : grandes pleureuses, perruque noir, figure allongée. Un de ses amis l'aborde tristement : ‘ Eh ! bon Dieu ! qui est-ce donc que vous avez perdu ? ’ ‘ Moi,’ dit-il, ‘ je n'ai rien perdu; c'est que je suis veuf.’ ”

Thoroughly prosperous in the best society, Chamfort was gradually becoming a revolutionist at heart: it was the fashion in aristocratic quarters to deride aristocracy; and a little play, *The Merchant of Smyrna*, published by him in 1770, carried the taste so far, that its author, in after years, pleaded it as a proof of his democratic tendency. The fun of the piece turns on the perplexities of a slave-merchant, who has encumbered himself with several unsaleable purchases; amongst the rest, a German baron and three abbés. They are so useless that he dares not even expose them in the market. Here is a conversation in the same spirit. Hassan is interrogating one of the captives, a Spaniard, as to what he is :

“ *L'Espagnol.* Je vous l'ai déjà dit, gentilhomme.

*Hassan.* Gentilhomme ! je ne sais pas ce que c'est. Que fais-tu ?

*L'Espagnol.* Rien. \*

*Hassan.* Tant pis pour toi, mon ami ; tu vas bien t'ennuyer.—  
(à *Kaled*) Vous n'avez pas fait une trop bonne emplette.

*Kaled.* Ne voilà-t-il pas que je suis encore attrapé ! . . . . Gentilhomme, c'est sans doute comme qui dirait baron allemand. C'est ta faute aussi : pourquoi vas-tu dire que tu es gentilhomme ? je ne pourrai jamais me défaire de toi."

Whatever his real convictions, Chamfort, for the present, was a thorough courtier in behaviour. M. Sainte Beuve quotes a pretty epigram which he composed about this time for the King of Denmark's arrival in Paris :

" Un roi qu'on aime et qu'on révère  
A des sujets en tous climats :  
Il a beau parcourir la terre,  
Il est toujours dans ses états."

Before long his failing health drove him from Paris, and the young wit found amusement and hospitality awaiting him at several fashionable watering-places. At Barèges he not only recovered his health, but had the luck to charm four fine ladies, who loved him " chacune d'elles comme quatre," and whose kindness melted for a while even his determined acerbity. One of them especially he enumerates among his other blessings, as entertaining for him " all the sentiments of a sister;" and he adds cheerfully, " il me semble que mon mauvais Génie ait lâché prise, et je vis, depuis trois mois, sous la baguette de la Fée bienfaisante." I can tell you, writes one of his admirers, that M. Chamfort " est un jeune homme bien content ; et il fait bien de son mieux pour être modeste." His humility must have been still more severely tried when the Duchess de Grammont, one of his four admirers, introduced him at court, and his successful tragedy secured him, as we have seen, the favour of the queen. He now seemed at the zenith of success. Besides his pension, the Prince de Condé had given him a secretaryship ; a seat in the Academy secured his position as a writer ; the best drawing-rooms in Paris were at his command ; and Madame Helvétius, who held a sort of " literary hospital," was delighted to have him for an inmate. An uneasiness of soul, however, was beginning to mix gall with his cup of enjoyment, and Chamfort became restless, moody, and miserable. The very honours that were showered upon him seemed fraught with indignity ; his rank as a successful man of letters was agonizingly equivocal. " Je ne voudrais," he said, " faire comme des gens de lettres qui ressemblent à des ânes ruant et se battant devant un râtelier vide." The idea that he paid for his dinners by his bons-mots robbed them of their charm ; the disproportion of his own fortune to those with whom he lived drove him mad with jealousy. He detested, yet could not bring himself to resign

the society in which his talent shone so brightly; he found himself the plaything of a wealthy class, and he could neither tolerate nor abandon his position. "Il est ridicule," he exclaimed, "de vieillir en qualité d'acteur dans une troupe où l'on ne peut même prétendre à la demi-part."

At last he determined to fly; but not before he had intensified his passion for equality, and his hatred of the class which had loaded him with favours, to a degree of malignity which nothing but actual suffering could explain. "Je ne suis pas un monstre d'orgueil," was his apology to a friend for his retreat; "mais j'ai été une fois empoisonné avec de l'arsenic sucré. Je ne le serai plus: 'manet altâ mente repostum.'" An interval of comparative felicity awaited him. He had met at Boulogne an aged beauty, of the Duchess of Maine's household, talkative, witty, and cynical as himself; and the two lovers retreated, in misanthropical attachment, from a world which they agreed in detesting. After six months the lady died, and her husband returned to Paris with a real sorrow added to his list of imaginary grievances. "When I wish to soften my heart," he writes, "I recall the loss of friends who are mine no longer,—the women whom death has snatched from me. J'habite leur cercueil; j'envoie mon âme errer autour des leurs. Hélas! je possède trois tombeaux!"

Less than ever inclined for the subserviency of social life, and fretting daily more and more at the heavy chain of patronage, Chamfort found opportunity, before the outbreak of the Revolution, to escape from the hospitality of an aristocratic friend, and to ensconce himself in more congenial quarters in the Palais Royal. Mirabeau was devoted to him, fired his spirit with something of his own enthusiasm, and carried him into the full tide of the new movement. Chamfort, delighted at his emancipation, embraced his new creed with all the ardour of a neophyte; his former friendships were discarded, his favours forgotten. "Ceux qui passent le fleuve des révolutions," he said, "ont passé le fleuve de l'oubli." Henceforth he became the oracle of republican clubs, and lent his wit to the cause, which always had his sympathies, and now claimed his open allegiance. His services, as an ally, were speedily appreciated. One morning he visited the Count de Lavaquais: "Je viens de faire un ouvrage," he cried. "Comment? un livre?" "Non, pas un livre; je ne suis pas si bête; mais un titre de livre, et ce titre est tout. J'en ai déjà fait présent au puritain Sièyes, qui pourra commenter à son aise. Il aura beau dire; on ne se ressouviendra que du titre." "Quel est-il donc?" "Le voici: 'Qu'est-ce que le Tiers-Etat? Tout. Qu'a-t-il? Rien.'" Another of his contributions was

the famous cry: "Guerre aux châteaux! Paix aux chaumières!"; and the horrors of September elicited from him no other apology than the inquiry, "Voulez-vous qu'on vous fasse des révolutions à l'eau de rose?" It is easy to conceive the satisfaction with which, for the first time, he allows his taste to follow its natural bent. He abounds in good stories, pointed at an incapable ruler, the follies of an aristocracy, the pride of birth, the slavery of a court.

"M. D— disait, à propos des sottises ministérielles et ridicules,  
'Sans le gouvernement on ne rirait plus en France.'

On demandait à une duchesse de Rohan à quelle époque elle comp-tait accoucher. 'Je me flatte,' dit-elle, 'd'avoir cet honneur dans deux mois.' L'honneur était d'accoucher d'un Rohan.

Un courtisan disait, à la mort de Louis XIV, 'Après la mort du roi, on peut tout croire.'

Dans les malheurs de la fin du règne de Louis XIV, après la perte des batailles de Turin, d'Oudenarde, de Malplaquet, de Ramillies, d'Hochstet, les plus honnêtes gens de la cour disaient, 'Au moins le roi se porte bien, c'est le principal.'

Un prédicateur de la Ligue avait pris pour texte de son sermon, *Eripe nos, Domine, à luto facis*, qu'il tradusait ainsi, 'Seigneur, dé-Bourbonez-nous.'

Chamfort's posts and pensions were of course soon swamped by the revolutionary tide, but his zeal was only quickened by the loss. He was one of the first to enter the Bastille after its capture, and he talked with Brutus-like severity of the sacrifices which a patriot should be prepared to make. For some time he acted as secretary to the Jacobin Club; but the growing ascendancy of Robespierre and Marat drove him once again in the direction of the Conservatives. To this period we may refer his translation of *Fraternité ou la Mort*, which he said should be rendered "Sois mon frère, ou je te tue." He found his most natural leaders in the Girondists; and Roland, in re-arranging the Bibliothèque Nationale, appointed Chamfort to a post in connection with it. He now turned the full blaze of his satire against the Convention; and there were of course plenty of ready listeners to inform the state conspirators of the sarcasms of their new assailant. His friends warned him of his peril, but he relied upon his reputation as a Liberal. "N'ai-je pas," he cried, "hautement professé ma haine contre les rois, les nobles, les prêtres, en un mot tous les ennemis de la raison et de la liberté?" At last he was denounced and imprisoned. Scarcely had he recovered his liberty, when a second arrest showed the complicated dangers of his position and threatened him with a more protracted confinement. He resolved to escape it

by self-destruction, and mutilated himself, horribly but without effect, both with pistol and razor. Before he was dragged to prison, he dictated and signed, all bleeding as he was, the following theatrical declaration : "Moi, Sébastien Roche Nicholas Chamfort, déclare avoir voulu mourir en homme libre plutôt que d'être conduit en esclave en prison." He lived to appear before the Tribunal, and was at length partially enlarged. His nervous system, however, had received too great a shock, and the carelessness of his physician hastened his end. He died with a characteristic sentence on his lips : "Ah, mon ami," he cried to the Abbé Sièyes, "je m'en vais enfin de ce monde, où il faut que le cœur se brise ou se bronze!"

Melancholy alternative; but happily the verdict of philosophers of the Chamfort school ought to count for less than nothing in our estimation of existence. He had shut himself off from the really interesting side of life. Government, religion, marriage, death, the unseen world, all the great springs of human action, all the tenderest sentiments of human hearts, were to him but so many whetstones on which to sharpen the glittering razor of his wit. Mephistopheles himself might envy the icy heartlessness of the glittering epigrams in which his contempt for each was crystallised. His wit fed upon himself, and merrily proclaimed his own degradation : "L'homme est un sot animal," he said, "si j'en juge par moi-même." His estimation of mankind at large was equally unflattering : "Le public, le public, combien faut-il de sots pour faire un public?" The best thing to do with society was to leave it. He preferred solitude to the company of his fellow-men, "parce que je suis plus accoutumé à mes défauts qu'à ceux d'autrui."

"Je demandais à M——, pourquoi, en se condamnant à l'obscurité, il se dérobait au bien qu'on pouvait lui faire. 'Les hommes,' me dit-il, 'ne peuvent rien faire pour moi qui vaille leur oubli.'

M. D——, pour peindre d'un seul mot la rareté des honnêtes gens, me disait que dans la société l'honnête homme est une variété de l'espèce humaine.

M. de Lassay, homme très-doux, mais qui avait une grande connaissance de la société, disait qu'il faudrait avaler un crapaud tous les matins pour ne trouver rien de dégoûtant le reste de la journée, quand on devait la passer dans le monde."

The verdict of after-times is disposed of with a single sneer : "La postérité n'est pas autre chose qu'un public qui succède à un autre; or vous voyez ce que c'est que le public d'à présent."

His feelings about religion were tinged with all the bitterness of the period; and the sarcasms which he poured out so

freely upon this world, lost none of their sting when directed against the next.

"On s'habitue à tout, même à la vie. La Fontaine, entendant plaindre le sort des damnés au milieu du feu de l'enfer, dit : 'Je me flatte qu'ils s'y accoutumant, et qu'à la fin ils sont là comme le poisson dans l'eau.'

A propos des choses de ce bas monde qui vont de mal en pis, M. L— disait, 'J'ai lu quelque part qu'en politique il n'y a rien de si malheureux pour les peuples que les règnes trop longs. J'entends que Dieu est éternel ; tout est dit.'"

We conclude with two stories of less gloomy import, and good specimens of Chamfort's lighter order of fun. The first sounds as if it owned the parentage of Molière.

"On disait à Délon, médecin mesmérist : 'Eh bien, M. de B— est mort, malgré la promesse que vous aviez faite de le guérir.' 'Vous avez,' dit-il, 'été absent ; vous n'avez pas suivi les progrès de la cure : il est mort guéri.'

Le marchale de Biron eut une maladie très-dangereuse : il voulut se confesser, et dit devant plusieurs de ses amis : 'Ce que je dois à Dieu, ce que je dois au roi, ce que je dois à l'état.' . . . Un de ses amis l'interrompit, 'Tais-toi,' dit-il, 'tu mourras insolvable.'

The examples already quoted will suffice to give an idea of the cold, hard, metallic glare of a genius which, like Chamfort's, was unenlightened by earnest thought, softened by no humanising emotion, and devoid of all inspiring sincerity. His witticisms glitter about him like a cascade of sparks, emitting neither distinct light nor creative heat; his very polish is suggestive of sterility; and the smile which his humour suggests is quickly succeeded by a wearisome sense of deliberate heartlessness, hopelessness, and indifference.

We turn with relief to a mind more instinct with purpose, and certainly not less entertaining in performance. Rivarol was pronounced by no less a judge than Voltaire to be "the Frenchman *par excellence* of his day;" and even without so authoritative a verdict, it would be impossible to overlook the numerous particulars in which he typified the tastes, if not always the convictions, of his countrymen. His short career—for he died at forty-four—explains the incomplete and fragmentary nature of his works; but, besides his extraordinary conversational reputation, which raised him to the dignity of a professed improvisatore, he has left enough behind him to assure neutral critics of his readiness, versatility, and resource, and to justify his biographers in claiming for him admission to that shadowy temple of fame in which those who, but for adverse chance, might, could, should, or would have been among the leaders of mankind, re-

ceive the languid honours of conjectural admiration. He was born in 1757, in a village in Languedoc, and, as the eldest of a family of sixteen, was very speedily impressed with the imperative necessity of securing a livelihood. The father, though coming of good Italian stock, and by no means without education, had descended to the inglorious but profitable business of an innkeeper. The circumstance was not forgotten when Rivarol, in after times, surrounded by an eager and revengeful army of literary enemies, stood forth as the champion of aristocratic rights. Even those who profited by his talent could not help sneering at the hand which defended them. Once in a well-born crowd, at the first outbreak of the Revolution, Rivarol was descanting with an air of importance on the dangers of the times. "Nos droits," he cried, "nos priviléges sont menacés." "Nos droits?" cried the duc de Crequi, who was standing by. "Eh bien, qu'est-ce que vous trouvez donc singulier en ce mot?" "C'est votre pluriel," replied the Duke, "que je trouve singulier." The young aspirant to fame, however, was too sure of his powers to be easily abashed, and he contrived that his first literary task should call attention to his hereditary respectability. Coming to Paris, and apparently absorbed in frivolous amusements, he was in reality working hard at a translation of Dante. "C'est un bon moyen," he told his friends laughingly, "de faire ma cour aux Rivarol d'Italie;" and elsewhere he explains, "J'ai traduit l'Enfer de Dante parceque j'y retrouvais mes ancêtres." The undertaking of so ambitious a task bespoke already the lofty designs which were concealed under affected manners and an ostentatious indolence. Success soon smiled upon his hopes. His graceful manners and imposing delivery procured him an easy triumph in several literary cafés, especially "Le Caveau," where a set of brilliant talkers were accustomed to meet. In 1784 he acquired an almost European celebrity by carrying off the prize offered by the Academy of Berlin, under the auspices of Frederick the Great, for the best treatise on the universality of the French language, and the probable causes of its continuance. The essay, though as rhetorical and high-flown as was natural under the circumstances, implied a real critical faculty, and was the means probably of directing its author to a line of grammatical inquiry on which he subsequently grounded other and far deeper speculations. The laboured enjoyments of Parisian salons and a life of polished dissipation were, however, beginning to tell upon his powers, and before his thirtieth year he began to complain of diminishing versatility. "Ma vie est un drame si ennuyeux," he writes, "que je prétends que c'est Mercier qui l'a fait. Autrefois je réparais dans une heure huit

jours de folie ; et aujourd'hui il me faut huit grands jours de sagesse pour réparer une folie d'une heure." His judgment as a critic, and his never-failing loquacity, placed him, however, daily in a more conspicuous social position. His taste in authorship was delicate, sensitive, and correct, and the judgments he pronounced were tinged with a real literary enthusiasm. "Les gens de goût sont les hauts-justiciers de la littérature. L'esprit de critique est un esprit d'ordre ; il connaît les délits contre le goût et les porte au tribunal du ridicule ; car le rire est souvent l'expression de sa colère, et ceux qui le blâment ne songent pas assez que l'homme de goût a reçu vingt blessures avant d'en faire une." The critical activity thus explained and defended led him before long to undertake a systematic onslaught on a host of insignificant poetasters, who at this time crowded the booksellers' windows with worthless productions. This was the *Petit Almanach de Grands Hommes*, a sort of prose *Dunciad* in which the chief literary culprits of the year were, under a transparent veil of bombastic eulogy, held up to well-merited derision. As with the victims of Pope's immortal satire, time has already effectually completed the assailant's purpose, and the heroes of the *Petit Almanach* are for the most part only known to fame by the very instrumentality which was intended for their more speedy consignment to oblivion.

Rivarol had now, however, graver employments before him. Immediately upon the outbreak of the Revolution, he made the choice which interest, taste, and prejudice, alike recommended, and stood boldly forward against the advancing current of democracy. A journal named *Politique National* was the organ of the most enlightened Conservatives, and to this Rivarol contributed the most forcible, and certainly the most sagacious, expositions of the existing crisis which had as yet appeared upon his side of the controversy. With a vehemence which lost none of its effect by being polished and antithetical, he denounced the jealous vanity of the bourgeoisie, as being, rather than the sufferings of the mass, the true cause of disturbance. Though the slave of his own brilliancy, and too epigrammatic to be invariably correct, he gives from time to time satisfactory evidence of his real thoughtfulness and political insight. For one thing, he thoroughly appreciated the gravity of the statesman's task : "La politique," he said, "est comme le sphinx de la fable—elle dévore tous ceux qui n'expliquent pas ses énigmes." The follies of his own party did not escape him any more than the crimes of his antagonists. Upon the blind tardiness of the court he was especially severe: he pointed out the futility of concessions withheld till their worth and efficacy is lost: "La populace de Paris," he writes, "et celle même de toutes les

villes du royaume, ont encore bien des crimes à faire, avant d'égaler les sottises de la cour. Tout le règne actuel peut se réduire à quinze ans de faiblesse, et à un jour de force mal employée." He observed of the aristocrats, the men who forgot nothing and learnt nothing, "qu'ils prenaient leurs souvenirs pour des droits;" of the anti-revolutionary alliance, "ils ont toujours été en arrière d'une année, d'une armée, et d'une idée." On the other hand, the contempt for the mass, which with Chamfort exploded in a sneer, became in his mind a guiding principle in speculation, and satisfactorily explained the social phenomena of the time: "Le peuple," he said, "ne goûte de la liberté, comme de liqueurs violentes, que pour s'enivrer et devenir furieux." "Le peuple," so runs another of his maxims, "est un souverain qui ne demande qu'à manger: sa Majesté est tranquille quand elle digère." Here is another still more trenchant in its tone:

"Il n'est point de siècles de lumière pour la populace; elle n'est ni française, ni anglaise, ni espagnole. La populace est toujours et en tout pays la même—toujours cannibale, toujours anthropophage; et quand elle se venge de ses magistrats, elle punit des crimes qui ne sont pas toujours avérés par des crimes qui sont toujours certains."

The genius of Burke himself might have rejoiced over the concise and nicely-poised weightiness of such apothegms as these:

"La populace croit aller mieux à la liberté, quand elle attente à celle des autres.

Les nations que les rois assemblent et consultent, commencent par de vœux et finissent par des volontés.

La philosophie moderne n'est rien autre chose que les passions armées de principes.

Tout philosophe constituant est gros d'un jacobin: c'est une vérité que l'Europe ne doit pas perdre de vue."

Another and less successful project was the publication of the "Acts of the Apostles," a gigantic squib, intended to show the proceedings of the revolutionary leaders in a ridiculous aspect: but the joke was on too large a scale, and too long supported to suit the fastidious taste of Parisian readers, and in its present shape defies the most enterprising student by its insupportable dullness. Rivarol, however, was not allowed to continue his literary championship undisturbed. In 1790, he found it expedient to attempt escape, but failed to elude the vigilance of the patriots, and only two years later succeeded in making his way to Brussels, Amsterdam, and ultimately London. He now set about the most serious enterprise of his life,—his *Théorie du Corps Politique*, on which he was still engaged

when, some years later, his mortal illness overtook him. The object of the work was to combat the doctrine—which Rousseau had rendered fashionable—of the sovereignty of the people. Defining power to be organised force, sovereignty to be conservative power, and the people to be essentially unconservative, he demonstrated with a lucidity, for which every good Tory should revere his memory, the truth that the true governance of society must be vested in the hands of the aristocratic few. Society, however, still stole him from his tasks; and we have an amusing account of the troubles of an unfortunate publisher who, during Rivarol's subsequent residence in Hamburg, had actually to keep him under lock, to expedite the composition of a long-promised preliminary discourse to a new dictionary of the French language. It was doubtless far more agreeable to dictate to fine ladies than to be the slave of a printer's devil; and Rivarol would not do the one so long as he had the least chance of enjoying the other.

At Hamburg he appears to have lived in an agreeable and somewhat dissolute society. The animal spirits of Emigration, he said, fled thither for refuge; and we may infer that merriment was not the only characteristic of the expiring régime which the high-bred exiles carried with them to their new abode. Rivarol, no doubt, knew extremely well how to enliven supper-parties, where manners were good and morals indulgent, which were graced by the gentle radiance of “des yeux de velours,” and the sophistries of controversialists more lovely than immaculate. Once, for instance, we find him parodying the mixed greediness and patriotism of Lally-Tolendal. “Oui, messieurs, j'ai vu couler ce sang,—voulez-vous me verser un verre de vin de Bourgogne?—oui, messieurs, j'ai vu tomber cette tête,—voulez-vous me faire passer une aile de poulet?” &c. One can fancy the glee with which such a scene would be enacted to a royalist audience, and the witticisms which it would suggest at the expense of revolutionary gourmandism.

Here, too, among other excitements, Rivarol fell in with the most fervent of all his admirers. Chênedollé, at this time young, romantic, burning with literary enthusiasm, and a hero-worshiper of the devoutest order, was as enraptured as a priest of Apis with a new-found calf, at the discovery of so worthy an object of adoration. Four years before, the young poet had joined the party of the Emigrants, had served for two campaigns under royalist banners, and had arrived in Hamburg, early in 1795, a fugitive from the arms of his victorious countrymen. His zeal for greatness was hot, his temperament of the order that is familiarly described as “gushing;” and the neighbourhood of so great an intellectual celebrity threw him

into a fever of excitement. Already the *Héloïse* of J. J. Rousseau, the *Georgics* of the Abbé Delille, the *Arcadia* of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, above all, the graphic descriptions of Buffon, had excited ecstasies of wonder and delight. All these, however, were as nothing to his latest passion. Several chance meetings with Rivarol at the fashionable restaurant of the city, and a few brilliant expressions stealthily overheard, intoxicated the young votary almost to the verge of insanity. "I saw, I thought, I dreamt nothing but Rivarol: c'était une vraie frénésie, qui m'ôtait jusqu'au sommeil." After six weeks of frantic expectation, an opportune friend volunteered to introduce him to "the king of conversation." The young poet arrived in a ludicrous state of mixed nervousness and satisfaction, which he has delineated with unblushing fidelity, and which M. Sainte-Beuve, in his sketch of "Chateaubriand and his literary friends," has preserved entire. Nothing can be more graphic than the account given by Chênedollé of the much-desired interview, or more characteristic of the inordinate pretentiousness, vanity, and bombast into which the triumphs of society and a long course of flattery can stimulate a nature for which really grave pursuits possess no charm, and which honest criticism has never curbed into decent self-restraint. Chênedollé might well tremble, for Rivarol was not only a great talker, but a fine gentleman, and affected the graceful condescension of one who belonged to the innermost and most refined circle of the Parisian world. He launched forthwith into a friendly criticism of his visitor's latest production, and promised him a speedy growth of power in the invigorating sunshine of his own society. "J'espère," he said, "que nous ferons quelque chose de vous. Venez me voir, nous mettrons votre esprit en serre chaude, et tout ira bien. Pour commencer, nous allons faire aujourd'hui une débauche de poésie." Hereupon began a marvellous display of versatile loquacity. Starting from the first principles of his theme, the orator maintained that the savage and the poet are one: both speak by hieroglyphics, though the latter moves in a larger orbit, and enjoys a more extended range of vision. Armed with this idea, and enlarging it gradually to the proposition, that art should aim at nothing short of the infinite, Rivarol performed prodigies of dexterity, dazzled his auditors with a sparkling cascade of metaphor, analogy, and retort, quenched their occasional dissent with an authoritative "point d'objections d'enfant," and charmed them no less by the melody of his voice than the cogency of his reason into fancying themselves for a while the favoured visitors to an intellectual fairy-land. After dinner, however, still greater wonders awaited

them: the party adjourned to the garden; and Chênedollé has invested the scene with the classical dignity due to a Platonic discussion. The sun was sinking to the west, the sky was clear as that of Greece, the foliage rivalled the plane-trees of the Academy, and the modern Socrates began to talk, and this time upon no abstract theme. Rapidly surveying the writers of the century, he passed a trenchant, searching, and, it must be confessed, somewhat uncharitable judgment upon each. Against Voltaire especially he evinced a sort of personal animosity, and, as his panegyrist observed, "pushed jealousy very far." The *Henriade*, he said, was nothing "qu'un maigre croquis, une squelette épique, où manquent les muscles, les chairs, et les couleurs;" the tragedies are cold and glittering philosophical treatises; in the style there is always "une partie morte:" the *Essay on Manners* an elegant but barren and untruthful sketch,—a miserable parody of Bossuet's immortal discourse. "One must needs," continued the critic, "be very *médiocre* oneself to imagine that there is nothing beyond the thought of Voltaire: "rien de plus incomplet que cette pensée: elle est vaine, superficielle, moqueuse, dissolvante, essentiellement propre à détruire, et voilà tout. Du reste, il n'y a ni profondeur, ni élévation, ni unité, ni avenir, rien de ce qui fonde et systématisé." In support of so rigorous a sentence the literary culprit's works were next reviewed in detail, and some stinging sarcasm, like a drop of aquafortis, bestowed on each. Buffon was the next to suffer: "Son style a de la pompe et de l'ampleur, mais il est diffus et pâteux: on y voit toujours flotter les plis de la robe d'Apollon, mais souvent le dieu n'y est pas." Chênedollé's enthusiasm must have died away, as one by one his favourite descriptions were analysed and disapproved. That of the Dog was too long; "not characterised by the splendid economy of style of the old masters;" the Eagle was not sufficiently vigorous or masculine: the Peacock especially provoked the critic's indignation at its insufficiency; it was diffuse, yet incomplete; "cela chatoie plus encore que cela ne rayonne;" to paint this 'opulent oiseau,' one ought, he said, "to dip one's brushes in the sun, and shed the colours on its outline as rapidly as that great luminary darts its rays upon sky and mountain. I have in my head a peacock, new, magnificent, after a very different fashion, and I would only ask for an hour to beat this one." M. Sainte-Beuve's criticism is too obviously appropriate not to be recorded: "not only," he says, "had he a peacock in his head, but he was the peacock in person when he could speak like this." Frenchmen, however tolerant of vanity, have yet a limit to their endurance, and even Chênedollé was a little shocked. "I was confounded, I confess,"

he writes, "by the severity of the judgments, and the tone of assurance and infallibility with which they were delivered; it seemed to me out of the question that a man who talked so well could possibly be wrong." Presently, however, Rousseau fell under the lash, and Rivarol became viciously epigrammatic at his expense. "He is a grand master-sophist, who does not think a word of what he says or writes—*c'est le paradoxe incarné*: grand artiste d'ailleurs en fait de style . . . il parle du haut de ses livres comme du haut d'une tribune; il a des cris et des gestes dans son style, et son éloquence épileptique a dû être irrésistible sur les femmes et les jeunes gens. Orateur *ambidextre*, il écrit sans conscience, ou plutôt il laisse errer sa conscience au gré de toutes ses sensations et de toutes ses affections. Aussi passionne-t-il tout ce qu'il touche." "St.-Georges de l'épigramme," as Rivarol was entitled, was now fairly astride his battle-horse, and warming with achieved success, strode right and left across the battle-field of letters, and driving all before the terror of his arms. At every word a reputation dies; scarce a contemporary had the luck to escape the discomfiture of a sarcastic thrust, impalement on a pun, or the sweep of glittering invective. The Abbé Delille was "nothing but a nightingale who had got his brain in his throat;" the luminous phrases of Cerutti were the work of a sort of literary snail leaving a silvered track—in reality, mere froth and drivel. Chabanon, a translator of Theocritus and Pindar, was said to have done it "de toute sa haine contre le Grec." Le Brun was sketched sitting on his bed with dirty sheets—a shirt a fortnight old—surrounded by Virgil, Horace, Corneille, Racine, and Rousseau, angling for a word in one or the other to compose the mosaic of his poetry. Condorcet was described as writing with opium on leaves of lead. Mirabeau as a big sponge always filled up with other people's ideas. "Il n'a eu quelque réputation," continued his assailant, "que parce qu'il a toujours écrit sur des matières palpitantes de l'intérêt du moment;—there are in his big books some happy expressions, but they are borrowed from Cerutti, Chamfort, or myself."

Three hours slipped unperceived away; the sun, regardless of the unfinished oration, went ruthlessly down; and the delighted visitors, armed with a copy of the great man's translation of Dante,—a mine of expressions, as he informed them, most valuable to a youthful poet,—heads, hearts, and mouths full of naught but Rivarol, at length took their departure.

Upon a subsequent occasion, Chênedollé was allowed to hear the beginning of the *Théorie du Corps Politique*; a work which, written unmethodically on separate slips of paper, and once suffered to fall into confusion, defied all the efforts of Ri-

varol's posthumous commentators to reduce it into a systematic arrangement. Part of it was stolen, and printed under another name at Hamburg, and a single chapter was published separately by the author himself many years later at Paris. Rivarol's premature death cut short the scheme half way; and we have only the conjectural decisions of friends or foes to tell us how much the world lost by its non-completion. Chênedollé, in unwavering loyalty, believes that his genius was capable of rising to the dizziest heights of political speculation; and, had time but been allowed him, of reducing the bewildering phenomena of the Revolution to lucid simplicity, and even, perhaps, of arresting its course. Catching his master's epigrammatic tone, he pronounces Beaumarchais, Mirabeau, and Rivarol the three most distinguished men of letters at the close of the 18th century: "Beaumarchais, par son *Figaro*, donna le manifeste de la Révolution; Mirabeau la fit; Rivarol la combattit et fit tout pour l'enrayer: il mourut à la peine." Calmer judges will probably have no trouble in convincing themselves that pretty analogies, nicely-balanced phrases, and fortunate retorts, though cogent in the controversies of the drawing-room, and fascinating to a coterie of fine ladies or aspiring authors, have yet the smallest possible influence on the stern facts of life, the sentiments of suffering classes, the march of a revolution; and that twenty elegant treatises, polished by easy thinkers, like Rivarol, into well-bred gracefulness, and welcomed with all the hosannas of St. Germains, would have done but little towards either explaining or impeding any social convulsion, and would have left the course of things in France very much as they found it.

For two years Chênedollé's trance of admiration lasted; every thought, every faculty, every wish seemed absorbed in the homage of his idol. "The god of conversation" exacted almost divine honours, and the young man was too busy listening to be able either to think or to write. One is hardly surprised to find that an intimacy so extravagant and foolish was broken off at last on a trifle about which two children would be ashamed to quarrel. The hero and the worshipper came to black looks and angry words, exchanged a brief fusillade of snappish notes, and resolved at once to part. Their common friends in vain attempted reconciliation: Chênedollé was immovable. "J'adore le talent de Rivarol," he said, "et j'aime sa personne; mais je ne le reverrai plus." Adoration and love, we may suspect, had sunk to a low ebb, when the first pretext for estrangement was thus readily embraced.

A curious little episode of love, which resulted in the French wit being caught by an Irish adventuress, is worth recording only for the witty language in which the victim expressed

his sufferings : "Je ne suis ni Jupiter ni Socrate, et j'ai trouvé dans ma maison Xantippe et Junon." "Un jour," so runs another of his complaints, "je m'avisai de médire de l'amour, il m'envoya l'hymen pour se venger. Depuis je n'ai vecu que de regrets." At last a separation ensued, and an illiterate, but very fascinating, young lady consoled the weary husband for his late persecutions. Such a domestic régime throws a somewhat suspicious light upon Rivarol's high moral tone and the theological speculations which advanced him almost to the chair of De Maistre. His views of religion, however, as a political engine and a mainstay of the fabric of society, are sensible and well expressed; the reckless scepticism of his contemporaries affected him with sincere alarm: "C'est un terrible luxe," he said, "que l'incrédulité." "Il ne croit pas en Dieu," he wrote of one of his contemporaries, whose convictions were stronger than his piety, "mais il craint en Dieu." It is, however, with less profound topics that Rivarol's wit played most at ease, and exhibited in the most striking manner its astonishing range and pliability. With a few specimens of this we conclude a notice already, we fear, prolonged beyond the conventional limits.

His brother, whom he styled "ma montre de répétition," served as the butt for a succession of stinging pleasantries: "Il serait l'homme d'esprit d'une autre famille, c'est le sot de notre." He appears to have been of a melancholy temperament: "J'érimie," observed his merciless relative, "aurait été un buffon à côté de lui." Once he came to announce that he had been reading a newly-composed tragedy to M. de B—: "Hélas!" was the consoling reply, "je vous avais dit, que c'était un de nos amis." Of the Duke of Orleans' rubicund features he observed, "que la débauche l'avait dispensé de rougir." Mirabeau was equally little to his taste: "C'était l'homme du monde qui ressemblait le plus à sa réputation; il était affreux." "Ce Mirabeau est capable de tout pour l'argent, même d'une bonne action." Buffon's son, who did little credit to his illustrious parentage, was described as "the worst chapter of natural history his father ever wrote."

"C'est un terrible avantage que de n'avoir rien fait, mais il ne faut pas en abuser.

On lui demandait son sentiment sur Madame de Genlis. 'Je n'aime,' répondit-il, 'que les sexes prononcés.'

Les journalistes qui écrivent pesamment sur les poésies légères de Voltaire sont comme les commis de nos douanes qui impriment leurs plombs sur les gazes légères d'Italie.

Lorsqu'il apprit que l'archevêque de Toulouse s'était empoisonné, il dit, 'C'est qu'il aura avalé une de ses maximes.'

## ART. IV.—LIFE OF BISHOP WARBURTON.

*The Life of William Warburton, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester from 1760 to 1779; with Remarks on his Works.* By Rev. John Selby Watson, M.A., M.R.S.L. Longman, 1863.

ABOUT fifteen years after Warburton's death, that which his friends wished to be known of his life was given to the world by his confidential disciple and admirer, Hurd, Bishop of Worcester. The same editor and literary executor left ready for press a volume of Warburton's correspondence with himself, which appeared immediately after Hurd's death in 1808. Warburton, who always expressed himself without fear or favour, softening or disguise, about friend or foe, has in these letters left a piece of self-portraiture. The correspondence is the corrective of the Life, and reveals Warburton and the Warburtonians in a thousand characteristic traits which Hurd's decorum had varnished over.

To these two primary sources, coupled with Warburton's own works, which fill thirteen volumes 8vo, Mr. Selby Watson has added a diligent search through the ephemeral literature of the period,—periodicals, pamphlets, sermons, and charges. He does not seem to have enjoyed the use of any new materials hitherto unprinted. Warburton's own letters are understood to have been almost all destroyed by his widow. One cannot help asking, Where are those which were not destroyed? Where are the letters of Warburton's correspondents? Where are the papers from which Mr. Kilvert printed a "Selection" in 1841? and where are the collections which Mr. James Crossley has been many years making? No *subsidia* from these sources are to be found in the present biography. But as this volume is already 650 pages thick, most readers will think they have too much, rather than too little. And, for a complete estimate of Warburton and his doings, we have enough. There may be many letters yet recoverable. But it is impossible that anything can be now brought to light which could modify perceptibly the well-defined image of the man which may be traced from the materials already in our hands. All that is required for this task, beyond some skill in delineating character, is to place the man in his right relation to the social life and ideas of the time. The biographer must know his way about among religious parties in the latter half of George II.'s reign,—perhaps the least-known portion of the history of the English Church. Warburton belonged to none of these, and came

athwart all of them at one period or another of his bellicose career. It is on such invisible attractions and repulsions that the main interest of a career of antagonism such as Warburton's lies. His life was a succession of battles,—battles of the pen. All Warburton's books, like those of St. Augustine, are written against some adversary. But instead of handling the great public themes of Divinity, natural and revealed, Warburton is always defending some peculiar notion of his own, to which no one attached any importance, himself as little as any. The zest lay in the fighting, of which, while he was young, he never could get enough. The most famous of Warburton's battles,—and the most serious; indeed the Waterloo of his critical empire,—was that with Lowth. In this celebrated encounter, in which the whole reading public, from the king downwards, participated with the liveliest interest, the points of sacred antiquity debated are mostly of no moment. Or where they are of moment, as, *e.g.* the date of the Book of Job, the disputants lack the requisite knowledge for throwing even the feeblest ray of light upon them. But though we can learn nothing respecting the Pentateuch and Job, we may glean much to instruct us in the inner history of the Church of England during a period in which that history is very little known to the present generation. What is wanted here, is not so much fresh materials, as the hand to reduce to order and system those which are already extant. The life of Warburton, which was passed wholly on the highways, and open to public inspection, is peculiarly calculated as a mirror of the clerical life of the eighteenth century, or at least of the literary section of it, and contrasts in this respect with the noiseless and inexpressive existence of men like Secker and Porteous.

Though Warburton inherited an ancient name, he was born (1698) to humble, or rather no fortunes. Bred to the law, his passion for literature—though Hurd pretends an early seriousness of temper—led him into the Church at the age of twenty-five. At the age of thirty he obtained from a private patron, Sir Robert Sutton, a living of some value. At this parsonage, Brant-Broughton, near Newark, he fixed himself with his mother and sisters, and spent the eighteen best years of his life in uninterrupted study. An athletic frame and a vigorous constitution, seconded by abstemious habits, enabled him to support, at least without immediate injury, this severe tax on the brain. Nature, however, exacted the penalty—a penalty which may be deferred, but is never remitted—at the end of life. Though he lived to old age, his memory became impaired, and some time before death he sunk into a general torpor of the faculties. One of his sisters, Mrs. Frances Warburton, told Hurd that, even at

this early period, they became apprehensive for his health, and "would sometimes invite themselves to take coffee in his library after dinner, and contrive to make their stay with him as long as possible; but that, when they retired, they always found that he returned again to his books, and continued at them till the demands of sleep obliged him to retire" (*Life*, p. 34). His absorption in his books is illustrated by a story told of his going to dine at Lord Tyrconnel's, at Bilton Hall, where a fire was raging at a house which Warburton had to pass on the road from Brant-Broughton. When he arrived at Bilton he had nothing to tell; though he had ridden close by the house, he had not noticed the fire. The company began to hope the report was not true. But it was soon confirmed by the arrival of another guest, who said he had noticed Mr. Warburton ride by without turning his head, apparently absorbed in some subject of meditation.

With these habits seconding the native energy of his mind, his knowledge of books became immense. Johnson told the king that "he had not read so much as Warburton,"—a modest admission, yet strictly true, even understood of bare quantity. But Johnson was not thinking of volumes by number. He knew that Warburton's reading ranged over whole classes of books into which he himself had barely dipped. Johnson's own stock of learning had been acquired, he once told Boswell, by eighteen, and that he had added little to it at any subsequent period. And Warburton said of himself that "he was a great reader of history, but a greater still of romances; for that nothing came amiss to a man who consulted his appetite more than his digestion." An indication, perhaps, that Bentley's sarcasm had come to his ears. The great critic, on being shown the first volume of the *Divine Legation*, about three years before his death, had remarked, "This man has a monstrous appetite, but very bad digestion." "A change in the object of his pursuit," says Whitaker, "was his only relaxation. He could pass and repass from fathers and philosophers to *Don Quixote* in the original, with perfect ease and pleasure." Of his method of reading, nothing is reported by any one who knew him during his period of acquisition. Cradock, in a conversation with Mrs. Warburton, observed that Hurd had expressed his wonder how the Bishop had acquired all the anecdotes in which he so much abounded. "I could readily have informed him," replied Mrs. Warburton. "When we passed our winters in London, he would often, after his long and severe studies, send out for a whole basketful of books from the circulating-libraries, and at times I have gone into his study and found him laughing, though alone." And he writes to Dod-

dridge that "his melancholy habit impelled him to seek refuge from the uneasiness of thought in wild and desultory reading." He was well acquainted with the history of the Civil War, and told Hurd that "there was scarcely a memoir or a pamphlet published between 1640 and 1660 which he had not read." These are all the testimonies we can find on the subject. Beyond this we are left to the evidence his writings themselves afford of the compass and depth of his acquaintance with books.

However great Warburton's receptive capacity, his instinct to communicate thought was quite as vigorous. All this reading could not go on without a corresponding effort to write. The first direction was given to his pen, as to most men's before they have found their own vein, by the taste of those with whom he lived. Warburton had found his way, in his occasional visits to London, into a coffee-house set of fourth-rate literati,—Concanen, Dennis, James Moore, Hesiod Cooke, and Broome. The best man of the set was Theobald. When Theobald brought out his *Shakespeare* in 1733, he said that he owed Warburton "no small part of his best criticisms,"—an acknowledgment which went rather beyond than within the mark. After another emendatory attempt, of which Velleius Paterculus was the unfortunate object, Warburton forsook a track into which he had only been drawn by imitation for one proper to his own bent. He certainly did not relinquish verbal criticism because he thought he had failed in it, notwithstanding a friendly hint from Bishop Hare, intended to suggest that conclusion to him. To the last he believed in himself as a restorer of Shakespeare. Even Johnson's edition in 1765 could not open his eyes. He was very far from adopting the good-natured suggestion of the Preface that "he (Warburton) cannot now be very solicitous what is thought of notes which he ought never to have considered as a part of his serious employments, and which, I suppose, he no longer numbers among his happy effusions." But, though perfectly satisfied of his own "happy sagacity to restore an author's text" (*Letters to Hurd*, p. 367), his mind was formed with a more ambitious grasp, and impelled him to marshal ideas.

In 1736 he struck into the vein which made him famous. The *Alliance of Church and State*, brought out in that year, is widely different by its title and argument from the *Divine Legation*, which followed it in 1738. But the mould in which the thought of both works is cast is one and the same, viz. the politician's view of religion.

The immediate effect of these publications in rivetting upon themselves the attention of all the reading public is only to be accounted for by their union of two qualities: they occu-

pied themselves with the thought with which every body was occupied, and they treated it with more force and weight than any body. The originality of Warburton's manner would not have told as it did, had it not been laid out upon a topic which was anxiously engaging the minds of practical men. His work fell at a time when the interest of the speculative part of the Deistical controversy had well-nigh exhausted itself. On the question, Does Christianity contain any supernatural elements? that generation had said on both sides nearly all it could say. The interest had merged in a new and more practical phase of inquiry, viz. What remedy could be found for the growing licentiousness of manners, and relaxation of the bonds of civil society? The title and professed thesis of the *Divine Legation* hide from us this bearing upon contemporary feeling. It was this secret bearing which recommended an otherwise barren paradox to general attention. When this engrossing subject was treated with singular force, and with a learned apparatus which had not been seen in theological controversy since Stillingfleet, the author became at once, in that frivolous world of pamphleteers, the mark for adulation and for envy. From the associate of Concaren and Theobald, he became the friend and adviser of Pope, the correspondent of Charles Yorke, received open favour from Hare, and timid encouragement from Sherlock. To the Bishop of Chichester (Hare) he owed a recommendation to the queen. Her majesty chanced one day, in the autumn of 1737, to ask the bishop if he could recommend her a person of learning and ability to be about her, to read and converse. Hare immediately named Warburton. The promised opening was closed by the queen's death in November,—an event disastrous not only to Warburton's rising fortunes, but to the whole Church of England.

His preferment was retarded by this event, but not ultimately forfeited. The intrinsic merit and ingenuity of the *Divine Legation* must ultimately have won it attention; but an immediate and exaggerated *éclat* was conferred upon it by the cloud of insect assailants who immediately fastened upon it. The liberal section of the clergy, represented by Hare, commended, but with an evident coldness. The moderate orthodox, represented by the feeble Sherlock, timidly gave in their adhesion, rather as if they feared to alienate so much power than as heartily appropriating it. But the high-church party, standing aloof in sullen opposition, felt at once, by an instinct far surer than intelligence, that the new candidate in the field of theology, however carefully he might have avoided committing himself against them, yet was not of them. They fell upon him immediately, to bury and to stifle, with the usual arms of the party—

denunciation, not argument. From the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford, they called for "the secular arm" to cut off the heretic. They misrepresented, twisted meanings, drew inferences, and gave a momentary interest to their malignant trash by promiscuous revilings. Warburton complains that "propositions were invented, conversations betrayed, and forged letters written." A hireling writer whom the party, though not trusting him, occasionally used, inserted, if he did not write, in a paper, *The Weekly Miscellany*, edited by him, one of the worst of these attacks. In it the "clergy who are sincere friends to Christianity" are put on their guard against this new pretended advocate of revelation, who is really a subtle enemy. The author of the *Divine Legation*, it is insinuated, denies the divinity of Christ, the merits of his death, the obligation and effects of the sacraments, and the doctrine of grace; and he "undervalues the evidence arising from miracles." The letter, signed a "Country Clergyman," winds up with a naïve disclosure of the writer's purpose in a hint that Mr. Warburton "should be hindered from any further advancement in the church." Of the imputations on Warburton's orthodoxy no proof was attempted, because none could be found. But as his friends, Sherlock included, thought he ought to take some notice of this assault, Warburton made the best defence he could. To the repeated cautions of Sherlock and Hare we must ascribe it that this "Vindication" is in a higher tone, and almost pure from that intemperate invective against assailants in which Warburton afterwards allowed himself. But that which did him most credit in it was the way in which he treated Conyers Middleton. In the *Divine Legation* he had spoken of Middleton, who was his personal friend, as a "formidable adversary to the Freethinkers." To have mentioned Middleton's name without proscribing it was enough to give a handle to cavil. Warburton's allusion was immediately transformed by the "Country Clergyman" into his being "a warmer advocate for Dr. Middleton, who denies the divine inspiration of the Scriptures, than for the Scriptures themselves." In his "Vindication" Warburton extricates himself without sacrificing his friend with a tact for which he deserved the commendation of the Bishop of Chichester, who told him that the bishops thought this part, which was the only difficult part, extremely well done. "It cannot but please every candid reader to see you do justice to yourself, and yet not do it at his (Middleton's) expense." It is to be regretted that Warburton had not always such prudent friends as Hare and Sherlock to advise him. He had probably escaped one of the worst blots upon his reputation, —the unmannerly violence towards opponents, which was the tone of his later controversy.

Meanwhile he pursued a better method of shaking off adversaries than writing against them; that of continuing at his own labour. The second volume of the *Divine Legation*, containing books 4, 5, and 6, came out in 1741. It had the fate of continuations,—of not being thought equal to the first part. But in this instance with justice. It wants the elasticity and point of the earlier books, being at once less strong and more violent. It almost seems as if the author was angry with himself at being so little able to prove the thesis he had undertaken to prove, and making so little way with so much effort. But he had no reason to be dissatisfied with its reception by the world. Any decay of interest in the argument was made up for by personalities. He had now erected the notes to *Divine Legation* into "the ordinary place of his literary executions, where offenders by the dozen were whipped at the cart's tail," to use Lowth's comparison. The stir among the pamphleteers was far greater than on the occasion of the first volume. Then, Warburton contradicted as a man who has to make his way by pulling down those above him; now, he called criminals before him as already seated on the judge's bench. He no longer reasoned; he sentenced. It was not now necessary to show that Warburton's opinion was right; the man who disputed it was, to begin with, a "scoundrel." Though here, to be sure, he is too apt to forget his own maxim that "the proving a man a scoundrel is putting him in the way to thrive" (*Letter to Doddridge*), and Charles Yorke's suggestion that the opponents were "like the spectres whom Æneas encountered, whom you cannot hurt with any weapons." And, in fact, the more heads Warburton cut off, the more the foe multiplied upon his hands. The fight waxed hotter, and promised to last. A row in the theological world did not die out so speedily in those days, when the steam-press was not yet invented. Warburton had taken the place of Hoadley. In 1746, five years after the appearance of the second volume of the *Divine Legation*, Hurd writes to Devey: "The attention of the learned world at present turns entirely almost on the author of the *Divine Legation*, who is mowing down his adversaries with as great zeal and success as ever old Bentley did before him." By this time he had become literary executor to Pope, and entered upon the inheritance of Pope's feuds in addition to his own.

Mr. Selby Watson devotes some chapters to the "Answerers"—'Answerer' is a proper term in Warburtonian history, meaning those who wrote pamphlets against the *Divine Legation*. The writers themselves were of very various capacity and position. One character is common to all, that is, the insignificance of the points they choose to dispute, and their total want of the critical knowledge necessary for settling even those points. The two

parties oppose opinion to opinion ; and because Warburton vociferates most loudly in defence of his, it carries the day. It is observable that the attempts to make out Warburton unorthodox gradually die away. This kind of imputation is the first weapon at which a clerical assailant grasps, and the most deadly. Warburton had succeeded in parrying it, and there was no other he had to fear. It was settled that he was orthodox, and he was therefore in a condition to hurl it back upon his assailants. He had not always magnanimity enough to abstain from doing so. For instance, on Nicholas Mann, whose provocation was that he had argued for the identity of Osiris and Sesostris after Warburton had pronounced that they were to be distinguished, he revenged himself by saying to Archbishop Potter in an abrupt way, "I suppose you know you have chosen an Arian!"

The violence of the attacks on him had no blighting effect upon his reputation. During the ten years, 1740-1750, his credit was steadily rising, his circle of connexion extending, his fortunes improving. A man who rouses opponents is not seldom found to be capable of attaching friends in the same proportion. All Warburton's friendships were formed late, and as the result of literature. They had nothing about them of early association and comradeship. His introduction into the Pope circle was perhaps the most influential event in his life. This he obtained by writing expressly for it. In his struggling days, through his relations with Theobald he had been accustomed to sneer at Pope. A very little insight into the life of the town taught him that, with a view to his own interest in literature, it would be better to propitiate Twickenham. He took the opportunity of Crousaz's critique on the *Essay on Man* to draw up an elaborate defence of the moral doctrine enforced in it. In these papers, which appeared in the *Works of the Learned* for 1739, Warburton forced his own meaning on the poet, with his usual paradox and force. "If you did not find him a philosopher, you have made him one," Middleton told him ; and Pope, who was not very sure what moral doctrine he had intended to teach, was delighted to discover of himself that he was *not* a fatalist. He addressed a letter of thanks to the author, who was till then an entire stranger to him. The friendship thus begun proved more lasting and of more worth than literary friendships usually are, being cemented by the bond of mutual interest. Pope wanted a commentator and a champion against the crowd of enemies his provocative spirit had called up against himself. Warburton wanted an introduction to the great and powerful. When Pope died (1742) he left Warburton his literary executor —a legacy which was worth to him at least 4000*l.*, a considerable sum to a poor man. Pope had introduced him to Allen.

This led to his marrying Allen's favourite niece, to whom Allen left by his will the bulk of his property,—a very large fortune; and before his death he obtained for his son-in-law, first the deanery, and afterwards the bishopric, of Gloucester. All this grew from a few flimsy pages in the *Works of the Learned*, which happened to please Pope.

Pope had made a great point of introducing Warburton to Bolingbroke, and had calculated upon the certainty of "their being pleased to meet each other." After many delays a meeting was at last effected. The three dined together at Lord Mansfield's, a short time before Pope's death. Bolingbroke made a remark about the moral attributes of the Deity which did not please Warburton. He replied with some asperity, and a debate ensued, which ended in making each thoroughly detestable to the other; a very common result of such prearranged friendships! They had been forced into contact without any natural attraction: the result was a deadly animosity. Before his death, Bolingbroke scattered over his pages sarcasm by the handful against the *Divine Legation* and its author; and a whole volume of Warburton's works is devoted to tirade against Bolingbroke and Bolingbroke's philosophy.

Of the friends made by literature, the best man was Jortin, and the most intimate, Hurd. The acquaintance with Jortin was not longer-lived than literary friendships usually are; but the fault of its disruption was wholly Warburton's, and in none of his many enmities did he show to greater disadvantage. To Bishop Newton, who has left in his Memoirs a parallel between Jortin and Warburton, and to the public in common with Bishop Newton, both appeared "men of great parts, both men of uncommon learning, both able critics, both copious writers;" he adds, indeed, that Jortin "was *perhaps* the better Greek and Latin scholar." 'Better' implies comparison. The fact was that Jortin was a scholar in every sense of the word; Warburton in none: and in the matter of the disagreement between them, Jortin shows as much above Warburton in magnanimity as he is in learning. The two were exactly of an age, having been born in the same year, 1698. But the modesty, not to say reserve, of Jortin, together with what Parr calls his "unfettered opinions," kept him longer in the background, and he was in a condition to be patronised by Warburton. Warburton employed him as an occasional substitute in Lincoln's Inn Chapel, and dropt an encouraging word for him in some preface to a second edition: "The world might soon expect to be gratified with the learned Mr. Jortin's Dissertations, composed, like his life, not in the spirit of controversy, but of truth and candour." A neat compliment, but in the present case not more than strictly true.

These very Dissertations, when they came out in 1755, contained a confession of dissent from the Warburtonian hypothesis on Virgil's descent into hell. That it was indicated with the writer's habitual modesty and gentleness made no difference. Hurd was commissioned to fall upon Jortin with the sword of vengeance. This he did in a "Seventh Dissertation addressed to the Author of the Six," a long and rambling piece of irony, which, however, the contemporary world called "Attic." In spite of the "Attic irony," the public who interested themselves in all these "quarrels of authors" sided with Jortin. They translated out of the Attic irony the following rules in plain English, for the proper guidance of writers in their demeanour towards the sovereign of letters;

1. You must not write on the same subject that he does.
2. You must not write against him.
3. You must not glance at his arguments without naming him.
4. You must not oppose his principles.
7. Where you design him a compliment, you must express it in form, with all the circumstance of panegyrical approbation.
8. You must call his suggestions "discoveries," not "conjectures."

Though the public condemned Hurd, Warburton was delighted that Jortin's "mean, low, and ungrateful conduct" towards him had been properly chastised. Those who espoused Jortin's side were "dirty fellows indeed," and the compliment to Jortin was erased from the next edition of *Julian*. For all this, Jortin's revenge—neat and quiet, after his manner—was but to correct a childish mistake as to the meaning of the word *princeps*, which Warburton had committed. It was done without naming Warburton, though the application to him was made by a line from Terence, with which the correction wound up. Warburton had pretended to "prove" that *primus* meant *chief*, and had collected passages in which it has that signification. "He has omitted one," says Jortin, "which would 'suit him better' than any: 'Est genus hominum qui esse primos se omnium rerum volunt, nec sunt (*Terent. Eun. ii. 11, 17.*)'" This little reproof was buried out of sight in a note to Jortin's *Life of Erasmus*. But though whispered to the reeds, it struck Warburton in his most vulnerable part,—his conceit of classical knowledge. Before his equanimity could be restored, Hurd was obliged to "prove" that *princeps*, in the passage of Cicero (*de Legg. ii. 6*), actually meant what Warburton had made it mean. This he did to Warburton's entire satisfaction; but, as Mr. Watson remarks, Hurd knew Latin enough to refrain from going before the public with these proofs, and was satisfied at having appeased his patron's wrath by a private exposure of "the poor man's criticism." Warburton sent Jortin, in an

indirect way, a letter reproaching him, in return for his criticism, with the fact that, “from the first moment of my acquaintance with him to the last that he would allow me to call him friend, I had the vanity to be always recommending him to those of the first quality whom I knew.” Jortin replied as follows:

“London, October 3d, 1758.

REV. SIR,—I had the favour of yours, which gave me a mixture of pain and pleasure,—of pain for ever having been at variance with you; of pleasure from some prospect of seeing an end of it, unless I deceive myself.

You complain; I could complain too; but to what purpose would that serve? To irritate, perhaps; but that is not my present design.

You say that you never was concerned in the attacks made upon me. I ought to believe you; and I do believe you. But before you informed me of it, I thought otherwise; and so did many a person besides me.

That you recommended me to persons who had it in their power to do me service, I doubt not. Vouchers are needless. Your own word suffices with me, and I thank you for it.

As to the passage in Cicero, which I ought in civility to have mentioned to you; if I did not mention it, my memory deceives me egregiously. Surely, unless I am utterly mistaken, I did tell you of it, and you replied, that Bishop Hare had once said the same thing to you.

[Your correction of my translation of *apud inferos*] I would take occasion, unless you forbid it, to mention in the next volume, with respect and with thanks. ‘*Sit simultatis depositæ et nunquam resumendæ pignus et monumentum!*’ . . . .

I am, sir, your most humble servant,  
J. JORTIN.”

When we find that this generous proffer of the right hand of reconciliation was not accepted, we are ready to welcome Parr’s ebullient sentences in the preface to *Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian*:

“While they (Leland and Jortin) were living, no balm was poured into their wounded spirits by the hand that pierced them; and if their characters after death remain unimpaired by the rude shocks of controversy and the secret crimes of slander, their triumph is to be ascribed to their own strength, and to the conscious weakness of their antagonist, rather than to his love of justice, or his love of peace.”

In the quarrel with Jortin, the public feeling was on Jortin’s side. But the sense of the public was not manifested with any thing like the strength and unanimity which was shown on the next occasion,—his controversy with Lowth,—his most desper-

ate battle, and his last. Though Lowth had on the main issue far the best of it, yet both the combatants were severely maimed in the fight,—Warburton by his enemy's spear, Lowth by his own impetuosity. As it gave a blow to Warburton's dictatorship which it never recovered, we shall give the narrative at more length.

In the year 1753 the Clarendon Press at Oxford brought out, in a splendid quarto, with all the honours of typography, the series of Lectures which Lowth had delivered during his ten years' occupancy of the chair of poetry in that University. It was not the externals only of the volume of which the University was proud. It was no less remarkable for its matter. It was the first sign of the awakening of Oxford from that torpor under which two generations had now lain, under the besotting influence of Jacobite and high-church politics. The Lectures *De Sacra Poesi Hebraeorum* seemed to combine the polish of a past generation, long gone, with the learning of a new period to come. The lore of Michaelis was here dressed out in Latin as classical and more vigorous than that of Addison. Kocher has indeed shown (Laurence, *On Translations of the Bible*, 1820) that Lowth's Hebrew skill was not equal to his pretensions; and Parr has pointed out that the professor was capable of writing "poterit" after "ut." Still the effect of the Lectures was great. The Jacobite University had at last produced a work which might vie in solidity with any thing that proceeded from Hanoverian Göttingen, and with the finished style of which Göttingen had nothing to compare. The "classic elegance of Lowth" became a standard phrase, and continued to be so till into the present century; and German Hebraists occupied themselves in refuting the temerity of his numerous emendations of the Hebrew text. In England, the monopoly of learned theology had been for nearly twenty years in the author of the *Divine Legation*—an outsider. The tyrant of clerical literature was not only sprung from the *plebs*, but had seized the Acropolis of letters over the heads of the true aristocrats of Eton and Westminster, of King's and Christ Church. Many murmurs had been heard from time to time from various parts of the usurper's realm, but they had only drawn down his vengeance upon the heads of the disaffected. The malcontents had been "hung, as they do vermin in a warren, and left to posterity, to stink and blacken in the wind" (*Warr. to Birch*), as a warning to the rest. The new rebel was sprung from the very core of orthodoxy, the inner guild of traditional discipline. Robert Lowth was the son and grandson of clergymen; his father was the well-known commentator, and Prebend of Winchester. The son was a Wykehamist, a member of that close and jealous

corporation—a university within the University—which was supposed in former times to exaggerate at once the faults and the excellences of the academical training. He chose to reside on his fellowship at New College, and at thirty years of age he stood forward as the most rising academic of his day. In 1741 he was placed, by the unanimous voice of the Masters of Arts, in the chair of poetry, the only possible competitor, Townson, declining to try the strength of Magdalen and Christ Church against the Wykehamist interest. The qualifications for the poetry professorship at that day were scholastic skill of Latin versification. In this art Lowth confessedly excelled his contemporaries. But in choosing the subject of his *Praelections* he resolved not merely to be satisfied with exhibiting the graces of his Latin style, but to instruct his auditory, inviting them into an entirely new field of criticism. “Why,” he asked, “should we be ever repeating our eulogies of Homer and Pindar, while Moses, David, and Isaiah, poets not inferior to them, are passed by in silence?” Lowth’s audience, though no judges of Hebrew, were connoisseurs in Latin; and these Lectures, interspersed with frequent passages of tasteful Latin translation, were delivered to thronging crowds, such as professorial lecture-rooms had long ceased to hold. In the ten years (1741-1751) of Lowth’s tenure of the chair, he could boast that (*Praelect. 32*) the study of Hebrew, which had been almost extinct (nimum diu neglectam et pene obsoletam), had been rekindled by his exertions. In 1755 Warburton and Lowth met on the same stage of the ladder of Church preferment, each of them obtaining in that year a stall at Durham. But Warburton was fifty-seven, Lowth only forty-five; regular breeding had been equivalent to just twelve years’ start in the race. From this time Warburton began to regard Lowth as his rival for the mitre. A suppressed jealousy, embittered by the inequality of age, made him quick to suppose meanings never meant. Though Lowth’s Lectures had appeared in the spring of 1753, it was only in the summer of 1756, the year after the double Durham promotion, that Warburton took it into his head to be offended with some of the criticisms in that volume, and to look upon them as aimed against himself. He accordingly desired two common friends, Dr. Chapman and Mr. Spence,—for so, we have little doubt, ought to be filled up the blanks in the published Correspondence,—to call upon Lowth at Winchester, and demand satisfaction for this constructive treason. Lowth replied to this summons by addressing a letter to the autocrat himself. What must have been Warburton’s surprise and rage when, instead of the apologetic submission to which he had been accustomed, he was met with the easy courtesy of an equal, aware of

his strength, and yet disguising it under a thin veil of polished indifference. Had the offender come in on his knees, with the cord round his neck, the surrender had been graciously accepted. Had he flown to arms, the conqueror would have dealt with him according to precedent. The attitude which Lowth assumed, firm without defiance, foiled Warburton. Warburton's complaint had been, that his opinion on the age of "Job" was controverted in the Lectures. Lowth replies by an intimation, that he intended to pursue his critical inquiries in any direction that might be convenient to himself, without thinking it necessary to obtain leave from the author of the *Divine Legation*. As to the opinion on the age of "Job," as Warburton was only one of many who had held the same opinion, there was no reason why he should take the refutation all to himself. And that, in fact, however surprising it might seem, in writing the criticism in question he neither had the *Divine Legation* by him, nor was thinking of it.

The correspondence extended to several letters. Warburton saw enough of his man to see that he was one whom it would be advisable to have as a friend rather than an enemy. He determined upon a bold stroke. At the end of his fourth letter, dating from Grosvenor Square, he adds a postscript:

"I am here in waiting. I mention it to you from a selfish view. Regis (*i. e.* King's chaplain) of this month is dying. What should hinder your stepping into his place?"

In the subsequent letters the tone of irritation relaxes, and from "obedient humble servant" the correspondents leave off "your most faithful and affectionate," &c. So the affair rested for a time. But Warburton's tactic had not the success expected from it. Neither threats nor favours could subdue Lowth's independence of spirit. In 1763 he brought out a second edition of the *Prelections*, in which he not only did not modify the objectionable opinion on Job, but strengthened its point by additions which seemed unmistakably to aim at the views patronised in the *Divine Legation*. Castigation for this insolence could not be withheld without direct abdication. The next edition of the *Divine Legation*, 1765, accordingly pilloried the offender in an Appendix specially devoted to him. All temporising was discarded, and Lowth was finally settled with his "business being done" in a "few strictures." This prompt execution, however, so far from crushing the foe, only put him on his mettle. Though the dictator had in the interim become Bishop of Gloucester, Lowth was not daunted. Nay, Warburton's promotion did but point his pen to give words to the long-pent-up spleen with which Oxford had regarded the gradual progress of the intruder from the attorney's office to

the bench. The manifesto appeared at the close of the long vacation of 1765, in a "Letter to the Right Rev. Author of the *D. L.*,"—a pamphlet of one hundred pages, printed at "the Clarendon Printing-house." In polished dexterity of argument, tinged, and not more than tinged, with the railery of one who knows exactly what is due both to himself and his antagonist, this short piece has perhaps never been surpassed in literary warfare. At that period of paper ruffianism, when the courtesies of legitimate warfare were unpractised and unknown, such moderate language, combined with such superiority of demeanour, was wholly new. Even the mere English composition of the "Letter" was an event which opened a new era in writing, and made the public wonder that it could ever have admired the lame sentences and clumsy English of Warburton and his followers. "It would be difficult to find in the English language of equal variety and length four such compositions as Burke's Speech to the Electors of Bristol, Johnson's Preface to Shakespeare, Parr's Dedication, and Lowth's Letter to Warburton" (*Diary of a Lover of Literature*). Nor was it in composition only that the author of the English Grammar had the advantage over his antagonist. In his knowledge of the learned languages, Lowth, though a child by the side of Bentley, was beyond his contemporaries. Learning enough to qualify him as a critic of ancient writings he had not; he had enough to expose the clumsy blunders of the *Divine Legation*. In the correspondence of 1756 Lowth appears to give Warburton credit for all the knowledge which the dictator's tone arrogated to him. The closer scrutiny to which the second provocation led him of Warburton's writings must have revealed to his astonishment that the demonstrator of the divine legation of Moses could not read the writings of Moses except in a translation,—must have awakened his suspicions that Greek was not altogether familiar to one who had talked so largely of Pythagoras and Plato and the *Tò "Ev*; and one or two gross mistakes in the bishop's Latin, which Lowth pauses upon, might have led him to the further conclusion at which we have ourselves arrived, had not the incredible nature of that conclusion apparently closed Lowth's eyes to the inevitable inference from such mistranslations as those of which the bishop is guilty, when he has to render Lowth's Latin where he was left without an English version to guide him.

This pamphlet contains the inimitable retort which will adhere to Warburton as long as his name continues to be mentioned among men,—"one of those lucky hits," says Whitaker, "which are given to the most witty and dextrous of mankind but once in a life." The bishop had said, "The

learned professor has been hardly brought up in the keen atmosphere of *wholesome severities*, and early taught to distinguish between *de facto* and *de jure*" (*Div. Leg., Works*, vol. vi. p. 150). To understand the bitterness of this taunt, we must recur to Lowth's peculiar position before the world in 1765. The University of Oxford was committed by all the traditions of seventy years to the principles of High-church and Jacobitism. Convicted of scarcely disguised disaffection to the reigning dynasty, it had been treated by successive ministries with neglect and contempt. Lowth stood forward as the foremost man and representative of this disgraced and semi-outlaw society. To fasten upon him the stigma of being the champion of disloyalty and persecuting principles, the presumed atmosphere in which Lowth had been brought up, would have been a fatal bar to his prospects in the Church. Nothing, therefore, could be more malignant than Warburton's hints, while at the same time nothing could be more unjust; for though the public and the government were not yet aware of it, a great change had been working in the opinions and feelings of the University. The old High-church and High-Tory party, of which Dr. King was the representative, had been slowly losing in numbers and influence, and a new generation forming in a mould less alien from the general feeling and opinion of England. To this party, which comprehended the younger and better minds in the University, the doctrines of the old Tory, his Stuart attachments, and his passion for "wholesome severities" against Nonconformists, were already distasteful; and it was of this party that Lowth was the representative. Stung at once by the unfairness of the taunt and by its damning nature, Lowth threw all his force into his reply to it. He distinctly and emphatically repudiates, as he could with truth, the insinuation of intolerance and persecuting tenets. "I have never omitted any opportunity that fairly offered itself of bearing my testimony against these very principles, and of expressing my abhorrence of them both in public and in private." And then he turns upon the bishop:

"Pray, my lord, what is it to the purpose where I have been brought up? You charge me with principles of intolerance and disaffection to the present royal family and government. You infer these principles, it seems, from the place of my education. Is this a necessary consequence? Is it even a fair conclusion? May not one have had the good sense or the good fortune to have avoided, or to have gotten the better of, the ordinary prejudices of education? Why, then, should you think that I must still necessarily labour under the bad influence of an atmosphere which I happened to breathe in my youth?"

To have made a proper use of the advantages of a good education, is a just praise ; but to have overcome the disadvantages of a bad one, is a much greater. Had I not your lordship's example to justify me, I should think it a piece of extreme impertinence to inquire where *you* were bred. It is commonly said your lordship's education was of that particular kind concerning which it is a remark of that great judge of men and manners, Lord Clarendon, that it particularly disposes them to be proud, insolent, and pragmatical. 'Colonel Harrison was the son of a butcher, and had been bred up in the place of a clerk, under a lawyer of good account in those parts ; which kind of education introduces men into the language and practice of business ; and if it be not resisted by the great ingenuity of the person, inclines young men to more pride than any other kind of breeding, and disposes them to be pragmatical and insolent.' Now, my lord, as you have in your whole behaviour, and in all your writings, remarkably distinguished yourself by your humility, lenity, meekness, forbearance, candour, humanity, civility, decency, good manners, good temper, moderation with regard to the opinions of others, and a modest diffidence of your own, this unpromising circumstance of your education is so far from being a disgrace to you, that it highly redounds to your praise.

For myself, on the contrary, it is well if I can acquit myself of the burden of being responsible for the great advantages which I enjoyed. For, my lord, I was educated in the University of Oxford ; I enjoyed all the advantages, both public and private, which that famous seat of learning so largely affords. I spent many happy years in that illustrious society, in a well-regulated course of useful discipline and studies, and in the agreeable and improving commerce of gentlemen and scholars ; in a society where emulation without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, incited industry and awakened genius ; where a liberal pursuit of knowledge, and a generous freedom of thought, was raised, encouraged, and put forward by example, by commendation, and by authority. I breathed the same atmosphere that the Hookers, the Chillingworths, and the Lockes had breathed before. . . . And do you reproach me with my education in this place, and this most respectable body, which I shall always esteem my greatest advantage and my highest honour ?"

We must remark, by the way, the very significant fact which this controversy brings before us, that in 1765 the favourite alumnus of the Tory University finds it necessary to his self-preservation to declare himself an adherent of Locke, and to purge himself from the ruinous suspicion of having been poisoned by the persecuting principles of Locke's opponents—"wholesome severities" had been the cant phrase of the Tory party in the controversy on toleration in 1688.

Lowth's victory was complete. Warburton had the discretion to attempt no answer. "Whatsoever might be the merits of an insignificant controversy," says Gibbon (*Memoirs of my*

*Life*), "Lowth's victory was clearly established by the silent confession of Warburton and his slaves." It was, too, as public a triumph as the most ambitious man could have desired. Never had the public taken a keener interest in any literary dispute. Lowth's "Letter" went through four editions in eighteen months. It had indeed this good fortune, that it appeared precisely in the interval between the proceedings against Wilkes and the Stamp Act, and the attention was not preoccupied by greater matters. The town hailed, with the Monthly Reviewers, the fall of "the haughty and overbearing Colossus," and the "ample vengeance that had been taken upon the imperious aggressor." The newspapers teemed with squibs, parodies, and *jeux d'esprit*. Even the king participated in the interest generally felt. George III., in that celebrated interview in the Queen's Library, called for Johnson's opinion of the controversy, which "his Majesty seemed to have read" (Boswell, 1767).

But Lowth had committed one error of judgment, of so grave a nature as not only to mar his triumph, but even in some measure to compromise his character as a man of the world. At the end of his pamphlet he gave an "Appendix containing a former literary correspondence." These were the letters that had passed between himself and Warburton in 1756; thus publishing Warburton's letters without asking his permission. Lowth's general behaviour throughout his life was that of a gentleman. We are therefore compelled to think that on this occasion he was guilty only of an inadvertence. But it was an inadvertence which gave the enemy the only point of advantage he obtained in the affair. Warburton could say, with justice, "Is not this universally esteemed dishonourable conduct, to publish a man's letters without his knowledge and consent?" Mr. Watson says Warburton "affected to complain." But it is evident that public opinion justified the complaint, and that Lowth himself immediately became aware of the false step he had taken. He became angry, as a man so often does, at his own blunder. He vented his rage in some very intemperate letters to the bishop, who, as Johnson represented the affair, drew him on to expose himself, and then asked his leave to publish the correspondence, which he knew Lowth could not refuse after what he had done. After such a rencontre, and between men of such ripe age, it might have been thought the foes never could have met again. But they did do so; and the reconciliation is one among the many evidences we can cite of the goodness of heart and placability of temper which lurked beneath Warburton's coarse and rude exterior.

Lowth's victory had been won by the weapon of refined irony and sarcasm, against which the Warburtonian cudgel

was a very poor defence. If any of Warburton's contemporaries could have handled this weapon against him, it might have been expected that Bolingbroke would have been the man. Between Bolingbroke and Warburton, ever since their meeting at Murray's table, there had been deadly hatred, "Ira fuit capitalis, ut ultima divideret mors." But Bolingbroke chose to use the stick instead of the rapier; and instead of setting down, as he alone could, *de haut en bas*, the insolent adventurer, has merely scattered over his pages the epithets of vulgar abuse,—"scribbler," "stupid fellow," &c.,—in which Warburton himself dealt.

It is on record that he was set down in company by Quin on more than one occasion. One of these is related, perhaps improved, by Horace Walpole. Warburton was haranguing in behalf of prerogative. Quin said, "Pray, my lord, spare me; you are not acquainted with my principles; I am a republican; and perhaps I even think that the execution of Charles I. may be justified." "Ay," said Warburton, "by what law?" Quin replied, "By all the laws that he had left them." The bishop would have got off upon judgments, and bade the player remember that all the regicides came to violent ends. "That, if I am not mistaken, was also the case of the twelve Apostles," was Quin's reply. Walpole comments on this: "There was great wit *ad hominem* in the latter reply; but I think the former equal to any thing I ever heard."

The other, though not so good as a story, was, no doubt, made very effective by Quin's acting. When Quin was staying at Prior Park, Warburton always made a point of addressing him in a way to make him feel that he was an actor. One evening he begged Quin, whom he should never see on the stage, to oblige the company with a specimen of his great powers. Quin replied, that plays were then almost out of his head, but that he would declaim a passage out of *Venice Preserved*. He stood up and gave the passage which contains the words:

"Honest men  
Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves  
Repose and fatten."

As he pronounced the words "honest men" and "knaves," he took care that the application to Allen and Warburton should not be lost on the assembled company.

Warburton's friends were certainly not so numerous as his enemies. The first place is of course due to Hurd, whose name is as inseparably united with that of Warburton as Boswell with Johnson. Hurd was a man who, having many qualities that obtain respect, and none that attach regard, has been more hardly treated by the biographers than he deserved to be.

That he provoked a peculiar animosity among his contemporaries may well be understood. For if men ill-brooked the domineering arrogance of Warburton, they were little likely to tolerate the irritable superciliousness of Warburton's toady.

The "terse, neat, little, thin man," as one of his college contemporaries describes him, was sadly deficient in the warmth and geniality which the impetuous and choleric Warburton possessed in excess. This contrast of character promoted the intimacy which sprang up between the two. Of the origin of their acquaintance we have Hurd's own account :

"For the first years of residence at the University, when I was labouring through the usual courses of logic, mathematics, and philosophy, I heard little of your name and writings ; and the little I did hear was not likely to encourage a young man that was under direction to inquire farther. In the mean time I grew up into the use of a little common-sense ; my commerce with the people of the place was enlarged. . . . When I became B.A., I was led by a spirit of perverseness to see what there was in these decried volumes that had given such offence. I wished, perhaps out of pure spite, to find the invectives I had heard unfounded.

I took the *Divine Legation* with me down into the country, where I was going to spend the summer of 1741 with my friends. I read there the three volumes at my leisure, and with an impression I shall never forget. I returned to college the winter following, not so properly your convert, as all over spleen and prejudice against your defamers. From that time I am to date my friendship with you."

He means, that he had formed a friendship for Warburton from reading his books, before making his acquaintance. Of the commencement of their personal intimacy, Hurd made the first advance in print by a compliment in his *Commentary on Horace*, sending Warburton, at the same time, a copy of the book. But the rosewater of dedications in those days so usually turned to vinegar, that a peculiar adaptation of the pair to each other was necessary to cement a union so fine and lasting as that which ensued between them. The equivalents in this combination of dissimilar character have been touched by the master-hand of a critic, whose genius was buried beneath genealogical parchments and the minutiae of parochial history—Thomas Dunham Whitaker.

"It is not always true, in fact, that unequal friendships (we mean those of unequal minds) are quite as frail as they are represented. Great men, especially in the decline of life, often grow indolent conversers ; they love to dictate rather than dispute ; they decline the irritating and laborious collision of equal intellects ; and an humble friend, just able to understand, and very willing to applaud, is a

more acceptable companion than an equal, who dares to contradict, and who may chance to confute. If Warburton were a tyrant, he was a magnanimous tyrant, and, the point of unconditional submission once secured, a warm and generous friend. Over the mind of Pope himself, in his declining years, the friend and commentator enjoyed an ascendant unperceived, it may be, by the bard himself. In his intercourse with Murray and Yorke, his ferocity was blunted, not by timid assent, but by the impenetrable and unassailible polish of high breeding. Under the predominant and overbearing influence of a superior mind, Hurd, in addition to an affection as warm as his constitution was capable of, is understood to have been uniformly supple and obsequious. In all the extravagance of his wildest hypotheses, assailed by the contradiction of scholars and the laughter of wits, Warburton had one kindred bosom on which he could repose, one understanding which never questioned the legitimacy of his reasonings, or failed to perceive the validity of his conclusions."

Nothing can be added, it appears to us, to the delicate precision of this classical passage, to which Parr's laboured comparison of Hurd and Warburton is as inferior in truth as it is in expression. Parr entitled his pamphlet *Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian*. By "a Warburtonian" is meant Hurd. For though "the Warburtonian School" is a phrase of common occurrence in the writings of the end of the 18th century, Hurd is really the only man to whom the designation properly applies. We may perhaps include Brown and Towne. Towne was archdeacon of Stowe, and a man of considerable reading. He had studied Warburton's writings with such attention, that Warburton was wont to say that Towne understood them better than himself. He wrote a good deal, but so badly that Warburton, who revised for him, used to complain that "he had more trouble in reforming the style and method of them than it would have cost him to write the whole fresh in his own manner."

Dr. Brown was at one time an obsequious attendant on Warburton. Dr. Monsey once dined at Garrick's in company with them both. After dinner, Garrick checked Monsey, who was running on in what Garrick thought too free a style. "Oh," said Brown, "you may be sure Dr. Monsey will restrain his humour before Dr. Warburton, as he is afraid of him." Monsey retorted, "I am afraid neither of Warburton nor of his jack-pudding!" Afterwards Brown fell off from his allegiance. Two years before his melancholy end, he observed that he was sorry for having far overpainted Warburton. "I cannot bring myself," said he, "to give up the freedom of my mind to Warburton, and therefore we do not agree. Dr. Hurd will never quarrel with him."

Warburton's reputation by his writings, his controversies,

his connexions, and the confessed ascendancy of his talents and temper, was already higher than that of any other clergyman in the Church of the same standing. Yet the author of the *Divine Legation*, of the *Alliance*, and of *Julian*, still remained in a country parish; and, but for his marriage with Allen's niece, he might have died rector of Brant-Broughton. Pope had shown much anxiety to bring him "in the way of some proud and powerful persons," and had actually made some application for him through Lord Granville, but without effect. But Pope died in 1744, and even had he lived, the Pelhams required other influence than such as Pope could exert. Dedications were all in vain. Edwards twitted him with this in the *Canons of Criticism*. "The first edition of the *Alliance* was presented to all the bishops; when nothing came of that, the second was addressed to both the Universities; and when nothing came of that, the third was dedicated to a noble earl; and nothing has yet come of that." His marriage, however, in 1745, which gave him a new position, a wealthy home, and a political connexion, entirely altered his prospects. From this moment the career of his preferment was uninterrupted and rapid. In 1746 he became preacher of Lincoln's Inn, through Murray, the solicitor-general. In 1753, prebend of Gloucester, from Lord Hardwicke; in 1754, king's chaplain; in 1755, prebend of Durham, through Murray, now attorney-general; in 1757, dean of Bristol, from Pitt, whom Allen had just brought in for Bath; and finally, in 1759, he was advanced to the bishopric of Gloucester.

These are the plain facts, which biographical decorum still persists in rendering into "William Warburton, whose talents and learning raised him from a humble station to the highest honours of his profession," &c.

Hurd had seen a letter of Pitt (Earl of Chatham), in which he said that "nothing of a private nature, since he had been in office, had given him so much pleasure as his bringing Dr. Warburton upon the bench." Warburton himself regarded these honours with a manly indifference, which is one of the best traits in his character. It was impossible for him to be insensible to the attractions of preferment, more especially at a period when, more than at most times, so much of a clergyman's thoughts were absorbed by them. If his mind had not turned in that direction of itself, it must have been drawn into it by the constant hints of friends and correspondents. His own letters are tinged with expectancy; but it is kept under by a real superiority of nature, and by an intellect occupied with other thoughts. Occasionally only a hint is dropped in public, as where he tells Lord Chesterfield, in the dedication of a new edition of the *Alliance*, that "of all the strange connexions which the revo-

lutions of time bring about, the rarest and most accidental is that between merit and reward." He was well aware of what those around him were about, and his pride kept him from falling into ways of petty intrigue, which he saw through and despised. He writes to Mr. Jane:

"The general body of the clergy have been, and, I am afraid, always will be, very intent upon pushing their temporal fortunes,—a fact so apparent to government, both civil and ecclesiastical, that they have found it necessary to provide rewards and honours for such advances in learning and piety as may best enable the clergy to serve and advance the interests of the Church of Christ. . . . I endeavoured to show, that if these rewards and honours be so mis-employed, that instead of giving them to learning and merit, they were diverted upon such as can only promote the interests and flatter the passions of the great, young men, upon entrance into life, seeing how matters were carried, would be tempted rather to cultivate the sordid arts of intrigue and adulation, rather than the liberal endowments of learning and piety."

It would be difficult to find a more naked avowal of the dependence of the supply of "learning and piety" upon the demand created by endowments. He who thought thus of others shared largely, it cannot be doubted, in their motives. All that can be said is, that while inferior men were entirely dominated by such sordid views, Warburton's larger nature could never be so absorbed. We must remember, too, that before promotion came within his reach he was already in comfortable, if not affluent, circumstances. Allen left Mrs. Warburton 5000*l.*, and the reversion, on Mrs. Allen's death, of 3000*l.* a year. Warburton too had made a considerable sum by his writings,—*e.g.* for his edition of *Shakespeare* he had 560*l.* from Tonson. And besides his own books, he had the copyright of Pope's works. So that altogether, when Paul Knapton the publisher failed in 1755, Warburton was the largest creditor.

We cannot therefore wonder, when at the age of fifty-five his first preferment came to him, that he viewed it with indifference. He had been reluctant to take the preachership at Lincoln's Inn seven years before, though the society had done him the unprecedented honour of making him the offer of it. The trouble of writing the sermons, the five or six months' attendance in town, and the additional house-rent, were not compensated, to his mind, by the distinction. When the stall at Gloucester came in 1753, Dr. Birch gave him instruction as to the mode of taking possession, observing that "it was so long since he had had any preferment, that he must have forgotten all the formalities." "There was another thing," said Warburton, "he did not dream of; that it is so long since I had occasion to in-

quire about the formalities, that I am become very indifferent about the things themselves." His health too was becoming such as to detract from all enjoyment. Soon after his appointment to the bishopric we find him complaining of his "usual dizziness," in a way that implies it to be no new visitant. He made attempts to complete the *Divine Legation*, writing portions of the ninth book, Hurd says, "by snatches, and with difficulty," and unable to make any real progress with it. The ninth book remains a fragment, and has scarce any trace of the merits of the early books. It has, besides, inconsistencies of expression and lapses of memory, sad indications of failing faculty, such, *e.g.*, as speaking of St. Paul as author of the Epistle to the Hebrews (*Works*, vi. p. 309), whereas in 1741 he had been careful, through a long argument, to observe the distinction (*Works*, v. p. 430 seq.). Mr. Watson says he is "generally supposed" to have held the non-Pauline origin of the epistle. We do not know on what authority this is supposed; and against his opinion in 1741 we may set his opinion in 1738, when he cites the Hebrews as St. Paul's. The inconsistency is only curious as showing the inconstant nature of his ideas, which only became fixed when they were opposed. Had any disputant challenged either the one or the other of these "opinions" on the authorship of Hebrews, we can imagine the fury with which it would have been defended, and the "folly and knavery" which would have been imputed to the alternative view.

In his 69th year we find him complaining of rheumatism in the shoulder, of a disorder of the gall-bladder, with symptoms of gravel, for which he was desired to drink the Selzer-waters, then just come into fashion. The pains he at first thought rheumatic, he afterwards suspected to be "St. Anthony's fire." More rapid than the strides of physical were those of mental decay. It showed itself as disinclination before it became incapacity. Very early in his work he required the stimulus of compulsion to rouse his mind to effort. In 1741 he had recourse to the expedient of setting the press prematurely to work, that he might be forced to supply it with copy. That part of the *Divine Legation* (*viz.* books iv. v. vi.) written under this artificial pressure betrays its origin in its manifest inferiority in vigour to the fresh and spontaneous offspring of his earliest thoughts. In 1766 he had lost the power of exciting himself to effort by any device, and shrank, disheartened and disgusted, from the task of completing his great work. Looking back in 1770 upon some of his writings, he says, "The retrospect is accompanied with a mortifying conviction that the time is past when I was able to write with that force. Expect to find in my future writings the marks of intellectual decay." "You talk," says he

again to Hurd, "of your golden age of study long past. For myself, I can only say I have the same appetite for knowledge and learned converse I ever had, though not the same appetite for writing and printing. It is time to begin to live for myself; I have lived for others longer than they deserved of me." Hurd, who wrote much more freely to Mrs. Warburton than to his patron, marked the rapid decline, and in 1771 took occasion to assure Mrs. Warburton that "the bishop would now write no more." She communicated this to her husband, who heard it with composure. He replied to Hurd that he had received the news "with an approving smile. I was charmed with the tenderness of friendship, which conveyed in so inoffensive a manner that fatal secret which Gil Blas was incapable of doing as he ought to the Archbishop of Granada." The seasons began to tell more on him. He had always considered the months of February and March to be his sterile season. In 1769 he writes (*æt.* 71):

"I think you have heard me say that my delicious season is the autumn, the season which gives most life and vigour to my mental faculties. The light mists, or, as Milton calls them, the steams, that rise from the fields in one of these mornings give the same relief to the views that the blue of the plum gives to the appetite. But I now enjoy little of this pleasure compared to what I formerly had in an autumn morning, when I used, with a book in my hand, to traverse the delightful lanes and hedgerows round about the town of Newark, the unthinking place of my nativity. Besides, my rheumatism now keeps me within in a morning, till the sun has exhaled the blue of the plum."

"Old age," he truly says, "is a losing game." Yet, with his robust frame and strictly temperate habits,—not only temperate, but abstinent, in eating and drinking, is Bishop Newton's testimony,—we should have hardly expected to find this failing from age before seventy. He speaks of himself as a "slender supper-man," and as "being obliged to old age, like Cato, for having diminished his care for eating and drinking, while it increased his desire for conversation." But excess in food is not the only excess that revenges itself on the constitution. He had discounted life in those nights of prolonged study at Brant-Broughton. A voracious appetite for reading had been indulged without restraint, for a time with impunity. But the hour was come when it had to be paid for; and, like Swift, Scott, and Southey at the same age and from the same cause, Warburton outlived himself. The death of his only son, of consumption in 1775, gave the final blow. It put an end to his labours and amusements.

"Not," says Hurd, "that his memory and faculties, though very

much impaired, were ever wholly disabled. I saw him so late as October 1778, when I went into his diocese to confirm for him. On our first meeting, before his family, he expressed his concern that I should take that journey, and put myself to so much trouble on his account. . . . The evening before I left, he desired the family to withdraw, and then entered into a confidential discourse with me on some private affairs with as much pertinence as he could have done in any former part of his life. Such was the power he had over his mind when roused to exert himself by some interesting occasion. But this was an effort which could not be sustained. In less than half an hour the family returned, and he relapsed into his usual forgetfulness and inattention" (*Life*, p. 93).

The melancholy scene was closed 7th June 1779, in the 81st year of his age and the 19th of his episcopate. Just before his death a momentary rally of his faculties took place. He asked his attendant in a quiet, rational tone, "Is my son really dead or not?" The servant hesitated, and the bishop repeated the question. The attendant then answered, "As your lordship presses the question, I must say, he is dead." "I thought so," said Warburton, and soon after expired. He had been forgotten by the world long before his decease; and when he actually passed to the tomb, it was without more notice than a few lines in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. His works were not collected till 1788, and the impression then limited to 250 copies, the public having shown, as Parr insinuated, "some inauspicious symptoms of indifference about Warburton's writings." The fame, however, of the *Divine Legation* underwent a revival in the course of time; and besides taking an octavo edition of the Works in 1811, the public called for several reprints of the principal treatise.

In the performance of his episcopal duties Warburton has been censured as remiss. And Whitaker has expressed this opinion strongly. But we must not judge a bishop of the eighteenth century by what is expected of one at this day. Yet when Hurd acknowledges that though "he performed the ordinary duties of his office with regularity; further than this he could not prevail with himself to go,"—we cannot deny that there must have been some foundation for such a conclusion. Habits of study, so fixed that they cannot be thrown aside, no doubt interfere with pastoral vigilance; and Warburton himself, we are told, confessed that they did so in his case. Yet we cannot wish that theological learning should be excluded from the bench, and bishops become the tail of the paper-kite of opinion. And there were other causes, physical and moral, which made him an inactive bishop over and above that now assigned. Of these, the chief must undoubtedly be sought in

failing vigour. For though the symptoms of decline do not manifest themselves as grave till 1764, yet the influence must have begun to make itself felt as an impediment to exertion some time before. It is his “*usual* dizziness for which he is going to be bled.”

It was perhaps as well that he was thus disabled for diocesan activity; for his peremptory despotic temper unfitted him for dealing with men. Regarding the Church, as he did, exclusively as an institution of government, his manner with his clergy was that of an officer to the common soldier. He knew not the arts of persuasion; and if he was resisted, he could only either sulk or cajole. This is the way he writes to a clergyman of his diocese. The Rev. John Andrews was suspected of Methodism, but had also written an insignificant pamphlet against the *Divine Legation*.

“MR. ANDREWS,—I have received several complaints of you. Those which concern your own curacy are on account of your frequent absence, and for not giving your parish service both morning and afternoon on a Sunday. Unless I have satisfaction on these two particulars, I shall revoke your license. I shall insist on your constant residence, not so much from the good you are likely to do there, as to prevent the mischief you may do by rambling about in other places.—Your bishop, and, though your fanatic conduct has almost made me ashamed to own it, your patron, W. GLOUCESTER.”

He tells Hurd that the effect of some directions he had issued will “depend upon the clergy’s observing my direction; an attention to me which I do not expect.” He was indeed little likely to obtain more attention than he could enforce at the law’s point. Mr. Watson gives some passages from his Charges, which truly are not composed to the prim decorum of our day. But here again it must be remembered that bishops formerly addressed their clergy as a king did his parliament,—in much more familiar and easy tones than are now thought suitable. Bating some eccentric and truly Warburtonian metaphors, the passages produced do not strike us as remarkably differing from the pulpit style of the day. After all, he must occasionally have been carried by his impetuosity in preaching beyond the limits even then prescribed. Mr. Cradock has reported of one sermon preached at St. Lawrence’s on behalf of the London Hospital, that a few passages in it were ludicrous; and that when he proceeded to describe some monks who had robbed their own begging-boxes, he excited “more than a smile” among his audience. Cradock told Hurd afterwards he was not sorry he had not been there; “for I know you would not absolutely have approved.” “Approved, sir!” replied Hurd; “I should have agonised.”

But his great defect as a minister of religion was his want of religious earnestness. We shall have occasion a little further on to notice this in its influence on his theological writings. We only refer to it now, because the secular and official tone which appears in all their ministerial relations is ultimately traceable to that want of personal religion common to Warburton with a large part of his contemporaries.

The slow approaches of mental infirmity will also account for his disappointing expectation in the House of Lords; if indeed any other explanation is wanting than that which Curran gave of Flood's failure in the British Parliament,—that an oak of the forest cannot be transplanted at fifty. Hurd says he had heard of a "certain minister" who dreaded Warburton's promotion, and thought he would turn out "a second Atterbury." But, as Warburton himself told the Duke of Cumberland, "haranguing is a trade, like other trades, which the bishops generally come to this bench too old to learn." His only reported appearance was in 1763, on the occasion when Lord Sandwich brought Wilkes's *Essay on Woman* before the House. The business was altogether an unlucky one, being mismanaged by the prosecutors of Wilkes from first to last. But though we may justly disregard the opinion of Horace Walpole and the men about town, that Warburton "made himself ridiculous" in it (*Letters*, i. 312), yet he had the bad taste to occupy the House with himself and his labours in "defence of revelation," and to sound his own praises in the style of his later prefaces. This, too, apropos of a ruined profligate like Wilkes! Nothing that could have been hit upon could have served that demagogue's purposes better than Lord Sandwich's attack, and Warburton's defence of himself.

Of Warburton's manner in society the notices preserved are extremely meagre. The little that is recorded goes to bear out Hurd's representation, according to which the overbearing tone of his books was not carried into company, or only showed itself as a disposition "to take a somewhat larger share of the conversation than very exact breeding is thought to allow." Malone has preserved an anecdote of his meeting with Burke. Burke sat next Warburton at dinner without knowing who he was, and at last observed, "I think it is impossible I can mistake, you must be Dr. Warburton." Johnson and Warburton appear to have met but twice. Johnson's own account of one of these meetings was: "At first he looked surlily at me; but after we had been jostled into conversation, he took me to a window, asked me some questions; and before we parted was so well pleased with me, that he patted me." Johnson always remembered with gratitude that he had been

praised by Warburton at a time (1745) when, as Macaulay says, to be praised by Warburton was no light thing. And he did not know the contemptuous and brutal language in which Warburton had written of him to Hurd only two years after the "praise." "Of this Johnson, you and I, I believe, think much alike." "His remarks have in them as much folly as malignity." Dr. Kippis, who had seen Warburton once, found him "instructive and entertaining." And one more conversant in the society of the best men of the day, Charles Yorke, who had met him frequently, describes the fluency and correctness of his conversation as "beyond most men," though marred by his turn for paradox.

To his own family and connexions, where he doubtless received all the deference he exacted, he was attached and generous. He watched over, and provided for, the family of a sister, who were "the more endeared to him by their sole dependence on him." And he reckoned it a lucky year in which he married a niece to a reputable grocer at York, and got a commission in the artillery for a nephew. The commentator on Pope, who thought that "every woman is at heart a rake," may have shared in the degrading estimate of the sex common to the generation of Walpole and Chesterfield. And he spoke in theory of woman as a being "in whose capricious and variable fancy discordant and monstrous ideas are, by the force of the passions, whimsically daubed on at random." But in practice, married at the age of forty-seven, he lived happily with Mrs. Warburton for thirty-four years. This notwithstanding an irritable temper, which made the arrival of a visitor, to pour oil on the bishop's vinegar, occasionally not an unwelcome domestic incident. "Your gentleness wins," he said to Hurd, "where my roughness revolts." Mrs. Warburton is described to us as "elegant in her person, possessed of an excellent understanding, great politeness, and an engaging naïveté in conversation." Had she found married life disagreeable, she would hardly, after thirty-four years' experience of it, have entered the state a second time within two years after Warburton's death. She died in 1796.

Of the durability of his affection in friendship a touching instance is recorded by (we believe) Mr. Markland. One day in his last years, the character of Pope was being freely censured in his presence, the party not supposing the bishop capable of attending to what was passing. He suddenly woke up, and exclaimed, "Who talks against Pope? He was the best of friends, and best of men," and then relapsed into his former insensibility (*British Critic*, April 1841). Yet his friendship with Pope had been built on the quicksand of literary flattery; a

treacherous foundation, which had given way in the cases of Middleton, Richardson, and Jortin. His placability was equal to his irritability. He patted Johnson, as we have seen, after his preface to *Shakespeare*. He was reconciled to Lowth after receiving his most signal overthrow at his hands. It is told (Barker's *Parriana*, i. 345) that for some years he had not been on speaking terms with Tucker dean of Gloucester. On a Good Friday they met at the holy table, when the bishop was administering. On giving the cup to the dean, he stooped down and said, with tremulous emotion, "Let this cup be the cup of reconciliation between us."

We have already related some of Warburton's more signal enmities. They are samples only of a whole career. Nay, the man himself is in this but the representative man of his age. Theological literature was a Babel of loud vociferation, coarse contradiction, and mean imputation. The prize in this *mélée* was to the noisiest lungs and the foulest tongue. The Warburtonians must not bear the blame alone; nor was the disease of detraction confined to divines. In the House of Commons, Mr. Massey (*Hist. of Eng.* ii. 218) describes the men who took a foremost part as chiefly intent "on disparaging each other, and proving that neither possessed any qualification of wisdom, knowledge, or public virtue. Epithets of reproach were lavished personally on Lord North, which were applicable only to the vilest and most contemptible of mankind." The progress of refinement cannot tame the passions, but has curbed the directness with which they then vented themselves in words. Even now malignant imputation, banished from higher literature, still lingers in clerical controversy. But, after every deduction made, we still find there rests upon the Warburtonian school an extraordinary opprobrium on the score of dirt-throwing. Warburton's superiority and his generous temper ought to have exempted him from this weakness of inferior writers. Instead of that he is the worst offender. He rejoices in "chastising"—*sævo latus negotio*. He considers it on principle "suitable to his clerical function to hunt down, as good King Edgar did his wolves, that pestilent herd of libertine scribblers with which the island is overrun." Only half a generation later, Johnson, quite as irritable, and almost as much libelled by critics as Warburton, set the noble example of taking no notice of attacks. "A hundred bad writers," says Macaulay, "misrepresented him and reviled him; but not one of the hundred could boast of having been thought by him worthy of a retort." It may be said that the mutual abuse in which Warburton and his contemporaries indulge in print is bad taste, and nothing more. It is, in fact, of a piece with the lavish compliments which friends and correspondents unblush-

ingly offer each other,—compliments which, on the slightest offence, they were ready to exchange for savage invective; and the one had as little meaning as the other. That their rounded and fulsome compliment and their contumelious insults are gross faults in taste, is true. But they are surely something more. The manners of the ruffian here betray the morals of the savage. This prevailing license of censure is only another side of that want of depth of character which marks every product of that frivolous and superficial age. Their manners, their politics, their literature, their theology, all bear the same stamp. Never was there an age in which there was less zeal and more vehemence, less faith and more demonstration of “revelation.” Knowledge and the power of weighing evidence had vanished for a time, and a talkative opinionateness overspread the world of books. Such writers could not respect each other. Conscious of the want of solid worth, they endeavoured to supply its place by forming coteries for mutual laudation, and for setting down their enemies. Such a coterie was Pope’s, and the *Dunciad* the public vehicle of its resentments and its favouritism. It was a great stroke of policy on Warburton’s part by which he became legatee and proprietor of this private pillory, though he afterwards erected an independent and original scaffold of his own in the notes to the *Divine Legation*. The Warburtonians—*i.e.* Warburton and Hurd—kept each other in countenance by the same device. The more the tide of opposition ran against them, the more cloying became the mutual eulogies, the more sweeping the denunciations of every body else. We can trace the gradual strengthening of this delusion in the correspondence between the two, till they have arrived at the conviction at last that all the worth, sense, and talent in England is concentrated in themselves. Hurd says he gives the Letters “to this wretched world, to shame it into a better opinion of that excellent man, by showing the regard he had to real merit.” If we except Balguy and Towne, we shall find no other single name mentioned in these letters except coupled with an expression of contempt. Hurd’s favourite word is “coxcomb.” “Toup is certainly well skilled in the Greek tongue, but with all this he is a piece of a coxcomb.” He writes against Leland “out of pure indignation, as a coxcomb.” Priestley is “a wretched coxcomb.” Bishop Shipley is “a very coxcomb,” and Dr. Chapman “an insolent coxcomb.” Of Dr. Richard Farmer he knows nothing; but he is “an author,” and “the prince of coxcombs is the scribbling coxcomb.” He may well ask in naive astonishment, “How is it there are so many coxcombs,—indeed, so many, one hardly meets with any thing else?” Warburton, who unites in his own person “the virtues of Aristotle and Longinus,” finds more va-

riety in the characters by which this wretched world is peopled. Johnson is "this Johnson," of whom Warburton and Hurd "think much alike." Jortin is "as vain as he is dirty." Dean Tucker has "a flow of transcendent nonsense." Priestley is a "wretched fellow;" and Voltaire "a scoundrel." Young is the "finest writer of nonsense of this or any age." Rutherford "the meanest pedant of the age." Spence is "an extreme poor creature." Smollett is "a vagabond Scot, who writes nonsense ten thousand strong." Taylor has "less understanding than the dunce Webster." Jackson is "a wretch who has spent his days in one unvaried course of begging, railing, and stealing." Romaine "has amazingly played the scoundrel." The court is an "earthly pandemonium;" and the church, "like Noah's ark, full of unclean beasts and vermin." These are not citations from angry philippics hurled against assailants under provocation; it is their settled and habitual mode of thinking and speaking of their contemporaries. One, at least, of the correspondents was so well satisfied of the justice of these opinions, that he printed them for publication, after the interval of thirty years, to show the world the regard the pair had "to real merit." And Warburton himself boasted to the House of Lords of his zeal in "defence of revelation," "services" to which he attributed all the abuse that had been heaped upon him. Though Horace Walpole found this appeal ridiculous, yet it could not have been made without the expectation of sympathy. In his own age the violence of Warburton passed for zeal on behalf of religion. The generation which thought Butler "too little vigorous" did not think Warburton's bluster out of place. A few cultivated men even then, like Charles Yorke, may have disapproved. Charles Yorke was the only friend who could address Warburton in terms other than those of submissive adulation. His station, talents, tact, and power of serving Warburton retained for him a superior influence over a temper to which all others gave way. He ventured to hint to Warburton that "the unguarded sallies of a generous mind" might be sometimes "too warm," and were "scarce forgiven" him (Sept. 30, 1746). This is the solitary protest against vindicating religion by foul language which proceeded from a contemporary.

Their contemptuous violence towards others argues a defect of moral breadth in themselves. It is, further, an indication of want of intellectual breadth. The greatest minds, fully possessed by great objects, are never controversial. In contrasting himself with Lessing, Goethe drew two contrasted types of men. "Lessing's polemical instincts make him at home in the region of contradictions; he is great in distinctions. I am different; I never dealt in contradictions; I have given utter-

ance only to results." If this contrast be true of life, it holds good equally of religious life. By an intellect which is habitually filled with the wisdom which is from heaven in all its length and breadth, "objections" against religion are perceived at once to proceed from imperfect apprehension. Such an intellect cannot rage against those who give words to such objections. It sees that the objectors do but intimate the partial character of their own knowledge. Warburton, like his contemporaries, approached religion from the outside. They never got beyond the scaffolding. They added demonstration to demonstration, till the thing to be proved grew more and more obscure behind the forest of arguments. Warburton was essentially one of these demonstrators. He had no real grasp of the essence of religion, or he would have understood that it did not possess that character of certainty which he attributed to his own reasonings. What Mr. Gladstone has said of his *Alliance* is equally applicable to all his writings:

"The greatest intellectual defect of [the *Alliance*, &c.] appears to be the absolute and rigid form of its propositions in indeterminate subject-matter. The writer argues for his particular scheme of the support of an establishment with full toleration of dissent, and the maintenance of an exclusive test, as though it were the single and mathematically necessary result of all general arguments from the nature of the State and the Church, whereas his is, in fact, only *one* mode of constructing the social equation; adapted perhaps to one particular stage of the progression of religious freedom, but not distinguished by any inherent properties of truth from other modes, which may be equally suitable to the preceding or the following stages" (*Gladstone on Church and State*, i. p. 20).

Warburton offers nothing to his readers that is short of moral certainty. His pages are full of the language of proof. It is evident; it necessarily follows. The *Divine Legation* is laid out on a syllogism, with a major and a minor premiss, separately established, and then the conclusion drawn. That all this logical array should fail to carry conviction on the instant, seemed to him a thing incredible. Those who withheld it must be men of perverse minds, and must be "chastised" into submission. Nor does he only offer his readers certainties. He sees nothing but certainties all around him; he is thoroughly convinced himself. There is no laborious groping after truth amid doubts and perplexities, to arrive, after all, at a qualified and provisional judgment. He catches from the first at some view of the case, and proceeds to make all the evidence support that view.

He has himself said of Bayle, that he "struck into the province of paradox as an exercise for the unwearied vigour of his

mind." What he said of Bayle was applied to himself by Charles Yorke; and the application has been repeated since by all the critics who have ever sat in judgment upon Warburton. That the desire of originality influenced what he wrote is undeniable. He says arrogantly, "It is not my manner to say what others have said before me." And that the love of contradiction was strong in him, we have already seen abundantly. But the paradoxical taint which pervades all that Warburton has written has its cause in an intellectual foible still more vicious than the spirit of contradiction, or the ambition of originality. His so-called paradox is really a capriciousness of opinion. It is a want of judgment in the subject on which he writes. He is under the imperious necessity of adopting an opinion on every subject, without the power of forming one. His mind plunges into the bewildering chaos of fact and opinion, like the Irishman into the fight, with a "God grant I may take the right side!" To take his side is at the beginning, and not at the end of his intellectual process. To follow the evidence up to its edge, and not beyond it, to suspend the judgment, to balance probabilities, to wait upon the slow discoveries of time and experience,—these are not Warburton's arts. He must start at once with a proposition, and then ransack libraries for material out of which to forge the proof of it. It is an injustice to Bayle to compare his paradoxes with those of Warburton. Bayle is not seldom right. Where Bayle runs counter to the prevailing opinion of his time, he does so because he saw further; and posterity has vindicated the correctness of his view by coming round to it. Warburton, where he differs from the received opinion, is always wrong. His paradoxes will never make a convert. The more copious his citation, the more dexterous his ingenuity, the more irrefragable his logic, the more vehement his determination to make us think so, the more the reason revolts from the demonstration. The intellectual character exemplified by Warburton is common enough in life. But it only attracts wonder when it is coupled with powers and industry like Warburton's, and dedicated to some literary theme of widely-extended interest. In reviewing the *Divine Legation*, we cannot help being forcibly reminded of the *Homeric Studies* of Mr. Gladstone. The differences between the two men are many and radical; the intellectual character of the two works is the same. A comprehensive general reading; an heroic industry in marshalling the particulars of the proof; a dialectical force of arm which would twist a bar of iron to its purposes; and all brought to bear to prove a perverse and preposterous proposition. The mischief done by such powerful efforts of human reason is not in the diffusion of erroneous

opinion on the subjects of which they treat, but in setting brilliant examples of a false method. A visionary projector carries his own refutation with him; but when a first-rate calculator devotes his powers to squaring the circle, there is so much method in his madness, that his example is sure to be influential on similarly constituted minds.

In Warburton's famous work the paradox so commonly imputed is to be found, we conceive, not in the main positions proposed to be proved, but in the connexion or inference attempted to be established between the positions; in the absolute statement of those positions without any qualification; and lastly, in the supposition that this connexion or inference could be shown by proof of demonstrative cogency. Bishop Bull had remarked (*Harmon. Apost.* ii. 10. 8), that in reference to the doctrine of a future state, the Old Testament must be separated into an earlier and a later part; and that while the Law contained no promise of eternal life, in the Prophetic books a distinct and direct promise could hardly be said to be found ("clarum ac discretum promissum vix ac ne vix quidem reperias"). This guarded statement probably meets, as nearly as possible, the exact requirements of the language of the Jewish canon. But it is a point of critical judgment, to be founded on a consideration of all the passages, not admitting of being either proved or disproved. The constant opinion of all moderate and impartial persons has been, as Mr. Lancaster (*Harmony of Law and Gospel*, p. 409) puts it, that "this doctrine was both recognised and countenanced, but not explicitly and directly taught, in the Pentateuch." In Warburton's hands this opinion becomes the affirmation that future rewards and punishments were not taught in the Mosaic dispensation at all, and that the Israelites, from the time of Moses to the time of the Captivity, had not the doctrine of a future state. This he declares that he shows by the clearest and most incontestable arguments. Then he proceeds to draw the inference, that a people who could have been placed under such a system must have had an immediate providential superintendence to replace a doctrine which is found to be the very bond and cement of human society. Finally, the propositions here involved, and the inference from one to the other, are put forward, not with the modest diffidence of an inquirer, but with the arrogant swagger of a demonstration, and an insulting challenge to all the world to yield an immediate assent. Gibbon, speaking of one of his later productions, says: "The secret intentions of Julian are revealed by the late Bishop of Gloucester, the learned and dogmatic Warburton, who, with the authority of a theologian, prescribes the motives and conduct of the Supreme Being."

We cannot help thinking that in the epithet "learned" in this quotation lurks a Gibbonian sneer. No one knew better than the historian, that to have read many books and remembered their contents, is "learning" only in a very popular acceptance of the word. But in no other sense was Warburton entitled to be called a "learned" man. His temper was too arrogant to "learn," too impatient to inquire. He went the *à priori* road, and, having formed a very decided opinion, searched books to find arguments with which to support it. For some employments, for metaphysical speculation, for arbitrating between predestination and free-will, for framing an ideal polity, or for any theorising where the facts are few and obvious, such an intellect is well fitted. But it was Warburton's ill fortune that his own bent no less than that of his age determined his pen to social and historical topics. The crying evils of society, both in France and England, were forcing the minds of men upon the consideration of their causes and their remedies. Political institutions appeared to them the most influential of these causes. The great work of Montesquieu, the *Esprit des Lois*, is the epochal book of this phase of speculation, which was only closed by the revolution of '88. To the same mode of thought must be referred Warburton's speculations, however deficient in those qualities of judgment, profound observation of human character, and attentive induction of fact, which made the *Esprit des Lois* overlive the epoch which produced it. The idea of a future state of reward and punishment employed as a restraining force over human passion and appetite in aid of civil sanctions, this view of religion, which belongs entirely to his age, Warburton took up, and the greater part of what he wrote turns on it. To detect the presence or absence of this idea through past times, and the amount of its influence at various periods, is by no means an uninteresting inquiry. But it is an inquiry which demands not only the most extensive survey of ancient literature, but a delicate appreciation of modes of thought, and an exact knowledge of the ancient languages. Of "learning" in this sense Warburton was hopelessly destitute. That he was not a philologian of the calibre of Bentley, every one is prepared to admit. That he was not as a classical scholar equal to many of his own generation—Jortin or Markland, Lowth or Parr—may perhaps surprise no one to hear. But the truth goes far beyond even this. Warburton was wholly without any tincture of what we understand by scholarship. Of the Greek language he had scarcely any knowledge. Latin he knew very badly. He was not competent to decide upon the sense of any difficult passage in a classical author, and was wholly at the mercy of translators and commentators. Yet so impudently did he assume the privileges

of a scholar, and so cleverly did he disguise his amazing ignorance, that he succeeded in imposing his opinion on the world, as one that was at least entitled to a refutation. Even his professed biographers have not sounded the depths of his deficiencies. All that Dr. Whitaker says is, “In the mind of Warburton the foundation of classical literature had been well laid, yet not so as to pursue the science of ancient criticism with an exactness equal to the extent in which he grasped it.” And the present biographer only speaks of his “imperfect acquaintance with Greek,” and “unskillfulness in the niceties of Latin;” phrases far too lenient for the imposture in this respect actually practised by Warburton. The secret was divined by more than one of his contemporaries, though even by them hardly in its full extent. If we compare the correspondence with Lowth in 1756 with Lowth’s letter of Sept. 1765, we see that in the interim Lowth’s eyes had been opened to the fact he had not suspected,—that one who undertook in such dogmatic tone to settle the age of the book of Job, had not, and could not, read it, and that the demonstrator of Moses’ legation never read the Hebrew Pentateuch! This discovery may have led him to surmise that similar dogmatism in the use of Greek and Latin concealed similar ignorance. He accordingly concludes his letter with the threat that he would take in hand the *Divine Legation*, as he had demolished the Appendix. As this threat was never executed, we have no means of knowing how far Lowth was in the secret. Upton, referring to Warburton having cited Homer in this fashion, δὲ ἔδυνε χιτῶνα καλόν, remarked that as νῦν and καὶ begin sentences, so might δὲ for aught Warburton knew to the contrary. The Rev. Henry Taylor detected him, in citing the *Phœnissæ*, copying Brumoy’s French (very French) version. Dr. John Taylor had denounced him in Cambridge combination-rooms as “no scholar.” The story bears marks of having been improved, but is perhaps not untrue in the main point. It is, that Warburton sent a friend to ask Taylor, if he had really used the words? And that Taylor replied, “He did not remember ever having said that Warburton was no scholar, but he had certainly always thought so.” Edwards, the author of the *Canons of Criticism*, is the subject of another anecdote. Edwards was a frequent guest at Prior Park in Allen’s time. During their conversations, Warburton was fond of showing a knowledge of Greek, assuming that Edwards, who was, or had been, in the army, knew nothing of the language. One day, a dispute arising in the library, Edwards took down the book, and explained the passage in a sense quite contrary to that which Warburton had given it. Warburton, of course, maintained his own opinion, till Edwards was obliged to show him

that his misconception arose from his having trusted to the French translation. Jortin's gentle admonition in his correction of Warburton's translation of "princeps" has been already mentioned.

Forearmed with these hints, we approach Warburton's writings with the distrust they are calculated to create. Recollecting the case of Gibbon, and considering that want of the language of the Greeks does not absolutely exclude a critic from *all* use of the wisdom of the Greeks, we could not say beforehand that Warburton might not have ascertained correctly some of the forms of Greek life and opinion, and reasoned soundly upon them. A cautious man, conscious of labouring under one heavy disqualification for the task he had undertaken, might have done this. But Warburton was not conscious of the limited range of his aquirements in Greek and Latin, and was the reverse of cautious. He thought he could refute Bentley; he had "a very poor opinion of both Markland and Taylor's critical abilities" (*Letter to Birch*); and he confidently undertook to amend the text, not only of Shakespeare, but of Cicero and Velleius Paterculus. The emendations of Paterculus which he sent to the *Bibliothèque Britannique* in 1736 were specimens of an edition which he contemplated. Of the loss that letters have sustained by the non-execution of this scheme, one example may enable the reader to judge. Speaking of Cumæ and Neapolis, two Greek settlements in Italy, the text of Velleius had "Utriusque urbis semper eximia in Romanos fides. Sed alius diligentior ritus patrii mansit custodia. Cumanos Osca mutavit vicinia." "Aliis" in this passage is certainly not above suspicion, and Ruhnken printed "illis;" a neat conjecture, which has been received with the favour it deserved. Warburton's note is: "I read, sed *Neapolis* diligentior ritus patrii mansit custodia; which makes it a pertinent observation, and worthy the notice of an exact historian. And it is not difficult to conceive *Neapolis* being corrupted to *aliis* by a stupid copier." We cannot help Mr. Selby Watson in his grave perplexity, whether "he means Neapolis for Neapolitanis, or for the genitive case of Neapolis." But the critic who could turn Shakespeare's "past the infinite of thought" (*Much Ado*, ii. 3) into "past the definite of thought;" who could explain "prayers from preserved souls" (*Measure for Measure*, ii. 2) as a metaphor taken from fruit *preserved* in sugar, will scarcely be thought to have more skill in his own language than in Latin. We could fill a page with his verbal mistakes; show him restricting *ἀθάνατος* to the immortality of gods; explaining *δεισιδαιμονία* as the fear of demons or inferior gods; and misconstruing his own citations so frequently, that at last we cannot avoid thinking that he

does not apprehend the meaning of Virgil's "sub luce maligna" (*Works*, iv. 416), or understand "testari" in its sense of "to cite" (*Works*, iii. 203); though we should be disposed to give any one else the benefit of the doubt, which the reader, who chooses to turn to the references, will see exists in these two cases.

Such verbal mistakes might be but slight deformities on the surface of a grand and noble work. To make much of them would then be only worthy of those "little grammarians," for whom Warburton so habitually expressed his contempt, including therein, as Jortin slyly suggested (*Life*, p. 446), a contempt for grammar. But the truth is, they are not flaws in the fabric; they are of its texture. When he is writing of "the ancients," —Warburton always speaks of "the ancients" or "pagan antiquity" in the lump, and this when he is investigating the history of opinion:—his notions are one mass of misconception from beginning to end; a misconception in which his misunderstanding of single passages is but a subordinate element. His reasoning is such, that any thing whatever might be proved in the same way of argumentation, as Mosheim told him, while at the same time doing ample homage to his talents,\* in a compliment which Warburton himself transcribed into his own pages. Of all the tasks which have exercised the ingenuity of scholars, that of reproducing the religious and philosophical opinion of the Greek schools from the fragmentary and contradictory accounts which remain to us, is the most delicate and precarious. Warburton is hampered by no doubts; he rushes in where Wolf or Heyne fear to tread, and "presumes to enter the very penetralia of antiquity" (*Works*, iii. 215). Entering these dark recesses under the conduct of our self-confident guide, we are surprised to find how plainly and clearly all objects are visible there; the "double doctrine" and *Tò "Ev* are every where round us; Aristotle is cleared up by "his best interpreter, Bossu" (*Works*, ii. 80); "Lucian of all the ancients best understood the intrigues and intricacies of ancient philosophy" (iii. 105); and Socrates "was in morals a dogmatist, as appears largely by Xenophon and the less fabulous parts of Plato" (iii. 52). If there is any "obscurity in Plato's writings, it is caused by the double doctrine, and by the joint profession of two such contrary philosophies as the Pythagorean and the Socratic" (iii. 87). But it need not give us much concern if there be; for "all the Greek philosophers are shown for knaves

\* "Ego quidem mediocris ingenii homo, et tanto viro quantus est Warburtonus longe inferior, omnes Theologos nihil eorum quæ publice tradunt credere, et callide hominum mentibus impietatis venenum afflare velle convincam, si mihi eadem eos via invadendi potestas concedatur, qua Philosophos vir doctissimus aggressus est."

in practice and fools in theory" (iii. 201); unless perhaps it be Socrates, who "being perpetually ironical, take him in the reverse, and he is in his right senses" (xi. 161); or Zeno, who seems to have been only a fool, for "the man had forgot sure that he was writing laws for a community, while he thus impertinently philosophises to the Stoical sage" (iii. 102, so in 1st ed.). Socrates might have been witty as well as ironical, had Simmias anticipated the suggestion of the *Divine Legation*, that to his cock he should add a bull (iii. 357). That of all philosophic tenets the Pantheistical are "the most absurd" (iii. 209), we might have scored down as one of Warburton's random shots, but that Bayle appears to have said the same before him. And that Homer's invocation to the Muses "is an intimation that he took his account from authentic records, and not from uncertain tradition" (iv. 434), is an opinion which, whatever else it may be, must at least be orthodox, since it is sanctioned by the authority of Mr. Gladstone and of the University of Oxford.

Notwithstanding the preposterous nature of his argument, the coarse vulgarity of his style, the supercilious dogmatism of his manner, most dictatorial when he is most wrong, there is still some quality latent in Warburton's writings which will make them "ever be read with delight, even by those who are indifferent to their subject." Perhaps we ought to restrict this to the three first books of the *Divine Legation*; for neither the later books of that work, nor any thing else that he has written, appear to us to stand on the same level with that effort. This quality is intellectual vigour; a quality so rare in literature, and above all in theological literature, that its exhibition, even in its most undisciplined state, always commands respect. "His rants are amazing, and so are his parts," said Horace Walpole of Lord Chatham; and the rant and fustian of his speeches was forgiven the orator, in consideration of the moral vigour of the man. The causes which concur to break down vigour in a writer are so many, that before the thought comes to the birth it has mostly lost all the raciness of the soil from which it springs. Of these causes, classical education and a nice and conscientious sense of truth are among the more powerful. He who can set at nought the traditions of taste, and take up an opinion irrespective of the facts, can employ the whole unimpeded energies of his mind in giving momentum to the view he happens to have espoused. "The manners of a gentleman," says Whitaker, "the formalities of argument, and the niceties of composition, would have been unwillingly accepted in exchange for that glorious extravagance, which dazzles while it is unable to convince, and that haughty defiance of form and decorum, which, in its rudest transgressions against charity and

manners, never failed to combine the powers of a giant with the temper of a ruffian."

It would be unjust to quit Warburton without drawing attention to one or two instances in which his vigour was not employed in the maintenance of paradox. At a time when copyright was generally regarded as a legal monopoly, he argued the natural right of an author in the produce of his mind (*Works*, xii. 406). He had the courage to denounce the slave-trade in indignant terms from the pulpit (x. 57). A poor-law he declares to be a "beneficent but ill-judged policy" (x. 253). He had formed from his own observation a just estimate of the effect of mathematics on the mental faculties (viii. 14). He dismisses the sophism, which has imposed on many besides Akenside, that "ridicule is a test of truth" (i. 181). Dr. Whewell has bestowed approbation on his discriminating the power of reason as sufficient to *perceive* truth when proposed to it, but not to *discover* it (*Moral Phil.* p. 145). And Dugald Stewart (*Dissert.* p. 161) has noticed that Malebranche's extraordinary merit has been recognised by few English writers except Warburton, "who even where he thinks the most unsoundly, has always the rare merit of thinking for himself." Of his solid good sense we cannot give a better instance than his remarks on the Lauder forgery. He writes to Jortin :

"Lauder has offered much amusement to the public, and they are obliged to him. What the public wants or subsists on is news. Milton was their reigning favourite; yet they took it well of a man they never heard of before to tell them the news of Milton's being a thief and a plagiary. Had he been proved a ——, it had pleased them better. When this was no longer news, they were equally delighted with another [Dr. Douglas], as much a stranger to them, who entertained them with another piece of news,—that Lauder was an impostor. Had he proved him to be a Jesuit in disguise, nothing had equalled the satisfaction" (*Life*, p. 368).

The vigour of his thought does not concentrate itself in telling paragraphs. It is a rude—we had almost said brute—force penetrating the whole. And his English style is so slip-slop, that it would be difficult to find in all the thirteen volumes of his works half a dozen passages which might be taken as fair specimens of his peculiar powers. We will conclude our notice with one of the best of these :

"Those who are upon the records of history for having failed [in their projects] were either mere enthusiasts, who knew not how to push their projects when they had disposed the people to support them; or else mere politicians, who could never advance their wise schemes so far as to engage a fanatic populace to support them; or

lastly, which most deserves our observation, such as had the two qualities in conjunction, but in a reverted order.

Of each of these defects we have domestic examples in the three great companions of the last successful imposture ; I mean Fleetwood, Lambert, and Vane. Cromwell had prepared the way for their succession to his power as thoroughly as Mahomet had done for that of Abubeker, Omar, and Othman. Yet these various wants rendered all his preparations fruitless. Fleetwood was a fervent enthusiast without parts or capacity ; Lambert, a cool contriver without fanaticism ; and Sir Harry Vane, who had great parts and as great enthusiasm, yet had them and used them in so preposterous an order as to do him no kind of service. He began a sober plotter. But when come in view of the goal, he started out the wildest and most extravagant of fanatics. He ended where his master began ; so that we need not wonder his fortune proved so different. But this was a course as rare as it was retrograde. The affections naturally keep another order. The most successful impostors have set out in all the blaze of fanaticism, and completed their schemes amid the cool depth and stillness of politics. Though this be common to them all, yet I don't know any who exemplifies it so strongly as the famous Ignatius Loyola. This illustrious personage—who confirms the observation of one who came after him, and almost equalled him in his trade, 'that a man never rises so high as when he does not know whither he is going'—began his ecstasies in the mire, and completed his schemes with the direction of Councils that, even in his own lifetime, were ready to give the law to Christendom. The same spirit built up old and new Rome. When the city had not six miles of dominion beyond its walls, it indulged the dream of universal monarchy. When the jurisdiction of the bishops of Rome extended not beyond a small diocese, they entertained the celestial vision of a popedom. And it was this spirit which, in defiance and to the destruction of civil policy and religion, made the fortune of both."

## ART. V.—THE ART OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

*Handbook of France* (1861); *of the Continent, Belgium and North Germany* (1852); *of Southern Germany* (1858); *of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Iceland* (1858); *of Russia* (1849); *of Rome* (1862); *of Florence* (1861). John Murray, Albemarle Street.

*Guides de Paris à Havre; de Paris à Bordeaux; de Paris à Strasbourg et à Bâle; de Paris à Genève et à Chamonix.* Hachette: Paris.

*Guida dell' Italia Superiore di Massimo Fabi.* Ronchi: Milano.

*Caen: Guide portatif et complet,* par G. S. Trébutien. Hardel: Caen.

*Handbook of Travel-Talk.* John Murray.

*Bradshaw's Continental Railway Guide.*

THE art of travel is rapidly becoming so vast a subject that no single professor will be able to expound it. Mr. Galton and Captain Burton have gone far to exhaust the science of life among wild-beasts and savages; and either of them could probably act as master of the ceremonies to the king of Dahomey. But they would, we suspect, be the first to disclaim any like acquaintance with the mysteries of the *haute volée* in Viennese society, or with mountain travelling in Switzerland. It must be a great chance at least if a hero of the Alpine Club would be as good a guide about Rome as many a shy scholar who has not the strength to scale ice-encrusted cliffs, or the peculiar knack of walking up perpendicular rocks. The East is a field in itself, and something more than mere going over the ground is wanted to make it intelligible. But for one traveller who has the leisure or the opportunity to explore the Zambesi river or to wander out towards Palmyra, there are at least a hundred who find every summer that six weeks in Germany or France do more to refresh the brain and turn the mind into a new track, than even the sea-side or the moors in their own country could do. It is a long time before the most cosmopolitan Englishman gets to feel as thoroughly at home in a foreign railway carriage as on the Great Western. In spite of all that has been done to Anglicise the Continent, where English churches, *bifsteaks saignants* and bottled beer, large basons, shooting-coats and wide-awakes, have sprung up sporadically in the track of the locomotive, the differences of language and manner, if not of opinion, are still in all material respects unaffected by our superficial intercourse with our neighbours. One chief cause of this, no

doubt, lies in the strong objection a highly educated man feels to express himself in a language he can only speak imperfectly. He is painfully conscious of every blunder he makes, the moment after it is made, and the subjects he cares to talk about are precisely those which require a large vocabulary and a ready power of translating ideas by their foreign equivalents. Accordingly a bagman will go over half the Continent, joking, chattering, and making friends, with fewer words than enable a scholar to stumble through his wants in the railway terminus or the inn. But the chief reason no doubt is, that no man can catch the tone of a new society in a moment. All that difficult family history, which we learn half unconsciously in our own country, the distinction of great and small requirements in etiquette, and the chief political and religious shades of feeling, are a shibboleth that cannot be hastily mastered. Mr. Grattan mentions in his last book, that he once gave great offence in a country district of France because, in entire ignorance of days and seasons, he invited a large party on the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. In the same way, we have heard of English people electrifying the residents of a foreign town by making promiscuous visits without letters of introduction. Our countrymen had no doubt been told that the custom abroad was for the last arrival to call first, and did not understand that the custom only warrants visits where there is some excuse for acquaintance. Every man who has lived out of England will probably remember some circumstances where he has acted awkwardly or given offence, in spite of the very best intentions to the contrary.

An excellent article on "Companions of Travel," that appeared rather more than two years ago in the *Saturday Review* (Nov. 2, 1861), among other hints to which we shall have occasion to refer, suggested that pictures of society and manners should form part of a future series of Handbooks. We should like to see the task attempted, but we confess to a grave doubt if it could be achieved to any thing like the extent the writer seems to contemplate. Take, for instance, the wonderful descriptions of German manners in the works of Baroness von Tautphoeus, to which the article referred, among other instances, as examples of what was possible. No one can read *The Initials* without instinctively feeling that it is true to life; but a German, while he admitted this, would say, and would say rightly, that it was true only of life under very exceptional circumstances. The interest of the plot turns mainly on the character of a young girl whose father has made a *mésalliance*, and whose stepmother takes a handsome young Englishman into her family as a boarder. In a three-volume novel all this is gradually ex-

plained away and becomes natural; but a selection of passages would give a very unfair idea of German habits and homes. Of course books may be mentioned where the plot is less exceptional, but the difficulty of epitomising a highly complex society, such as that of the upper classes always is, remains extremely great. Let an Englishman take the writings of Washington Irving, of Emerson, and of Esquiro, all excellent in their way and written by men who cordially appreciated our country, and ask himself if any alchemy could distil the perfume of these half-dozen volumes into one. Peasant life is to a certain extent simpler than the life of the *salons*. But the Lancashire peasants of Mrs. Gaskell are quite a different race to the Yorkshiremen of Miss Brontë and to Mr. Kingsley's Hampshire clowns. In fact, there is no royal road to the knowledge of society. A traveller must work it out for himself; and for every reason he had better read first-hand the novels and sketches of manners that contain matter to assist him.

In saying this, however, we do not mean that a few hints on little points of difference between English and foreign manners may not save the traveller some annoyance. There are two or three pages in the introduction to Murray's *Handbook of Northern Germany* which go directly to the point, but which, unfortunately, are so offensive and absurd as to be useless. The writer assumes that a large number of his countrymen are purse-proud, underbred, and swaggering, and lectures them gravely on faults which mostly do not exist, but which, if they do, are incurable. No doubt there is still here and there a rowdy Englishman to be found who scatters oaths and insults and gold over the Continent; but the type will soon be numbered with the dinotherium, and retains its place on the foreign stage only in the same unreal way as harlequin and columbine figure on our own. The real offences that make our countrymen unpopular are of a slighter kind: a habitual want of deference to foreign *convenances*, a custom of free speech, and an unlicensed sense of the ridiculous. We do not seek to extenuate these offences, in which our young men are naturally the worst sinners; but wearing a wide-awake in Paris, or chaffing a sergeant of police, are not, after all, very grave international crimes, and would scarcely be remembered against the offenders, if their country were not the first power in the world and the most jealously watched. Besides, those who rail at Englishmen for carrying England with them, should remember that soap and clean sheets have been introduced in this way into numberless districts which only know of them in the dictionary. Nor would it be difficult to retort the charge. There are quarters in London, neither small nor obscure, where the cockneyism of foreign capitals has been

reproduced even in its most trifling details. To add a very small matter, it seems curiously difficult for strangers to learn, that it is not the custom in England to call on a new acquaintance in evening or half dress between ten and twelve in the morning.

Quite as often as not the mistakes of Englishmen arise from a misappreciation of the structure and tone of foreign society at the very time when they are striving to conform to it. There is a common idea that people make acquaintance abroad more readily than in England. Admitting this to be, to a slight extent, a feature of the foreign bathing-places, it remains none the less certain that a well-bred and highly-cultivated man is pretty equally reserved and shy of chance comers on both sides the Channel. What has caused the mistake is, that the upper class is comparatively limited on the Continent, and the middle class comparatively large. An average English gentleman, if he go abroad without introductions, must therefore make up his mind that his chance of making friends, on a level with himself in refinement and education, will be decidedly less than in any part of his own country where he is equally unknown. With ladies the danger is of a different kind: they will meet with more intelligent deference in France than in their own country, and whatever mistakes they may commit, the courtesy of those around them will secure them from all unpleasantness. But the conventions of foreign society are far more rigid than our own for women; and the tone of that large and idle society for which French novelists write is painfully low. In the French provinces an unmarried lady is a little compromised if she is seen twenty yards behind her party with an unmarried man; and the freedom of an English country-house is regarded with wonder, and, we regret to say, with a feeling very like disgust. That this feeling is unhealthy and bad we do not pretend to deny; but, so long as it exists, our countrywomen will do well not to part with any portion of their native reserve in travelling. Nor is there any great difference between different parts of the Continent in this respect; the mere fact that no reputations are so safely demolished any where as those of foreigners, marks the Englishwoman from the first as the theme of idle gossip, which may easily become scandal. Lastly, on few points are foreigners so sensitive as on any thing that wounds their exaggerated *amour-propre*. A German is driven wild by the serene superciliousness of the chance Englishmen whom he meets, regards their morning-dress as a national outrage, and suspects that every sentence he does not understand is a sneer at the country. A Frenchman is commonly too certain of himself to suspect that he can be thought ridiculous, and quietly shrugs

his shoulders at eccentricities that are not his own. But even a Frenchman cannot understand irony. His own wit is *badinage*, a shuttlecock tossed between opposite players, who have no other thought than to keep it up skilfully. The heavy English irony, with its under-current of earnest, seems to him spiteful and cruel; he cannot comprehend men who hit one another so hard in jest. Before all things, we would recommend a man who wishes to be understood or to succeed in foreign society, to say nothing that is not absolutely transparent.

Perhaps the best suggestion of the Saturday Reviewer—as in fact it was his first—was in recommending that the recent history of the country should be given. Some of Mr. Murray's handbooks—as, for instance, those on Northern Europe—give a meagre and very dull outline of the country's general history. Now Michelet himself, whom we take to be the most fascinating of précis writers, and who is certainly the most unscrupulous, would infallibly break down in the task of such an abridgment. What we want for every country is the philosophical outline and the more picturesque details—every thing, in a word, that gives local colouring. A sensible man wanting to enjoy Norway, would read the Sagas and one or two modern novels; for Russia, he would take especially the Lives of Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great, and Catherine II., with the History of the French Campaign, and Stanley's *Eastern Church*, and Tourguénef's or Tolstoi's novels. Conceive all this condensed under the hydraulic press of a gentleman whose ch'ef business is to write about inns, roads, signs, and scenery. In fact, Mr. Murray's editors have wisely abstained from any similar attempt for France or Germany. In these matters every man must compile his own history, and the most a handbook can do is to point out the best sources of information in a *catalogue raisonné*. But the history of the last generation is something quite different. The state of parties, the history of different ministries, the court cliques that exist or are believed in, the biographies of the more notable men, the private history of the press, are all matters on which an intelligent man likes to have some knowledge before he visits a country. A chapter like Mr. Kinglake's episode on the *Coup-d'Etat*, but written from the point of view of historical fidelity, would be inappreciable to a tourist in France. It would be more difficult to give a *résumé* of Continental literature in such countries as France and Germany. The Saturday Reviewer, indeed, suggests two rules which he thinks would simplify the matter. First, that our writers mentioned should be well known; and secondly, that they should be typical. But this, after all, is a little like the old school discussion, whether logic was a science or an art, and turns entirely

on your first definition. When the first five or the first ten names in the literature of any country are written down, it becomes matter of very careful weighing to decide who are and who are not worth writing about. Is a man like Jasmin, the patois poet of Gascony, to be admitted as typical, or rejected as insignificant? Again, is any mention to be made of theologians like Lacordaire and Dupanloup; or of men of science like Boucher de Perthes and Milne Edwards or Quatrefages. The difficulty is the greater as the traveller may be an antiquarian or a naturalist, and in either capacity has a fair claim on a few pages in the handbook. We incline to think we should solve this difficulty by treating of the literature of natural science in connexion with a general chapter on the physical geography of the country; throwing Thiers, Béranger, and Courier into the political section, and leaving Lamennais and Montalembert to the chapter on church history. Such books as the *Life of Madame Récamier*, and the *Journal and Letters of Eugénie de Guérin*, would go far to make a description of the higher French society among women possible. So many names worth knowing would be disposed of naturally in this way, that poetry proper, history, and novels would be almost the only topics that would require a chapter to themselves.

Whatever modifications some plan of this sort might admit of, there can be little doubt, we think, that it ought to produce books as far superior to Mr. Murray's present handbooks as those were to any thing that preceded them. We do not wish to be unjust to a pioneer in travelling and an old friend; and though, with one or two exceptions, we have never thought the famous red manuals satisfactory even for what they attempt, we freely admit that ten years ago they were the best in existence. But the old order has changed, and Mr. Murray's only recognition of the new world is in making his new editions a little bulkier than his old. His conception still is of a literary road-book, which is to tell the traveller on what roads he can get from point to point, what are the chief inns, what he will see on the road, and what he is to admire. Now, as regards routes, the great lines of railway that at present branch over the Continent practically determine the routes of ninety-nine in a hundred Englishmen, and the days of posting-carriages are gone by. Let the editor of a handbook tell us, by all means, what towns are worth seeing, and what lines of country are interesting; but he need not take us over the track in leading-strings. Every one, in fact, disregards these absurd itineraries, and finds a good map the best *ductor dubitantium*. Next, a handbook that is only published from once in three years to once in fourteen cannot possibly compete for small local knowledge with

minor publications such as *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, and had better not attempt what it does ill. New hotels are springing up every day in the place of worn-out veterans; and we have painful reminiscences of searching in the small hours of the morning in a well-known Austrian town for a non-existent hotel, which was first on Murray's list. If Mr. Murray would separate these matters altogether from his handbooks, and publish once a season a general list of Continental hotels, with notices where new routes have been opened, or old ones stopped, he would be conferring a real service on the community, while he improved his own works. The character of hotels which his editors give are the only ones thoroughly reliable; and there is no reason whatever that they should be published in a form which exposes them to become antiquated and inaccurate. It is a smaller point, but we will just notice that there are limits beyond which the badness of a map becomes unendurable; and we know no exception to the badness of those of countries in Mr. Murray's editions. The printing is bad, the execution is slovenly, the places marked are few, and the outlines of departments and kingdoms are so faintly indicated as to be useless. In these respects the whole series contrasts markedly with the less ambitious and more satisfactory performances of the *Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer*.

Another general fault in the present handbooks is, that too much is said on trifling matters, or on points which the tourist is certain to attend to and to have an opinion on. It is mere book-making to transcribe from the catalogues of small museums; and pictures had probably better be left to a special *catalogue raisonné*. In the handbook for Norway remarks about the scenery are constantly interspersed, the truth being that there is nothing else to write about; but, as the traveller has literally no choice of roads, nine times out of ten, in that country, it would surely be sufficient to say generally that the road from Gjövig to Leirdalsören is romantically beautiful, and leave details to the tourist. It is very doubtful, indeed, whether any handbook for Norway is wanted beyond the little road-book (Bennett's) published in Christiania. Mr. Murray's, though well written, not unfrequently describes stations which no longer exist, as there is great activity in road-making throughout the country. The five years that have elapsed since the last edition was published have already gone far to make it obsolete; and, out of twenty-eight stations which the handbook enumerates between Lillehamner and Drontheim, nine are no longer to be found. But the most faulty of Mr. Murray's handbooks in this respect is the one for Russia. Considering that the last edition dates from 1849, and was merely a revision of an older

one, it will be understood that, for this reason alone, it has no great claims upon the traveller. But the book was bad from the first. It was evidently written by some one who knew many thousand miles of post-road, but had only stayed in three, or at most four, towns beyond the Baltic provinces, Odessa, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and perhaps Nijni Novgorod. Plunder from Kohl, and hasty impressions from a drive in a diligence through the streets, make up what is communicated about the other towns of the empire; while some of the most important and interesting places, like Uglitsch, where the young Demetrius was killed, and the beautiful town of Jarosloff, with, in fact, the whole course of the Volga, between Tver and Astrakan, except Nijni Novgorod, are altogether omitted. The writer has not even compiled carefully. His description of Great Novgorod, for instance, is a triumph of inaccuracy. He speaks of it as a desolate town, with "mouldering walls, ruined churches, and grass-grown streets," with only seven thousand inhabitants, and with nothing but the old Kremlin and the brass gates of the church to attract attention. The facts are, that, although traffic has been diverted from it by the absurd whim of the late czar, who made his first railway, between St. Petersburg and Moscow, as straight as the crow flies, through morasses and uninhabited wilds, instead of taking it by the old route through towns, Novgorod is still a thriving country town with a good corn and timber trade, and with at least seventeen thousand inhabitants; the battlements are no more ruined than the walls of York or Chester; the streets are open and cheerful; and the wealth of the old churches is talked of with astonishment even in Russia. Two of them alone, St. Sophia's in the Kremlin and one on the other side of the river, would well repay a visit to the place. Probably some parts of the editor's description were true a hundred years ago, when some book which he has consulted was written, and the remainder is due to conjecture and to the confused memories of rapid travel. But faults of this kind are serious; and as the general hints on Russian travel at the beginning are by this time obsolete, we counsel the intending traveller to consult the imperishable *Letters from the Baltic*, or Mr. Spottiswoode's *Tarantasse Journey*, or Professor P. Smyth's *Three Cities in Russia*, and to trust the red manual for nothing but the sights of Moscow and St. Petersburg, and very sparingly for those.

Of course there are good as well as bad exceptions to the general cumbrous mediocrity of the handbooks. That for Rome is the best instance we know of, having been carefully compiled by one who is evidently a man of taste, a scholar, and a resident. But we know none which, for antiquarian complete-

ness and charm of style, can compare with the little book on Caen by M. Trébutien which we have mentioned at the head of our article. It is true, no doubt, that Caen is a small town, and that it is easier to know and describe such a place than a great kingdom. But M. Trébutien's book is small also in proportion to his subject, and yet contrives to exhaust it. The whole growth of the town is traced; the names given at the Revolution are recorded; the most remarkable houses for architecture or local association are pointed out; and the art criticisms evince singular judgment. If such books by local antiquaries were more common than, we fear, they ever can be, we should recommend every tourist to travel only with a railway time-table and list of hotels, and purchase his information on the spot he visits. For those who confine their wanderings to the great French lines of railway, the *Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer* will be found amply sufficient. Its little manuals are so cleverly written as to be more a narrative than a text-book, and the information about hotels and tradesmen is given compendiously and unobtrusively in an appendix. Otherwise, foreign guide-books, such as those of Ronchi and Baedeker, are only recasts of Murray's handbooks, with the advantage of being shorter and more practical, and the disadvantage of being less reliable for Englishmen. Almost every German town has its local guide-book; but these, with few exceptions, are badly printed and prolix, beginning, like American oratory, from creation or a little earlier, and travelling by slow stages—as suits the Teutonic mind—through the succeeding centuries.

We believe a few slight changes and a little arrangement would remove most of the faults we complain of in Mr. Murray's present series. The manuals we spoke of at starting—of actual history, manners, and literature—must of course form a perfectly distinct series. Only in this way could they be well done. The hotel-guide, and the hints about roads and conveyances, would form a separate pamphlet of a few pages, to be corrected every season, and bound up with the copies of the handbooks sold during the year. The art-manual might perfectly well be printed in the same manner, in detached parts, so that a traveller could either buy a guide to the collections of the country, or a fairly exhaustive book for the whole Continent. It would in every sense be more satisfactory if this department were conducted by a single man trained professionally, than if art criticism, one of the last achievements of education and taste, were carelessly thrown in among the chance duties of Mr. Murray's encyclopaedical staff. Cleared of all irrelevant matter, the handbook proper would then give a description of the country and cities travelled in, and would be reduced to a volume of

half, or less than half, its present bulk, except where the tourist preferred to have the art-manual and hotel-guide bound up with it. If he were of our opinion, that a big book is a great nuisance in the pocket or portmanteau, he would commonly not do this; and we believe the mere reduction of size would largely promote the sale of the series generally. At the same time, we are quite aware that these alterations would add something to the expense of production. Several small books are always more costly than a single large one. But Mr. Murray's profits by the whole series must have been very large, and success, like nobility, has its obligations. Besides, any real improvement is always remunerative in the long-run. Anyhow, if some change be not speedily made, he must be prepared to see the sceptre pass from Albemarle Street.

We desire to add a few words upon handbooks of travel-talk generally. Here, again, Mr. Murray's is the best we know of, and is most imperfect. The faults common to almost all this kind of literature are, a glut of useless phrases, scarcely-used words, and inappropriate idioms. With all deference to Mr. Murray's eminent translators, the German is not always reliable; such a phrase, for instance, as "gefälltigst," for "if you please," being unused in good society; and the Tuscan style of address (in the third person) ought, we think, to be more generally given than it is in the Italian. These, however, are slight faults. The prolixity of the book is much less pardonable. A hundred and forty columns of conversation and vocabulary are proof in themselves that a wrong system has been adopted. In fact, the editors have confounded the functions of a vocabulary and a dictionary. What tourist can possibly wish to commit to memory a list of more than seventy terms relating to railroads and steamboats, which is still so far from being exhaustive that the words "return-ticket" and "fare" are omitted, while "guard" is transmuted into "conductor"? Again, the vocabularies are kept distinct for different subjects; the consequence of which is, that there are frequent cross-divisions, and that, while the word "waiter," for instance, occurs in no list, the chief articles of dress occur in two, the toilette and the laundry list. Half the number of words, in a single list at the end, would save endless trouble in making references. Above all, it ought to be remembered that the indifferent linguists for whom these manuals are intended are only puzzled by variety and confusion. It is astonishing how few words are really required to carry on small talk of any kind. It has been said that the vocabulary of a French lady of fashion consists of five hundred common words, mostly adjectives, and of five hundred proper names. It has been said, more seriously, that an

English ploughman in some districts does not know more than three hundred words. Any one may convince himself that this is an exaggeration, but it is based on the real fact that half the words we use are philological superfluities, which might easily be retrenched from conversation. Much more does this apply to the wants of a traveller, who is not expected to talk politics or philosophy. The true art of language can only be acquired from studying a learner, be it child or foreigner. Twenty or thirty verbs expressing broad primary ideas, like necessity or liking, without regard to little shades of meaning,—as many adjectives, adverbs, and prepositions severally,—and the framework is made, which only requires to be filled up with substantives, the most easily learnt of any part of speech, and the number of which must of course vary with occasion. Let the young linguist only add to this a rigid care to avoid conditional moods and complex constructions generally, and he will be astonished himself at the ease with which he makes himself understood. In speaking, as in swimming, beginners are always prone to expend their strength superfluously. But there is no excuse for their instructor in Murray if he confirms them in this vicious habit. A single example will at once show what we mean. Nothing can seem more simple than to ask for tickets at a railway-office. The handbook gives the following as its German sentence : “Ich wünsche vier Billete nach M— ; drei für die erste und eins für die zweite Classe.” Practically, a traveller would say, “M— ; drei, erste—eins, zweite ;” and the abridged form would not only save breath to the speaker, but make his meaning easier to the clerk.

We pass from handbooks of travel to the subject of travel itself, on which alone a long article might be written. It is hardly too much to assume that three tourists out of five set out without any very definite aim beyond that of locomotion, and are guided quite as much by advertisements of easy routes as by their own forethought or knowledge. A certain number of miles are to be travelled over, so many cities lionised, and so much time spent in change of scene. The result of this *recherche de l'imprévu* is no doubt often better than might be expected; but the plan is none the less a bad one, and the traveller sometimes returns disgusted for ever with first impressions foolishly collected. The first wisdom is for every man to know his own tastes, and to decide beforehand whether he means to see landscapes, or churches, or picture-galleries. Of course this rule need not be pedantically carried out, and a man travelling towards the Saxon Switzerland may yet stop and admire the Madonna di San Sisto; but, generally speaking, it is wise not to aim at too many effects. The next rule we are inclined

to give may sound a little inconsistent with the first, though it is not really so. It is, that every one should take up some specialty as an amusement on his tour, and collect ferns or geological specimens; study a *patois*, or visit hospitals or courts of justice, by way of attaching some particular reminiscence to his tour. The work of six weeks or three months will not be worth much for reproduction, but it will leave durable traces on the man's own mind. Perhaps one of the pleasantest ways in which this can be done, is by taking some favourite author, and working out his local allusions on the spot. A scholar of that old school which is now unluckily becoming not only old but obsolete, will light up all the Roman and Sabine districts with sunny memories from Horace. Northern and Central Italy are thronged with associations of a deeper interest from the *Divina Commedia*. For those who are careless of other languages than their own, Byron, and in North Italy Shakespeare, are the natural companions. To every educated man Shylock is still visible on the Rialto, and the garden of the Capulets at Verona is consecrated by a legend that it would be impiety to doubt.

Still, even these methods of making a tour something more than a string of railway distances and hotels, are imperfect compared with the serious interest that a more systematic study of any kind gives. Suppose a traveller to take either a single great book like the European chapters of Gibbon, or an episode of national life like the story of Joan of Arc, and to resolve to work it out. In the first case, he would begin with Imperial Rome in the palace of Nero, the baths of Diocletian, and the Coliseum, and would fill his mind with the barbaric greatness that piled masses of peperino for a lady's tomb or the basement of a patrician's garden, compared with which our vaunted railway-works are flimsy and unsubstantial. He would trace the growth of that new life which rose above the rotting Roman civilisation in the myriad-celled Catacombs, and in the marvellous monuments of Christian hope and endurance that have been taken out of them. In provincial towns like Verona and Arles he would visit perhaps with even greater wonder the second-rate monuments of the old world, unsurpassed and unsurpassable at this day. He would understand more vividly than from any book the adamantine solidity of those municipal institutions which survived the Hun and the Goth, and which gradually became the symbols of law to freemen as they had been the instrument of oppression to slaves. In all this, and in the very network of Roman names and Roman roads to be traced along the Danube and to the Clyde, he would read the secret of that marvellous vitality by which Rome, shorn of all its conquests, repeatedly

stormed and ravaged, plague-stricken and helpless, retained its dominion over men's thoughts as the only legitimate centre of civilisation, and became the throne of a new power more durable and more august than the Caesars. For any man wanting to understand the inner life of the Empire, Suetonius and Tacitus are scarcely more pregnant and life-like than the statues of the Vatican, the vases and ornaments of the Etruscan Museum under the same roof, or the remains at Pompeii. No influences of Greek art, no divinizing of Imperial features, disguise the main traits of character in the world-rulers,—the unspiritual common sense, the relentlessness of purpose, and the vulgar animalism that stamped the men who were born to wrestle with facts, and who valued victory for its plunder, not for its laurels. There is scarcely a face of real life in all Roman art that a child would instinctively trust. The Dacian and German features interspersed, and growing steadily in number and importance, tell their own tale of the fall of the Empire. But our space forbids us even to indicate the splendid outlines of Roman antiquarianism in its capital alone, or in Western Europe, for the period between the Flavian Caesars and Theodosius. Take the second case, which a few days would exhaust. The village of Domrémi and its neighbourhood, in which Joan of Arc grew up; the Castle of Chinon, where she first saw the Dauphin; Poitiers and Blois, where she lodged; Orleans, which she relieved, and where the house in which she stayed is still shown; Rheims, where her true mission was accomplished; St. Denys, where she first failed; Compiègne, where she was taken, and Rouen, where she was burned,—are mostly places which might well be visited for themselves, and which become doubly interesting in connexion with a single heroic life. The advantage of this second plan is, that it requires no particular knowledge in the traveller. Let him simply take Michelet's little book with him, and remember so to arrange his route as to visit all or the chief places mentioned in it.

Instead of a tour, which it is not always easy to arrange, the traveller will sometimes do well to take a city and work it out. Mr. Ruskin once suggested that the rich men of Manchester ought to buy some old city like Verona, and keep it as it were like a fly in amber enshrined to all perpetuity in its own memories. The thought was of course wrought out with that profusion of fanciful argument which has made Mr. Ruskin mistake his poems for philosophy, and carried him out of the regions where he reigns supreme to those in which Cocker and Mrs. Marcet are more worthy. But setting aside the economical objections to turning the capital of a province into an art museum, it has always struck us that Mr. Ruskin, like many artists

when they come to reason, was untrue in this instance, at least to his own better nature. No one has spoken more forcibly than he against so-called "restorations," and it is at least as unnatural to conserve a great city in its entirety as to *restore* a church or a hôtel-de-ville. A single building may be, and sometimes is, the expression of a single thought; but the true being of a city is in its many-thoughtedness, so to speak; in the fact that it has summed up the lives of nameless generations, and recorded the beauty or worthlessness of their highest purposes in stone. If any fortune arrest their development, so that human faces die out from the streets, the buildings ought to express the incompleteness or failure in which their makers' life has culminated. Time, the great beautifier, will cast down what was vulgar and common from its high places, and inform the ruins with that serene spiritual charm which mellowes all the masterpieces of man's hand in their gradual decay. But the more common case is of a city that has held its own through all changes of fortune, and can number half-a-dozen alternations of pure and degraded taste, as one or another influence swayed the century. Its noblest monuments are probably impaired by some change or ornament that is unsuited to them: a Gothic baptistery is fitted with a Corinthian porch, or a gaudy, loaded, meretricious Jesuit church elbows a fourteenth-century hôtel-de-ville. We say deliberately that even these mutilations and deformities are to be respected up to a certain point as a part of national history. They express facts of which it is sometimes difficult to say whether the bad or good have the higher significance. A city like Munich, where the work of several generations has been crowded into one, has a certain thinness and monotony of expression in consequence; the architects all seem to have been wire-drawing a single inspiration. Lastly, it is obvious that if the principle of changing for the better be once allowed, without any respect to the work of other men, the noblest art will take its turn of suffering when a generation sinks below its meaning. All these arguments apply equally to allowing growth to continue. Its processes may sometimes have a rude vigour almost akin to destruction, and the superfluities of the old city's work, and sometimes much that expressed its highest meaning, will be swept away to make room for a factory or a gaol. It is well to protest against this Jacobinism, and to enforce a due reverence for antiquity whenever antiquity does not encroach on actual life. But, after all, cities were made for men, not men for cities; and the art that cannot adapt itself to facts is morbid and unreal. Unless we can restore the conditions of medieval society, a city like Nuremberg is an artistic anachronism. The permanent elements of medieval-

ism, its Christianity and its municipal and feudal life, will pretty certainly hold their own, in proportion to their respective vitalities, in all places and to all time.

For a man who determines to work up the historical growth of one or two cities during his holiday, the first difficulty of selection will be the *embarras des richesses*. Italian cities generally possess one great advantage over all others in their pre-Christian remains. The definite history or historical legend that attaches to the Tarpeian rock, and the Cloaca Maxima, can never be balanced by the shadowy forms of Ossianic heroes, or by the nameless records of the Lake cities in Switzerland. When all criticism has done its worst or its best, the bridge which Horatius Cocles kept will remain a memory among men, and its dismantled piers be visited. On the other hand, Rome, the true world's capital for continuous historical life, is a little wanting in medieval associations. The popes stamped themselves upon Europe much more indelibly than on their own city, till Catholicism, at the last moment of its undisputed supremacy, found an adequate expression in St. Peter's. But Rome altogether is too vast a subject to be even touched upon in a short article. Perhaps Florence and its neighbourhood afford as good instances as can be named of the various generations that have written their own epitaph in their works. In Fiesole we find the suggestive remains at least of the old Etruscan walls, and there is reason to hope that the local amphitheatre will soon be partially disinterred. With the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries we come to Brunelleschi's dome, Dante's house and seat, the gates of the baptistery, "like the gates of Paradise," and the towers which Villani raised. The period of the Renaissance and of the Medici is crowded with recollections of Lorenzo the Magnificent, of Pico di Mirandola, of Savonarola, and of Michael Angelo. St. Mark's, where Fra Angelico painted, and with which Savonarola's name is associated; the Palazzo Vecchio, or city parliament-house, which witnessed all the constitutional struggles, and the great square in which the Reformer attempted to consume the unchristian art and learning of his times,—are a part only of that marvellous stone-setting to Florentine history. The Pitti and Strozzi palaces alone are monumental for the fortunes of their founders. A little later and the batteries of San Miniato, superintended by Michael Angelo in the last struggle of freedom, absorb every other interest; while the sorrow that succeeds defeat expresses itself in the statues of Sleep and Death. Then we pass into the sumptuous tyranny of the Medicis, with the Pitti and Uffizi collections. The absence of all monuments attests the absence of all national life during the last century; and the new buildings that are now springing up,

not always in the most perfect taste, are at least signs of the resurrection of Italy. Every one who knows Florence will know how meagre this sketch of its history is, but it surely gives the outlines of a week or a month's study well spent. There is no French town that will repay the tourist as well. But a man must be hard to please indeed if the Roman antiquities of Arles and Nismes do not satisfy him till he has crossed the Alps. For the Middle Ages Caen is a perfect compendium of history. For the sixteenth century, Blois—with its old houses, and the palace where the court lived, where the estates met, and where the Duke de Guise was murdered—exceeds even Paris in richness of material; and the castles near it—Chambord, Amboise, Chau-mont, and Chénonceaux—are as full of story and interest as French memoirs. Of Paris itself we can only speak regretfully. The barbarous policy of its present ruler has completed the havoc which the Revolution began; and in the unhappy attempt to destroy all memories of the old régime, the very *Temple* which Marie Antoinette's sufferings consecrated has not been spared. Broad boulevards each the image of its neighbour, monotonous stone façades of bastard architecture, and an occasional *réchauffé* of bad Gothic, give the measure of Imperial taste, and constitute the improvements to which Englishmen often refer as a justification of the December massacres. If art be any measure of statesmanship, the second Empire has no element of vitality.

It is from no indifference to the claims of Germany upon the tourist that we have neglected to speak of it. But as its history, except at two or three epochs like the Reformation and the War of Liberation, has no steady European interest, while its literature, for all practical purposes, dates no further back than Lessing, it wants the large human associations which make France and Italy the second fatherlands of civilised and educated men. The traveller in Germany had better confine himself to landscapes and art. To enjoy the former, he must go well armed against the uncleanly habits of the dirtiest race in Europe, and prepared to endure the manners of the rudest. If he is proof against the spitting of a Yankee bar, against the smoking of bad tobacco in close carriages before ladies, and against the manners of third-rate cockneydom in England, he is then in the right frame of mind to begin a journey in the Fatherland; though he must not consider himself perfect till he can listen without a smile to the common talk of German civilisation, German cleanliness, and German morality (*Deutsche Bildung, Deutsche Reinheit, Deutsche Sittlichkeit*). In fact, the virtues which the Germans no doubt possess are those of a patient, speculative, and coarse-fibred race, who want the education of a powerful and respectable aristocracy, and who are

just now in a fever-fit of material progress, which has impaired the scholarly element without perceptibly increasing self-reliance or self-respect. Probably self-government and consolidation, if they come soon enough to save the country from being dismembered by its powerful neighbours, will do much to bring the natives up to the level of the rest of Europe. Meanwhile it is a great misfortune for them that they have never attracted sufficient attention out of their own country to be seriously satirised. A French—or, better still, an English—Mrs. Trollope or Dickens would lash them out of that inveterate conceit of perfection which is at present the great obstacle to their improvement. We regard Victor Cousin's report on Prussian education as having done more to retard political and social development in Germany than any single book ever yet did anywhere. It analysed an excellent paper system, of which the writer had no practical knowledge, and, perhaps unavoidably, confounded the theory with the expected results. Since then the resources of English primary instruction have been more than trebled; France has added largely to her schools and colleges; Germany has stagnated, or gone back, as in Bohemia; and the people none the less believe, with a Chinese self-sufficiency, that Europe looks up to them as its models in all intellectual progress.

Nevertheless, if a traveller will eschew Murray's hints and Bradshaw's positive statements, and will steadily travel first class, as the more respectable natives and experienced foreigners do, and will take a little more than ordinary care not to offend very irritable susceptibilities, he may traverse North Germany in its least civilised parts without any great discomfort. On the great highway of travel, the Rhine, he is more likely to be annoyed at finding that England somewhat changed for the worse has followed him, than by any flagrant deficiencies in the essentials of decent comfort in the hotels. In Austria, the accommodation and fare are often a little rough; but the people are genial and good-natured to an extent that covers a multitude of sins. After all, something may well be ventured and endured for the sake of what is to be seen. Among art-collections, those of Dresden, Munich, and Vienna, have no rivals north of the Alps, except in the Louvre. But the true life of the country, artistic and political, has always been in its cities. The most peculiar interest, no doubt, attaches to Hanseatic towns like Lubeck, whose gate and cathedral are almost unmatched of their kind; and to old imperial cities like Nuremberg, where the burghers pushed German individuality to its last extreme, and having maintained a peculiar religion, a distinct civic aristocracy, and an intolerance that went the length of excluding Jews from the walls, have at last immured themselves

as it were in their own past, and resolved that every house shall be rebuilt as it was in the sixteenth century. Cologne, Ratisbon, Augsburg, Dantzig, and Frankfort, are a few in the long list of memorable towns; places that have a distinct individuality, and are not mere creations of the *valet de place* and of the handbook. We scarcely know whether Prague is properly to be called a German city; but it is so entirely bound up with the fortunes of Austria, and from the fourteenth century downwards has been so largely peopled by Germans, that it belongs, one-half at least, to the Empire. It is the meeting-point of the two great races of the East, Slave and German, and reflects their different civilisations. An amphitheatre of hills round it, an acropolis covered with churches and palaces rising on one side the river, the Moldau spanned by a splendid bridge in the midst; and on the other side the old city, with its Jews' quarter a thousand and odd years old, and with the third University of the North, in which Englishmen kindled the flame that consumed Huss at Constance, and the Pope's bulls a century later at Wittenberg. Pass from city to country, and we know not what fairer land heart could wish for than the "Kettle-land" of Bohemia, bowl-shaped and mountainous, every hill instinct with memories of the time when Zisca drove the armies of the Empire, with their chivalry and wealth, before a few peasants armed with flails. To the south-west of Bohemia lies an even lovelier country, the true Garden of Germany. Perhaps more beauty could hardly be crowded into a few days any where, than by a man who should take the route of Salzburg and Ischl to Linz, exploring a little right and left by the way, and should then start down the Danube to Vienna. There is a wealth of unexplored beauty throughout Austria. Probably not one traveller in a hundred ever thinks of tracing the Save from Laibach to Agram, yet a better day's work scarcely exists for a genuine lover of the picturesque. We have not cared to allude to the Mosel and the Rhine, which every one knows,—hotels, companies, touts, and tourists have made them populous, and done their best to vulgarise them; and they are still beautiful. The views from Johannisberg, from Ehrenbreitstein, or from Remagen, defy time and man's hand.

To many there is a strange interest in wandering into countries where civilisation is still only a distant name and a whisper. A weariness of ceiled houses and London tailoring, of lower classes who know the gradations of rank instinctively, and of a whole society that seems to move steadily in the groove it first slid into, is very apt to overtake the dwellers in great cities. To such, in default of more distant regions, a tour in Hungary, in Russia, or in Servia—but especially in the latter—may be

recommended. It is only this summer that the Piedmont of Turkey has attracted any general attention, and perhaps the wrongs of the Christians have done less for Belgrade than the presence in London of a pretty woman claiming to represent their interests. Yet those who value a unique phase of society should hasten to photograph it before it disappears. There is not such a being in the whole country as a man whose ancestors fifty years ago were wealthy, independent, or educated. The father of the present prince was a cowherd. The ministers, though their wonderful Slavonic versatility enables them to learn the languages and catch the tone of Western society, have risen by dint of ability or by favour from the ranks. Titles, except as derived from office, do not exist. All the problems of woman's education and woman's rights, which we in Europe have been discussing for some centuries past, are still unknown to the primitive people, who rule their families in patriarchal fashion, and have not altogether unlearned the trick of Oriental seclusion. A woman's best right in Servia is to her husband's fidelity, and, if native stories may be trusted, she is apt to enforce it with the dagger. Then, too, there is a certain romance of travel in a land where every man goes armed, and where the picturesque costume recalls legends of the Klephts and of Albanian brigands. The much-enduring Ulysses would find himself more at home at a Servian hearth, the peasants telling stories round a wood-fire, in rooms without chimneys, glass windows, chairs, beds, or carpets, than in Ithaca itself under modern influences, or than in the country of Polyphemus. A recent English traveller in Servia, Mr. Denton, has opened up a vein of new interest in the ecclesiastical architecture. Our own impressions were, that it could not rival the Russian in effect any more than in extent; and of the secular buildings out of Belgrade, we can only quote the famous chapter in Henderson's *Iceland*, "on Snakes." There are literally none that deserve the name. The country, however, is very interesting, hill, glen, and forest, like the best parts of Normandy, and with a better climate. It would be a noble land for English emigrants, if they went out in sufficient numbers to secure an educated society, and the protection of the Foreign Office from our unchristian friends the Turks. Land may be bought as cheap as in the Backwoods; labour is more abundant; and the colonist would be within five days' journey of London, and if he lived within a fair distance of Belgrade, could have the *Times* laid regularly on his breakfast-table.

Railways are doing so much for Russia, that before five years are over, the great roads of the country will probably be as well known as the highways of Germany now are. There is no reason even now why a man of moderate strength should not

travel in the empire. The residents in St. Petersburg affect, it is true, to speak of the whole country beyond its two capitals as barbarous; but to an educated foreigner there is infinitely more of true barbarism in St. Petersburg itself, with its tasteless public buildings, like palatial barracks, its dirty, comfortless hotels, and its monotonous life drilled into Western respectability, than in the provincial cities which have been allowed to grow up naturally. The only real difficulty in visiting the interior is the language; and although this will well repay learning, and is not as impracticable as it seems, a tourist may be excused if he shrinks from acquiring it. In this case he must make up his mind to the expense and discomfort of a native servant. But the mere work of locomotion is easy. The track of Russian colonisation has mostly been along the lines of the great rivers, and the most important of all, the Volga, is now as well supplied with steamers as the Danube. The swamps and pine-forests of the north and the prairie-land of the south are beginning to be traversed with railways; and the line joining Moscow with Nijni Novgorod makes it possible to get from St. Petersburg to the two most interesting places in North Russia with only some thirty hours' travel in a railway carriage. A day and a half's easy work in a steamer will take the traveller on to the Tartar capital, Kazan, and a dash into the limits of Siberia is no very difficult matter from that starting-point. As for inns, the traveller will do well to follow the custom of the natives, and take his own sheets and tea with him. But clean beds can be procured at all towns, and the general accommodation of Russian inns is quite equal to that of German or French, in parts little visited. The food is commonly good, and Sauterne does duty for *vin ordinaire*. It is true that the upper classes, being a small minority, have to pay rather disproportionately for their comforts; but less than two pounds a day ought, after all, to defray all expenses.

The interest of Russia is, that it is unique. In no other great country has a Christian and Indo-Germanic race developed itself without aid from Roman law, from feudalism, or from chivalry. From this, and from a few vestiges of the Tartar conquest, has come the utterly groundless idea that the Russians are an Asiatic people. The truth is that, like the old Greeks, they are the outpost of Europe against Asia, and have all the burning hatred of a frontier people for their antagonists. It would be truer to say that their civilisation is Byzantine. Their whole history has been moulded by a faith derived from Constantinople; their official organisation is a strange reproduction of the Lower Empire; and their policy looks steadily to Stamboul as their future capital. Their archi-

tecture and sacred art are on the models which Vladimir or Alexander Nevsky may have witnessed. With all this antiquity of type, there is a strange air of novelty about the empire. The bitter winters disintegrate brick and mortar pitilessly; the frequent fires in towns consume wood. Every thing seems as new as in an American clearing; and, in fact, the Russians are as great colonists as the Anglo-Saxons, only that they migrate within the limits of their empire, not beyond it. But no one could mistake the Russian church, with its gaudy cupolas of blue and gold, for any thing but the fresh form of an immemorial faith. Our own Gothic cathedrals are scarcely more instinct with the life that is beyond time. The kremlins or fortresses, from their massive construction, are commonly older in actual date than the churches; and the white conical towers, enclosing the lowest and highest parts of the town, with palace and cathedral, are indescribably picturesque. It is a curious tribute to the permanence of type in Russian edifices, that no visitor to Moscow ever thinks of it as a new city, though most of it of course dates from within sixty years. One great advantage of Moscow over its rivals in the empire lies in the fact, that it has been laid out irregularly. After the fire, which burned away the stain of French occupation, every one was allowed to build pretty much as he liked: palaces and gardens were clustered in unsymmetrical lines without interference from imperial edicts. Then the architects of the two greatest buildings—the Cathedral of St. Basil and St. George's Palace—have been men of the highest capacity in their respective ways. Add to this the unrivalled natural position; and it will be understood that the whole effect is rather that of an Arabian Night's story than of an ordinary second capital. Nijni Novgorod is scarcely less remarkable. The old town, with its kremlin and cathedral, on a cliff that overhangs the junction of two imperial rivers—the Volga and the Oka; on the other side, an illimitable plain fringed with many thousand booths, interspersed with mosques and pagodas; and the river between gay with decorated junks, which alone contain the population of a city; Cossack, Armenian, and Chinaman here confronting the bagman from Manchester or Lyons,—never surely had commerce a more fantastic metropolis. This generation will probably look upon its last. There is talk already of telegraph lines in Siberia; road and rail have made Moscow as accessible as Nijni Novgorod; and the days of fairs are numbered.

There is still one class of traveller whose interests we have not considered,—the man who wishes simply to lie fallow, and rejects all idea of self-improvement. To such a one we recommend Norway. It has lain idly looking on at the world round

it since its heroic age some eight centuries ago, and has no manufactures, no art, no history, and almost no literature. The common mode of travelling in carriole, a sort of low chair upon two wheels, with a place behind for luggage, saves the tourist from some of the common and most annoying incidents of a journey,—the hurry to catch a train, the waiting-room, and the temporary loss of *impedimenta*. To be quite independent, however, and enjoy the country leisurely, he had better travel with his own horse: the loss, if any, on this will be slight in a country where fifteen or twenty pounds is a large sum for the best. The great conveniences of Norwegian travelling are, that the light lasts far into the night, that mists are unknown, and that, as a general rule, the best views may be seen without climbing. The waterfalls are perhaps superior to the Swiss; the fiords are longer and with more reaches than the lakes; and the frequent changes of scenery along the roadside are indescribable. But the country is not one for a delicate man, nor for any but a very adventurous lady to travel in. Oat-cakes and milk are in many parts the only food that can be counted on; and the doctor may have to be summoned from many miles' distance. On the other hand, clean sheets are the rule. It is needless to describe cottage interiors for any one who has seen Tidemann's pictures. It must be well borne in mind that such rooms as he paints are the only ones that await the traveller, except in the three or four towns where there are hotels.

What we have said is addressed, not to the learned in travelling, but to those who are beginning it, or who have never had time and occasion to master its first principles. Of the traveller, as of the poet, it may be said that he is born, not made. There is an irresistible impulse in certain races and families to go out into the unknown world about them; and few instincts bring a richer reward with them, or are more durable. Yet we hold a sort of Hegelian doctrine, that the feeling for home is nowhere stronger than in the wanderer. Probably no nation has better proved its credentials in this respect than the Scotch, and in none is there heartier local patriotism or a stronger family pride. The men who really renounce England for the Continent and sink contentedly into the second-rate circles of a provincial German town, are not travellers, or to be so accounted, because they have given up one form of cockneydom for another. They are also the last men who ever understand the society into which they have thrown themselves. They catch, perhaps, its tricks of manner or vice; but the same want of individuality that hindered them from taking their proper place at home unfits them to learn the more difficult lesson—what the highest aspirations of a

strange people are. It is only the artist in travel, "always roaming with a hungry heart to follow knowledge like a sinking star," who is also "a part of all he meets." To those who understand this instinctively it will not seem strange if we have dwelt even to weariness on the uses to which a journey in the most hackneyed parts of Europe may be turned.

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#### ART. VI.—EWALD ON THE JOHANNINE WRITINGS.

*Die Johanneischen Schriften übersetzt und erklärt.* Von Heinrich Ewald. Göttingen, 1862.

*Geschichte des Volkes Israel.* Von H. Ewald. Siebenter Band. Göttingen, 1859.

*Zehntes Jahrbuch der Biblischen Wissenschaft.* 1859-1860.

[The following Article is intended to furnish a digest of Ewald's views, and does not aim at giving an estimate of the questions connected with St. John's Gospel generally.]

FEW readers can study the Johannine writings of the New Testament with merely ordinary feelings of curiosity and interest. To the devout and thoughtful, the Gospel of St. John has ever been the revelation of the highest spiritual truth given to man, and the setting forth of the divine character with a glory which is found nowhere else in human letters. Readers of this class know that their own apprehension of the book depends upon the love and the light which are in them, upon the hold which the unseen realities, the subject-matter of the book, have upon them. And the critical student, who engages in the study out of the resolve to let no writing of the ancient world escape his inquiry, whose aim it is to discover the authorship, design, and history of every book which has told powerfully upon the course of human thought, and who will not be deterred from this task because any such writings are clothed with a sacred character, or because many will consider the inquiry over bold, if not profane,—he, we dare say it, does not long study the Gospel of St. John as he would another work. He meets in it with thoughts, words, and deeds which the critical faculty is inadequate to explain. He finds the mere historical insight fail him. He learns that this Gospel speaks less to his intellect than to his affections; that he must find its meaning and explanation in the experiences of his daily working life with and among men, as well as by the aid of the understanding. And he acknowledges at last that, to know the Gospel as he would wish to know

another book, he must be in relation with the mind of the writer. We think that both the critical and the devout reader, like-minded and sincere in their aim, arrive at the same conclusion.

With the Gospel we class the three Epistles, which bear indisputable marks of the same handwriting. Indeed, the longest of the three, which may be entitled *the Epistle of St. John*, is but the expanding and applying to immediate wants of the church the discourses narrated in the last chapters of the Gospel, and stands or falls with the Gospel as the work of the apostle.

The remaining book of the series awakens its own interest, though of a different kind. The dramatic form of the Apocalypse, "the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a reverential chorus of hallelujas and harping symphonies;" the passionate glow of devotion which pervades it; the vivid character of its symbolism, at once so real and so strange, making us feel that the book is treating of actual things under a form and dress altogether foreign to present modes of thought; and again, the fact of its being the one prophetic book of the New Testament, and that the old Hebrew spirit appears in it anew, clothed in still more fiery language,—combine powerfully to attract students to the study of it. Rarely does the study prove satisfactory. On the very threshold the want of some guide is felt, and not a few offer themselves. No other book has been more frequently commented upon,\* to the bewilderment rather than to the help of the student. The largest class of expositors with all the confidence of dogmatism hammer out of the book their own theories of the divine government of the world since Christ came till now, which bear the *odium theologicum* upon their front, and are too plainly the issue of that mother of monstrous fables and fancies. The student who is told to believe the Apocalypse a catalogue of unfulfilled predictions which contain the history of Christendom written out in enigma, and who finds that the different theories of interpretation, even when based on the same principles, are mutually destructive, gives up the study as hopeless. The book becomes to him the name for what is past finding out. The neglect into which the book has fallen, and the low esteem in which the study of it is held, even as a weakness, lie heavily at the door of the expositors. We would not seem unmindful that the book retains its place among writings which are the spiritual food of men. We know how children and untaught peasants pore over it with delight and wonder.

\* "Si quā in re libera esse debet sententia, certè in vaticiniis, præsertim cum jam Protestantium libri prodierint fermè centum (in his octoginta in Angliâ solâ, ut mihi Anglici legati dixerunt) super illis rebus, inter se plurimum discordes." Grot. Epist. 895, quoted by Hallam, *Literature of Europe*, 5th edition, vol. ii. p. 455, n.

But the simple faith that the book bespeaks the ultimate triumph of the cause of God and his saints over the oppression and injustice of the world, that he hears the prayer of the poor destitute, and will yet cause right to be done, renders it a living book and prized possession to many a wayfarer. The fortitude and patience with which its pages have inspired the afflicted and distressed, the betrayed and persecuted, the confessor hiding to pray in the catacomb, or fleeing to the caves and dens of the earth for shelter, from the first age of Christianity till now, more than justify its place in the canon. The book has a special meaning for special times, and is then most felt to be true when most needed. While we recognise these facts, we cannot withhold the inquiry what the book means, whether the symbolism which is its most distinguishing feature may not have been most intelligible to its first readers deeply read in Old-Testament prophecy; and whether the time of its composition, once clearly established, will not clear away many difficulties, by showing how earnestly the events which were happening and just about to happen, the strong fears and cries of Christendom, called for a revelation of the kind. The historian, the scholar, the critic, who should furnish this key, would open a storehouse of truth hitherto well nigh closed. It is equally in their province to make the study of the Gospel more fruitful. We have expressed our conviction of the one essential condition, without which no appliances of learning will avail. Deeply as we feel the need of that,—the fear of God in our hearts and good-will towards men in our lives,—we shall eagerly seek for every gleam of light that knowledge can shed upon the least letter of the text. This Gospel differs in one respect from the earlier Gospels. It has a more evident reference to the time and circumstances when it was written, to the thoughts and beliefs which stirred the first Christian communities. The historian who should reproduce this environment of the apostle, who should set us in the midst of one Christian congregation and acquaint us with the minds of its elders and members, would make the form, yes, and the spirit of the Gospel more easily understood, and he would deserve well of the student. We want to stand near the men who were the first to read this book, to know how they understood the language which came to them fresh from the lips of the beloved disciple; how it became, as far as any even the most sacred book is capable of this, their guide and counsellor. Who is sufficient for such a task? On the brief roll of those who can without presumption undertake it, we place among the foremost Heinrich Ewald. It is unnecessary to mention the great works which have earned him the high place he holds among biblical scholars. Those of us who know nothing of foreign theological literature,

who look with suspicion upon every German school and author, cannot be ignorant how very much the ablest writers of the most recent work of English biblical scholarship, Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, even when widely dissenting from his points of view, are yet indebted to him. We will add, that only such as have studied the *Geschichte des Volkes Israel*, the work of twenty years' unceasing study and thought, and *Die Propheten des Alten Bundes*, and compared them with the most valuable papers in Smith's Dictionary, can estimate the extent of the obligations of our own best writers to Ewald.\* We are glad that it is so. The letter of Scripture needed to be read anew, that the spirit which underlies it might no longer be hid. It was time for traditional comments and glosses to be tried and sifted; for the date, authorship, and composition of the most sacred books in the world to be examined by the plain rules of criticism, and to be judged in the same court of inquiry as all other ancient books, that their true place in the realm of literature might be assigned. It was time for acquiescence to be disturbed, for genuine belief to be strengthened by the conviction of unbelief, by the satisfaction of every honest doubt, by the refutation and overthrow of every false one. Only those who mistrusted their own belief in the sacred books, or who in their hearts feared that the nation's faith stood on no surer ground than props of unquestioned testimony, or who "cared for none of these things," could fear the inquiries of our time, whether on the part of Germans or Englishmen. The works of H. Ewald, more perhaps than of any one single writer, are typical, and have set a mark upon our century. He has given his life to the study of sacred literature, and of all other literature that could illustrate it; his abilities and acquirements, *more humano*, are vast enough for the task. He seems to converse with the great minds of the ancients as though the men themselves were present; to possess in an uncommon degree that rare gift, not only of imagination, but of intuition, by which the history of the past is recalled to life as the history of actual men. We might suppose Ewald to have seen and heard the kings and prophets of the old dispensation, the apostles and disciples of the new, and to have escaped the waters of Lethe in his passage to the midst of us.

It is unfortunate that our author's language, in which sure historical facts are told clearly and with photographic minuteness, but ideas and reasons too often loom through the mist, render it unlikely that his works will be soon accessible to English readers.

\* Since this was written, Canon Stanley, in the preface to his *Lectures on the Jewish Church*, has warmly expressed his own high estimate of Ewald's studies, and adequately acknowledged the help they have been to him.

Seeing how much there is in his last published work on the Johannine writings of the greatest value for a right understanding of them, and how many difficult points connected with their date, authorship, and design are to our mind decidedly cleared up, we propose to lay before our readers some account of Ewald's studies, such especially as bear upon the aims and composition of the Gospel. We premise that, while we estimate most highly, and gratefully acknowledge, the help which this book affords us, there is an absence in it of much that we would wish to find; most of all do we miss sufficient reference to the guiding, informing Spirit of him, for whom and by whose aid these works were written. And we find much affirmed positively, as it seems to us, on insufficient grounds. But we are in the hands of a critic and historian whose constructive power is the marvel of every reader, whose conclusions are never hastily formed, and who is frequently careless of stating all the reasons which lead to them. The longer and the better we are acquainted with him, the deeper becomes our respect for his judgment, the less confidence we feel in our own when at variance with it.

Ewald thinks that the doubt as to the authorship of the Gospel is wholly unscientific and baseless. The doubt cannot be regretted in presence of the diligent inquiry it has awakened, and the very able reply it has found. Reasons for our author's strongly expressed belief, as well as the relation between the Gospel and the life of the apostle, will be best examined after the Gospel itself. Our author assigns its date to the year 80. From the description of localities, it is plain that Jerusalem had already fallen (xi. 18, xviii. 1, xix. 41). Why the apostle came to the task so late in life, and so late in the history of evangelical literature, will appear from a review of the opinions and state of the church at the time.

His *main* design was undoubtedly to compose a true gospel, one of those books which gave briefly or at length the true historical outline of Christ's earthly appearance. There were already many gospels in existence; his own, from the fact of its being the last, could not but serve as their complement and correction. Each of these had set forth some one side in particular of Christ's earthly appearance. The apostle's design was to bring all the sides of that appearance into one great connected image, to unite the divine and the human side, the works and the words of Christ's earthly life, in one perfect history; and in this lay the peculiarity, as well as the glory and independence, of his work.

Another aim of the apostle was to present a complete chronological arrangement of our Lord's life, which was wanting to

the earlier gospels. St. Luke, who wrote about the same time as the apostle, had more carefully defined the chronology, and inserted it into the framework of the world's history. St. John observes the chronology only with reference to the life of Christ. He confines himself to the history of that life without reference to the contemporaneous events of the history of the world.

Besides this main design of the apostle,—to give a faithful and true life of Christ, supplying every omission of former writers,—there were subordinate aims arising out of questions which stirred Christendom when he wrote, and which exercised their own influence upon his work. Three such may be distinguished. The relation of the church towards the old Jewish community and the heathen world was completely changed; it had separated itself from the former, and spread widely among the latter. Had the words of Christ anticipated this change of relation? Could it be justified by them? Was it his intention that such change should take place? St. John brings prominently forward whatever is most pertinent to these questions. Christ had not spoken often to the heathen; he had not on many occasions come into contact with them. All the more carefully does the apostle report these words and occasions. He narrates at length the intercourse between Christ and the Samaritans; for these latter were considered in some respects as a heathen people, and his intercourse with them had not been fruitless (iv. 4-42, viii. 48).

Another aim of the apostle is connected with the preceding. The separation between the old congregation and the new, the church and the synagogue, since the destruction of Jerusalem, had been completed. The new Christian generation felt itself as widely removed from Jews as from Samaritans and heathens. The apostle's language throughout witnesses to this feeling. He speaks of the Jews very much as we speak of them to-day (i. 19, ii. 6, 13, 20, and throughout). In proportion as this separation deepened, and the Gospel spread more widely among the heathen, the Jews were the more eager to render Christians suspected, and throw doubt upon their teaching. Such questions as these would be raised: Why was it that Christ, living in the midst of his own people, found so little credence? that so few, and those only unlearned and obscure Galileans, became his disciples? These questions could not be satisfactorily answered out of the earlier evangelists. The apostle supplied what was wanting in them. They had named only one of the chief council as Christ's friend, though a hesitating one, and that only because of his part in the burial of the body of Jesus. The apostle brings forward another such councillor, who from the beginning to the end of Christ's earthly life had been interested in him. He reports the confidential interview which this councillor sought

with Christ. He is careful to mention that many of the rulers of the people believed in him, and only held back through fear of the powerful Pharisees from confessing him openly. He describes the journeys to Jerusalem, in reply to the false charge that Christ had remained hidden in one corner of Galilee. From the same point of view we understand why he lays such stress on the favourable and unfavourable dispositions of the Jews towards him on his last journey.

Soon after the destruction of Jerusalem, the disciples of John the Baptist formed themselves into new congregations, vehemently disputed with the disciples of Christ, and maintained that John had never acknowledged Christ to be the higher one sent by God. Ewald's exposition of the opinions of this sect forms a most interesting section of the seventh volume of his *Geschichte des Volkes Israel*. He treads here on firm historical ground; and his constructive power is happily employed in piecing together the scattered fragments and notices of these early Baptists contained in works little known to the general reader. Certainly this page of church history, which nowhere else is so fully and carefully written, throws much light on one portion of the Gospel before us.

It was after the destruction of Jerusalem that the disciples of the Baptist awoke to fresh life. The second Sibylline book, written about A.D. 80 in Asia Minor, in the neighbourhood of the apostle, and where the new impetus was given to the movement, assists us in discovering the main tenets of the sect. The whole of this short poem was composed by a Baptist. We learn from it that the Baptists and Essenes had united, and that from this union had sprung up a new and active congregation. From the first, the two sects had held much in common. The Baptist sect claimed to be the mother of Christianity, and even to excel it in deeper earnestness and purity of life. The Essenes sect easily came to an understanding with the Baptist, which was its own scion. Both sects interchanged their most characteristic teaching. The constant bath, as the means of purification, took the place of the temple; penitential exercises, springing out of and joined with strong fear of the judgment soon about to come upon all the world, were insisted on. The Essenes relaxed their prohibition of marriage and active life, and allowed the name "religious" to all within the congregation. Those outside it were "profane." The Sibylline books witness to the bitter hatred which they met with,—to the deep feelings and earnest zeal which existed among them,—to the bold thoughts and words which they did not hesitate to speak aloud to the whole contemporary world. In the year 80 this sect does not seem to have outstepped the limits of Asia Minor. We can re-

call the name by which its members were known, and under which they were classed among the opponents to Christianity by church fathers and historians,\* Hemero-baptists, i.e. day-baptists, a name which sufficiently marks their separation from Christians.

It would lead us beyond the limits of our subject, which is to collect the main features in the history of religious opinion when St. John wrote, were we to follow our author farther in his most interesting inquiries into the doctrines of the powerful sect of the Elcesaites, which grew out of the fusion of these earlier sects. Since the publication of Chaolson's *Sabies*, more complete information on this subject has been given to the student. It will suffice to add, that Elcesai pushed to the farthest extreme, whilst he incorporated in his system, the prevailing notions concerning baptism of the Hemero-baptists. Baptism was asserted to be the highest medicine for the salvation of the world,—not only a means of grace, a sacrament in the later language of the church, or the initiatory rite and act of dedication, but the very medicine and cure for all possible evils of soul and body; and not once only to be administered, but to be repeated as often as the recipient felt himself and was judged by others to have sinned. The rest of his doctrine appears to have been a blending of Chaldeo-Jewish notions concerning lucky and unlucky days, times, and things, the application of the one for the healing or neutralising of the other, and the hidden significance of numbers. The sect never spread far westward, but in the east the scanty remnants of the Sabeans still witness to the hold which it once had upon the minds of men.

St. John lived amongst men who had thus exaggerated the Baptist's teaching. The care and the detail with which he sets forth the actual relations between the Baptist and Christ; the acknowledged inferiority and submission of the one to the other; the witness of John to Jesus as the Christ, and his statement of the transitory nature of his own work in comparison with that of the bridegroom whose friend he was,—acquire fresh meaning when read in connexion with the history of the apostle's time.

One other, and a very different, class of opinions may not be overlooked, though perhaps too much rather than too little prominence was once given to it by many respected writers of the English church, in their interpretation of the New Testament. At the very name of Gnosticism some of us will recoil from the memory of dreary pages which started from that text. There is at least one exception to the ordinary treatment of the subject. In Mr. Maurice's admirable and only too brief *Lectures*

\* Eus. Eccl. H. iv. 22; Epiph. Haer. 17.

on the Ecclesiastical History of the First and Second Centuries, the Gnostics are fairly dealt with, and speak to us as living and thinking men, not as mere holders of a certain set of wild opinions. The reader cannot but regret that the author contented himself with drawing the rough outlines of church history, the deeper problems of which no living writer among us could so well explain.

Ewald's review of the rise and growth of these opinions, which come generally under the name of Gnosticism, deserves careful study. We can here only convey the substance of it. Christianity presented itself as a new subject of inquiry to the most active minds of the apostle's time. These were eager to assist in the task of forming and developing Christian doctrine, of which the first and most influential teachers were no longer living, and which was known to many only through a few short writings. The great weakness of their attempts, as well as of all knowledge of divine and human things, in the ancient world, was the want of the historical temper. Instead of taking pains carefully to investigate every particular fact, men gave themselves over to the mere exercise of the imagination, which sought to bring every conception into equal proportions and round numbers. Had the scholars of those days, who made Christian doctrine the material of their speculations, been willing to become Christians in science itself, *i.e.* to accept nothing but in the calmness and certainty of divine knowledge, they would have produced something more enduring. But whilst they took the words of Christ in the Gospels, and of St. Paul in the Epistles, as the subject-matter of their science, they followed the method of Philo or the heathen philosophers. There grew up with surprising quickness an almost endless number of schools and theories, differing in their main principles according to the countries in which they arose and the doctrines which they followed, one seeking to outstrip and correct the other, yet agreeing in this, that they issued from Christianity itself, and laboured to attain a new and deeper insight into divine and human things. The zeal once set in motion soon passed all bounds. The search for fragmentary and one-sided truths became the mere play of fancy. Minds which were content with thinking out mere possibilities, or following up single unconnected thoughts, soon forgot the plainest Christian duties, and came at last, through the specious depth and results of pure speculation, or through the attraction of ingenious words, to introduce into their belief and practice what was half, if not wholly, unchristian.

Gnosis was in itself, from the Christian point of view, not only quite blameless, but, in opposition to heathen philosophy, something peculiar to and necessary in Christianity,—a true

ornament of it. The manifestation of Christ, and the results of it, suggested many fresh and hitherto unknown subjects of meditation to the reflecting mind. The word received in the apostle's days its genuine Christian meaning, as is plain from 1 Cor. i. 5, and many other passages of the Epistle; from Rom. xi. 33, xv. 14; Phil. iii. 8; Col. ii. 3. Originally it was the common possession of all Christians who had the mind and disposition to seek it,—of Jewish as well as Gentile Christians, especially, indeed, of the former; for Philo, and men like him, had long sought for a deeper wisdom in Judaism itself; until at last, on account of its evil fruits, it was universally suspected and combated. From the end of its full development the word acquired that bad second meaning which it has since retained. Careful inquiry proves that Gnosticism arose and gave indication of its errors before the destruction of Jerusalem, though it was not till afterwards that it developed itself with full freedom. The difficulty of tracing this long growth is very great. The first of the three Gnostic movements is overshadowed and obscured by the much greater and more important which followed. But although the works of Basileides, Valentinus, and others who belonged to the flourishing period of Gnosticism, are as good as destroyed, and only some few passages of Gnostic writing survive, yet are their works fairly well known to us from the elaborate refutations which they met with, and which in part remain. Unfortunately it is just the earliest and most imperfect attempt of Gnosticism which is the most obscure, for it is this which we most want to learn. The truth holds here as in every other long-continued spiritual movement, that the later development depends upon the beginning and the way in which that beginning is received. The allegorical interpretation of Scripture in the end gave a great impulse to Gnosticism. The Corinthian teachers who thought that the resurrection was already past did not deny the resurrection of Christ, nor were they probably in other respects bad Christians. They appealed to certain truths which seemed to them to lie nearer home, and to be undeniable; starting from the truth (to which no one had given greater prominence than Paul) that Christians had suffered with Christ and been raised together with him. Resurrection in this sense could be understood as already past. They were probably the same men who, appealing to the judgment of Christian Gnosis, misused their Christian freedom to partake of heathen sacrificial meats. These men issued from St. Paul's own school, as far as one can speak of his school, and exaggerated their freedom under the pretence of Gnosis. Evidently Gnosticism, in its darker aspect, was, in St. Paul's own time, in full swing, although we know little or nothing of the names of its first advocates. One

name, however, has been preserved from its place in the *Apocalypse*—the name of the Nicolaitans. These men belonged to the first Gnostic movement anterior to the destruction of Jerusalem; they based their theories on genuine Christian truths, boasted of greater depth of wisdom than ordinary Christians, and had their own inspired apostles and prophets (*Apoc.* ii. 24, cf. ii. 2, 13-15, 20). Their new teachers in and around Ephesus taught the same doctrine as the too liberal Christians in Corinth had willingly heard, and against whose tendencies Paul had raised his warning voice. Their doctrine was that a Christian might, without endangering his faith, take part in heathen rites and sacrifices, that he ought to misuse the flesh, and indulge himself even in what the universal laws of morality forbade, in order to prove how superior the spirit was to mere things of sense, and how little it could suffer from them. This was what they meant by Christian freedom from law. If we ask through what supposed deeper knowledge they sought to establish such dangerous theories, we must refer back to the two natures in the historical Christ, the lower sensitive and the purely spiritual, which had come from the invisible heaven, and to the distinction which they drew between the Creator of the world and the purely spiritual and Invisible One. This severe distinction between the God who reveals himself in the sensitive faculties and him who is purely invisible, apparently so scientific and yet so utterly erroneous, lay at the root of all their theories, and is the key to the understanding of Gnosticism. We find it in Philo and in other much-read writings of the time. The Gospel narrative of the descent of the Holy Ghost upon Christ at his baptism most powerfully stirred the imagination: hence arose a multitude of strange conceptions, how that the human nature in Jesus was quite withdrawn from that moment, and became a mere appearance. Now when this distinction was thus sharply defined in the historical Christ,—when the human and visible in him was dishonoured, and the purely spiritual so exaggerated that his body became a mere appearance,—men soon began to maintain that it was the duty of every sincere Christian also in himself to esteem only the spiritual, to despise his body as being something indifferent, to use it according to his pleasure, though such using were, in the opinion of the carnal and less spiritual-minded, a misuse. We can thus form to ourselves some corresponding idea of what these earliest Gnostics and advocates of unrestricted Christian freedom really meant, and confidently accept the tradition that Nicolaus was the author of this movement, which had spread widely in Corinth and Asia Minor before the overthrow of Jerusalem. The storm of that overthrow—the first great shock given to Christendom—laid low

this great corruption of Christian freedom. The second Christian generation grew up in the midst of heathen persecutions, and shrank back with abhorrence from every thing heathen. The Nicolaitans disappear from history under the severe condemnation of the writer of the Apocalypse. But the passion for building up similar vague theories remained, although the object sought for, and the means followed to attain it, were different. Cerinthus owes his place in history to the fact of his having been the apostle John's contemporary at Ephesus. He was a Jewish Christian, educated in Egypt, who afterwards taught at Ephesus. Early Gnosticism found in him its successor and continuator. The Gospel narrative of the descent of the Holy Spirit upon Jesus made a deep impression upon him; and since he could not explain from the human side all that the Gospel recorded of Christ, he lost himself in the dualism which Philo imagined of a twofold God, and a ruling intermediate being. He conceived the Creator of the world not as the first pure Almighty God, but as a power widely removed from, and even misapprehending him, and his creative work as imperfect and needing correction. He conceived Christ to be Joseph and Mary's son, juster and wiser than all other men, but first at his baptism, and then only, to have become Christ by the descent of a purely spiritual power upon him from the Almighty God, who had been hitherto unknown to the world. By virtue of this spiritual power he had preached the unknown God, and done his wonderful works. On the cross the man had suffered, and not Christ; for Christ was incapable of suffering, and had left the man Jesus, who had been crucified, had died, and had risen again by virtue of the momentary union with him once again of that pure spirit. Cerinthus was the first who worked out the notion of a purely spiritual power descending upon Jesus, and again at times leaving him, and made this a new gospel.

These thoughts of men who in the apostle's days wanted to fathom all human and divine knowledge, and clearly to lay down the border-lines of both, seem to us idle and dreamy images, altogether inadequate to satisfy the desire of men for the knowledge of God. The reader of Neander will know their great historical importance for understanding the later history of the church; and these errors may have another interest for us. They are but the logical consequences of half-truths possessing earnest and onesided minds. Those who have reflected most thoughtfully upon the character of the popular theology dealt out to a warm-hearted, half-educated people, singularly docile to the religious teachers of its choice, tell us that stranger forms of error, and more monstrous conceptions of spiritual

truth, than Gnosticism ever dreamed may at any time flourish among us.

We have given this account of our author's inquiries into early Gnosticism because they tend to throw light upon the language and method of the apostle, who, we must not forget, lived in the midst and witnessed the activity of these half Jewish, half Christian, half heathen thinkers. His treatment of the great subject tells us more convincingly than the most elaborate *Aids to Faith* that the spirit which filled his thoughts and aided his pen was indeed from God. The Gnostics strove to attain to a higher conception of Christ and his work than the most part of Jewish Christians. So far is the apostle from avoiding the subject as beyond human intelligence, that he begins his narrative with the highest conception possible of Christ. He brings forth such wisdom concerning him as could not but disprove the errors of the Gnostics by the simple statement. He asserts that idea of Christ's appearance which most plainly represented the divine side in him, and which, though long before given, had not been yet sufficiently referred to him. This idea is the Logos, the name which preceded the appearance of Christ, which had served to designate him (Apoc. xix. 13, as also in the book of Enoch), which since Philo's time had engaged the more serious thoughts of men, and which now the apostle most thoroughly and strikingly coupled with his own clear recollection of Christ's actual manifestation. That divine love and truth had first revealed itself in Christ, enlightening every man; that, since his manifestation, this could be applied to every human action and effort; that the same hidden divine love and truth, which was before all worlds and will be the same in all the future, shone forth in him speaking and acting humanly, and so through him spoke and acted for all men,—this is the essential in the idea of the Logos which John refers to Christ; and such a union between the eternal and the temporal, the hidden and the revealed in divine and human things, no conception which had yet been given could so strikingly and plainly express. Further, if the Gnostics conceived Christ to be a mere angel or phantom, the apostle asserts the truth by a statement only intelligible through its opposite, "the Word was made flesh." If in the height of his great argument of the divinity of Christ he seems to abandon the ground of the earthly manifestation, the more strictly does he observe the subtle limits between the divine and human, so that, according to the old true religion, God remains in his purest height.

Whether the partial views and errors of Jewish Christians, or of the disciples of the Baptist, or of the Gnostics prevail, the answer to each and all is found in the Gospel; and it is just in

those parts where these opinions are evidently touched upon, that the apostle's recollections are coloured with greater life. The true relation between Christ and the Jews, between him and the Baptist, is established by the historical fact of what it was during his life on earth. The truths which underlie some Gnostic conceptions are asserted; the fatal and corrupting errors of others are corrected. The words of our author in reviewing the position of this Gospel in the first century are true: "This is the writing which, no less on account of the creative power and the historical character of its author than on account of its elevated contents, is the most sublime of the writings of the New Testament."

II. How did the apostle accomplish his great task in respect to the composition and arrangement of his work? He needed a large frame in which to insert not every particular, but the great features of the life of Christ. Chronology supplied this frame; not indeed a chronology of days and years and of every single event, for such a one in a life like that of Christ was needless and impossible. Even St. Mark had not thought this necessary; and since his Gospel was written, the revolution which the overthrow of Jerusalem had brought about rendered many particulars of less importance. Christ's earthly life is the frame of the Gospel, which starts from the mysterious beginning of all history in order to set forth the inseparable connexion between his earthly appearance and his eternal and divine existence before the worlds. That Christ was a Galilean, and spent the greatest part of his public life in Galilee, the apostle states as plainly as the earlier evangelists; but Jerusalem, and not Galilee, was the place where his cause, in its earthly aspect, was finally tried, where the real commencement and the unfolding of his earthly life was to take place. The journeys to and from Jerusalem are therefore the critical times in his life: and north and south are the two poles around which its movement turns. These journeys from north to south are five, differing in some respects from one another (the first did not reach as far as Jerusalem, and the last might be called a double journey), yet similar in their decisive results. These five journeys, mostly depending upon Jewish festivals, supply the chronological data and correspond to the five progressive steps of the history: 1. the beginning of the Gospel movement (i.-ii. 11); 2. the progress of that movement (ii. 12—iv. 54); 3. to the highest point where the first traces of its earthly fall appear (v. f.); 4. the beginning of that fall (vii.-xii.); and 5. the fall itself (xiii.-xx.). These are the five main acts of a tragedy, the most sublime which actual history presents, and which passes over to the most divine victory which is possible. The victory at the close

of the history answers to the purely divine character of its beginning. The Gospel contains in its perfect frame this supernatural beginning as well as that supernatural close.

In studying the life of Christ, as it was passed in presence of an opposing world, the wide-reaching questions occur,—What was the work of Christ? in what did it consist? what was its aim? The activity of his earthly life consisted in words and deeds; and as the object of the apostle is to produce the complete image of this activity, he narrates in the Gospel with equal earnestness and equal care both words and deeds. He raised the question, in what relation these two stood to one another. Every word which Christ had spoken had its own inestimable worth, and therefore his dearest wish is to recall all his words (especially such as had been omitted in the previous Gospels) in their mutual connexion. Hence, in this series of Christ's great discourses, we are able to follow the historical development of the main thoughts of his doctrine. The apostle does not bring forward the mere number and variety of Christ's mighty works; these could be read in St. Mark's Gospel; his object is rather to select from them such as were typical. There are seven signs recorded by him, and each one is representative and a work of its own kind: 1. the change of water into wine, ii. 1-10; 2. the fever-cure from a distance, iv. 47-54; 3. the healing of a lame man, v. 1-9; 4. the feeding the multitude with bread, vi. 4-13; 5. the walking on the stormy lake, vi. 16-21; 6. the cure of a blind man, ix. 1-7; 7. the raising-up of one dead, xi. Now, if for the fifth of these signs, which Ewald thinks is less connected with the narrative, we substitute the healing of a demoniac, we have in these seven diverse and wonderful signs of Christ examples of almost every kind of work which he wrought for the removal of human want, misery, and sin. There is seen in them also an inner progress, the raising from the dead being their close and completion. Each one of these works left its own impression upon the spectators, and has its necessary place in the history; but not on that account, and merely as works, do they prove the truth of him who wrought them. Their result is different. They strike the minds and arrest the attention of men more readily than the divinest words and doctrine, and cannot be so easily mistaken or overlooked. This is their great purpose. Christ's works lead necessarily to the inquiry, what it was in him which wrought them, and what he wished to effect; hence indifference to him became impossible. All who came in contact with him could not but either believe or disbelieve, and, in the latter case, deny the truth and the light of his manifest and enlightening works. This is the ground-thought of the relation between

Christ's words and works which the apostle sets forth. His aim is not merely to reproduce a series (and in their true historical place) of Christ's works, what he did and suffered; but much rather to show the effect of these upon men, the belief or unbelief to which they led, the means whereby those who believed came to believe, if not at once through his words yet through his deeds, and the necessary end of unbelief, the denial of the light and truth of those deeds. At the commencement of Ewald's essay on the reproduction of the very words and discourses of Christ in this Gospel, a grave question arises, which to many will seem needless. Those who understand by inspiration "an infallible Intelligence" overpowering the mind of the sacred author, and dictating to him the thoughts and the words to write, will feel no difficulty or interest in the inquiry, how the apostle was enabled to reproduce his Lord's words. It appears to others that this doctrine of inspiration is not in harmony with the ordinary method of divine assistance and interference for the education of men, or one which we should expect *a priori*, or one which the written documents themselves appeal to. We think it to be the more reverent as well as the more rational of the two theories, that the Holy Spirit purified and strengthened, according to the measure of the need, the natural faculties of each writer, whose personality, far from being overlaid, came forth with greater prominence in his work. Now the apostle repeats the words of Christ, not in scattered and fragmentary portions, but as he had repeated his deeds, in the same great *ensemble*. He is the same writer whose careful and accurate memory was evident in the narrative of every incident. And could he, who remembered so well the minute details of each event, and so truly described them, who had stood in closer intimacy with Christ, and loved him more deeply, than any other man, have failed to treasure up in his mind most carefully, most lovingly, the discourses of Christ, or have wanted the strong will to recall the memory of them? This is no mere supposition. The apostle distinguishes clearly between the original statement and the later interpretation given to it, between what Christ had certainly said and men had heard from him, and the later belief concerning it, either because the belief was subsequent (ii. 19-22, xiii. 27 f.), or because the apostle wished to lay greater stress upon the actual words of his beloved Lord (vi. 6, vi. 70 f., vii. 37-39, xii. 33: cf. xviii. 9, 32). This manner is peculiar to the apostle. He introduces with it a kind of literary criticism on some passages of the gospel history with a simplicity and skill which no other could use, and with a marvellous confidence and certainty which only an eye-witness and hearer could feel. Indeed, we are made conscious that every word which he had

heard from Christ was sacred to him, and moreover in the very form and manner in which he had heard it; and we have every reason to expect that, in the repetition of the discourses of Christ, he will recollect every word as carefully and accurately as was possible, and, just as in single details he had completed and here and there corrected the earlier Gospels, he will do the same in collecting and restoring the discourses of Christ, in all that pertained to their fulness and richness, and to their colouring and forms of expression. Hence the apostle alone of the evangelists repeats the Amen in the words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you," from his recollection of Christ's custom; he alone recalls the word *iψοῦν*, by which Christ had referred to the close of his earthly life (iii. 14, viii. 28, xii. 32-34). He remembers Christ's manner of leading the conversation, and of founding convictions by sudden turns of thought (vi. 51), or by sharp setting of his words (viii. 26 f.); and, again, of inserting parables into the flow of his discourse (xv. 1-10, x. 1-6).

The difficulty is not removed by these traits of the apostle's work, but rather heightened. We know how much more difficult it is to remember discourses and conversations than mere events. And how could the apostle remember so accurately these discourses and conversations, and bring them back to life? The most tenacious memory is unequal to that. We cannot doubt that he read and used the earlier Gospels, and thereby freshened his own memory; but these could not suffice him; the less, as his aim was not to repeat what had already been written, but to compose a larger and living whole. What else remained to him but to attempt, by the use of every help within his reach, as vividly and as perfectly as possible to recall such words and conversations in the passages of the history where they seemed most necessary?

We think Ewald over-estimates the difficulty of reproducing by the ordinary human memory the words and conversations of another. The force of recollection depends rather upon sympathy than upon nearness of time. Words which we heard long ago will lie forgotten till the string is touched which recalls them not only vividly, but with a meaning unknown before. Christ's words had reference to events and circumstances in which the apostle was hereafter to be concerned, and which would be the key to their interpretation. We think this correct from the human side; but he who believes in Christ's promise of the Comforter and his work feels no surprise at the marvellous memory of the beloved disciple. Ewald reminds us of the art which was so much practised by the historians of Greece and Rome, manifest in all their great works,—the art of recalling the words of great men, and important events of the past; and he

finds little comparison between the excessive freedom which these ancient writers allowed themselves and the art of the apostle. The apostle had heard Christ's words as also the Baptist's, and the words of the former had stamped themselves indelibly within him. He lived in these words of his Lord as his holiest thoughts. He retained the most perfect recollection of the manner and circumstance with which they had been spoken. He made use, moreover, of the treasure of rich memories which the earlier evangelists gave him. And when he earnestly applied all these aids to reinstate the words of Christ in their majesty, and in nearer connexion and agreement with their original life, he could not but succeed. It is here that Ewald thinks the art of the apostle is dominant, and that without it such reproduction and revivifying of his Master's words would have been impossible.

Nor is it only the reproducing of the very words of the discourses which is so wonderful; the manner in which it is done is no less wonderful. The language of the apostle is outwardly calm and even, clear and penetrating, like that of an old man who is lifted far above the storms and passions of this world, but in whom the fire of his youth is unquenched, and never fails long to burn up with clearer light. The language is for the most part uniform; but where the subject requires a change of style, there it will be found. Hence every greater section of the work has its own appropriate and perfect manner of representation. We can distinguish three such manners in those passages which describe how Christ bore himself in the different circumstances of his life. (a) The section iii. 1-21 shows how Christ conversed with the most learned and esteemed man in Israel; the following, iv. 5-12, how he condescended to the most simple and despised of every class, and sought to raise them to his own height. If c. v. informs us how Christ discussed one of the most difficult questions on all its sides, in c. vi. we wonder at the manner in which he maintains a truth which the world would not comprehend against every and the most different kind of objection. But nothing seems comparable to the perfect art with which the large section vii.-x. 39 presents a very varied but most true picture of the public life of the people in Jerusalem as it was when the temple stood; how Christ behaved in the midst of those noisy crowds; of that excitable multitude, with its quickly passing favour and disfavour, in the midst of wily Pharisees, of friends and enemies of every class. Nowhere else can we find so living and so true a picture of the ordinary life of the Jewish people, with all its light and shades, as it was in comparatively quiet and peaceful times. Yet even this great picture falls into the background

as soon as the eye opens on one still more wonderful—the last acts and conversations of our Lord with his own (c. xiii.-xvi.). In these sections of the Gospel we learn Christ's conduct towards men, how he maintained his truth against them and for them.

(b) The language and manner of representation altogether changes when the apostle, in c. xvii., makes known the language of Christ to God himself. Here there burns forth a glow of discourse than which nothing can be more ardent; and here, too, is given the most perfect pattern of prayer in its sublime inward strength and certainty of victory.

(c) On a line with this, and equally claiming our wonder, is the section c. i. 1-18, which, at the beginning of the Gospel, in setting forth the eternal existence of the Word and his advent in the flesh, passes involuntarily as it were into a hymn; just as the history of the creation at the beginning of the Old Testament. This section has been incorrectly called a preface, as though it could be omitted, or formed a less substantive part of the work than other sections. It is indispensable to the Gospel, in respect to the main and secondary aims which its author had in view. Ewald concludes his careful examination of the literary structure and composition of this Gospel with the statement, that the variety, warmth, and energy of its description give to it an ever-fresh grace; and that the work, from the sublimity of its contents, the harmony and connectedness of its parts, the constant, clear, and gentle light shed over all, possesses an indescribable attraction which is found to an equal degree in no other writing of the Old or New Testament.

The Gospel is not only important in itself as a literary work, and from its place in the history of Christianity, but important also as being the work of St. John the beloved disciple, who, although not educated for literature, and accustomed, in spite of the fiery zeal of his spirit, to live a life of retreat and meditation, yet in his old age undertook and accomplished the great task of writing the Gospel. That the apostle John is the author, and that no one else could have composed it but he who has always been considered its author, admits, Ewald boldly affirms, of no reasonable doubt or denial; rather, whichever way we examine the question, every reason and evidence concur in decidedly rejecting such doubt.

It is possible that the many among us who are most nervous at the results of our author's criticisms upon the Old Testament, and by whom, in consequence, he is more than "suspect," will yet not refuse the aid which his studies afford them in regard to the authorship of this Gospel. Indeed, the importance of the question is great. The work stands sufficiently sure to

the Christian believer on its own evidence, and *proves* itself true to him; for it speaks to him, in the midst of the toil and weariness, the joys and sorrows of his life, of the unseen Friend and Brother whom he knows and feels to be present. No criticism which should remove this great Gospel of the love of God from the apostolic age, or divest it of the authority of an eye-witness to the facts recorded in it, would destroy the faith which is part of himself. But it were idle to forget that the multitude of earnest inquirers ask anxiously for an historical basis of evidence, and are not satisfied that the work is true because devout believers affirm that they know it to be true. The Gospel literature belongs to the domain of ancient literature; all are interested that its right place should be, on the surest grounds, assigned to it; many of us are more than interested that the place for ages assigned to it in the Christian church should not be taken away.

If we did not know the name of the author of the Gospel, we could not doubt that he was one of the twelve. He clearly designates himself as such; and throughout the work the historical spirit (taken in its best and simplest meaning) is so manifest, every assertion is made with the confidence and certainty which history alone can give, that it is impossible not to believe the author when he intimates that he is one of the twelve. This confidence runs through the work. The author can relate all that he thinks necessary, because he knows that he will be believed. Hence it is that no one who has been accustomed to distinguish between books of simple true narrative and books of a different character, can hesitate in regarding the author of this Gospel as a man who tells the whole truth, because he had been himself an eye-witness, and because, from a perfect knowledge of the facts, he was in a position to tell the truth. Now, in the late period when the book was written, no other of the twelve survived who could have written it but John.

Again, in the artistic arrangement and execution of the work, the author proves himself a genuine Hebrew historian. His Greek wears all the marks of a Hebrew who had been born and brought up among Jews in the Holy Land, who had been unaccustomed to speak Greek, and who in the Greek dress, which late in life he learnt to put on, never laid aside the spirit of his mother-tongue, or ceased to be guided by it. His Greek, indeed, is less strongly coloured with Hebrew than that of the older Gospels; rather it has adopted much of the genuine Greek manner. But in its life and breath no language can be more really Hebraic than that of this author. And only the age, the character, the personality of the disciple John can account for such a language. It cannot be explained as a composition from

different materials, or as an imitation of Old-Testament and Hebrew phraseology, still less as having been formed within the Christian congregation after the death of the long-lived and most aged apostle. Indeed, the language is as thoroughly original and single in its kind as the apostle himself in his life and work. He knows that he is writing for Greek, *i.e.* educated Roman citizens, whether Jewish or Christian, but he does not care artistically to imitate pure Greek; and although he was completely separated from the Jews of that time, he does not hide his own intimate acquaintance with their language. He gives *e.g.* the genuine Hebrew names which were unused in Greek (the name *Μεστίας*, i. 42, iv. 25; *Κηφᾶς*, i. 45; *Βηθεσδά*, v. 2), or the Greek interpretation of such Hebrew proper names as were used in Greek books (as i. 38, 42, ix. 7, xix. 13, 17, 20: cf. xxi. 2). It is not unimportant that all these Hebrew interpretations are correct; whereas soon after the apostle's death all knowledge of the kind was lost among Christians. It is remarkable also that St. Luke, who, as Ewald thinks, wrote nearly at the same time as the apostle, avoided all such Hebraisms.

Again, if we compare ancient books which were written under foreign names with this Gospel, we find that there is no similarity between them. Ordinarily, such books were written under the name of some celebrated deceased writer or saint. This Gospel, on the hypothesis of its not being the work of St. John, would be written under the name of an apostle who still lived, who had never before composed a work, and who, as far as his activity in the world went, was not to be compared with Peter or Paul, or even with James. Moreover, such books had a particular object in view, for the sake of which some great name was used, so that it is not difficult to discover why that name was chosen under the shadow of which they sought to attain their object; whereas this Gospel would be ascribed to the name of an apostle, to whom (if he be not the author of the four works) there would be no reason why they should be ascribed, since in the earlier Gospels, in the Epistles of St. Paul, in the Acts of the Apostles, John nowhere appears so prominent as Peter. Again, such books bear on their title-page the names of those to whom they are imputed, and artistically conform to that character, in order to gain credence as being what they wish to be thought; now this Gospel bears no such marks upon it, does not once name its author, so that no reader would suppose it to be the apostle's if he did not on other grounds know it to be his. Again, such books imitate the language and standing of the men whose they are said

to be, and are forced to submit to this severe artistic rule; now in this Gospel there is no imitation of any work, not even of the Apocalypse; it is, on the contrary, as natural and as original as possible. All the later fame of St. John (apart from the Apocalypse, which was afterwards ascribed to him) refers back to, and agrees with the spirit of, the Gospel and the first Epistle; indeed, if any genuine writings have ever been published to the world free from the least suspicion of spuriousness, they are the Gospel and the first Epistle of St. John. This is Ewald's conclusion as to the authorship of this portion of the Johannine writings. He states and satisfactorily answers the question, whether the apostle wrote the Gospel in its present form quite alone or with the aid of friends. The fact that St. John and the rest of the twelve (the single exception of Matthew does not come into consideration) were not during Christ's earthly life literati provokes the question. Many remarkable phenomena in the book itself invite us to consider it.

Some readers in our time are inclined to think that if the apostle had been an eye-witness, and had taken part in the history, he would have declared himself plainly and openly as the author of it. It is partly from this supposition that doubts as to the authorship have arisen. But the very omission complained of is just what we ought to expect, and could not be otherwise: that it appears surprising, is owing to ignorance and mistake. For the Apostle, in this like the other evangelists, adheres to the old Hebrew custom of publishing historical works purely for themselves, and without mention of authorship. This custom had been interrupted by the influences of Persian and Hellenistic culture; at no time could it be more fittingly revived than in the literature of the Gospels. If ever, indeed, a writer should be silent, and that willingly, in presence of his subject, surely it would be here in presence of the most sublime and unparalleled subject which had entered the domain of history, which lived still fresh in the memories of the faithful, and called out their reverence all the more deeply in proportion as the world was insensible to it. Of these faithful, even of the twelve, not one would gaze upon him with deeper reverence than John his beloved disciple; not one would feel more deeply his own nothingness in his sight than he who had long served him in retirement and meditation, rather than in conflict with the world, and in the circle of a few trusted friends rather than in public life. Had there been no other causes which exercised their own decided influence upon the outward form and execution of the work, the reasons just given would suffice to explain why John did not name himself as author of it. According to

an ancient tradition,\* it was late at Ephesus, and only on the advice and at the request of near friends, that the apostle composed the Gospel. The tradition agrees so plainly with all other traits, that we undoubtedly read in it the fragment of an historical truth. If we compare it with what we know of the apostle, and learn about him in the Gospel, we may well believe, in the darkness in which we are, that it was to the wishes of his friends that the apostle yielded, and that he made use of their help.† Those who learned Greek late in life availed themselves of the aid of the learned in that language. St. John had made Greek his own since his youth, and we cannot doubt had already formed his peculiar Greek style; yet in his old age he would be less able to dispense with the aid of literary friends, as he had been less practised in literary composition in his early life. There was no lack of younger friends in the large congregation at Ephesus who could assist him. Again, the style of his sentences bears all the marks of having been dictated to one or more writers. They are briefly expressed, and not unfrequently correct, repeat, and complete one another (iii. 22-24, iv. 1-3, or iv. 43-45, are instances). This is just the style of one who dictates to another his words, thoughts, and assertions, and very different from that of St. Paul, who sketched his thoughts in writing, and left them to be clearly written out by a good penman. And if this be so, it is easy to suppose that the friends, maybe presbyters of the church in Ephesus, whose help the apostle used, might in one or two passages come forth, and from their own point of view assert what they had to say better than the apostle. And if this according to unmistakable signs actually happened, it furnishes a proof of the correctness of this view of the literary composition of the Gospel.‡

We are thus enabled to understand the relation of the apostle to his work. He did not wish to name himself as its author, either in the beginning or the end or the course of his Gospel. He used no opportunity of speaking of himself and of his relation to Christ and the rest of the twelve; and this is just what we should expect from the tenderness and elevation of his mind. His own name does not pass his lips; the more easily can he designate the Baptist (differing in this from the other evangelists) plainly as John. And yet there were passages in which it was unavoidable that he should speak of himself; to

\* Euseb. Hist. Eccles. vi. 14. Ἰωάννην . . . προτραπέντα ὑπὸ τῶν γνωρίμων πνεύματι θεοφορηθέντα, πνευματικὸν τοῦτοι εἰδόγγελον.

† Compare the case of Josephus κατὰ Ἀπίστων, i. 9: χρησάμενός τις πρὸς τὴν Ἐλληνίδα φωνὴν συνεργοῖς.

‡ Ewald thinks that in the work itself there is only one such passage, c. xix. 35, which cannot be otherwise understood. At the close of the appendix, xxi. 24 f., is another; so that these two passages explain one another.

have refrained from doing so would have been false modesty. His memory could not but dwell on that Day, and on the bond of love between himself, Christ, and his mother; and how could he refrain from speaking of it? With the gentlest hint at the beginning of his work (i. 35-41) did he allude to himself and his brother; such a hint as only attentive and sympathising readers would understand; and now at the close of Christ's earthly life, when the relation of love between them was perfected, and had been manifested by two most memorable tokens, he designates himself as "the disciple whom Jesus loved" (xiii. 23, xix. 26 f., repeated in the appendix, xxi. 7, 20), or, where he has to name himself together with Peter, as the "other disciple" (xviii. 15, xx. 2-9). Once, where his attestation had to be recorded to something quite special as having been seen by him, he does not bring forth his own witness, but the friends who were ever at his side and guided the pen for him report his attestation to the truth of what had been written (xix. 35). This is the only passage where the friend's hand who helped him plainly appears.

Ewald thinks that the Gospel was not designed for immediate publication, but only for the use of a few friends, and that the apostle rather intended it as a legacy of his love to be published after his death. His views and the grounds of them are as follow. That the book closed with c. xx. is inferred from the words xx. 31, and xix. 35. The words are plainly spoken to trusted readers whom the apostle knows, and who know him, and for whom, and not for others, he writes. A more certain proof is found in c. xxi. This appendix was clearly added some time later. For though the language rings with the voice of the aged apostle, and though the same hands which helped the apostle before appear again, yet there is a sufficient change from the earlier language to show that some time elapsed before the chapter was added;\* and while the same hands appear, there are signs that they move more freely than in the book itself. (The designation of the apostle in xxi. 20 betrays this. There is a perceptible difference between this and similar passages in the book.)

If we consider the aim and meaning of the appendix, we come to the same conclusion. It was evidently written to correct the false opinion which had spread among Christians on account of the unusually long life of the apostle. The right time to do this was before the apostle's death; and hence the apostle

\* Φανερῶν is twice used with a meaning which in the book itself (and where also the subject is the same) is expressed by other words, xiv. 21 f., and the whole of c. xx. This difference is more striking because c. xxi. 1 follows c. xx.; and had that passage been written immediately after, the same word would certainly have been repeated.

so far deviated from his original intention that he allowed the Gospel to be published in his own lifetime.

This Gospel won its way to universal acceptance because of its own priceless worth; and because the one mind of Christendom was sound and vigorous enough, in spite of inner controversies, to recognise it as the work of the apostle,—as the most sublime work of evangelical literature. The objections which have been raised in our time are founded on the fact that it was less often quoted in the second century than the earlier Gospels, and that some time elapsed before it took its place beside them. This fact becomes intelligible when we remember that it was at first designed rather for the apostle's friends and disciples, for the inner circle of Christian believers advanced in true Christian gnosis and culture, than for common use. Indeed, the difference between this and the earlier Gospels is not to be explained away; it is a difference which may be little felt by us who have received them together in one volume, and who have been always accustomed to read them as parts of one book; but the difference must have been felt by those who read it for the first time. And this is one cause why the Gospel was less quoted; though it would be an insufficient explanation if there were no traces of it in the literature of the second century. Happily the more carefully the writings of that period are studied, especially those which have come to light within the last twenty years, the more numerous and undeniable are the traces of this Gospel found in them.\* Epiphanius took the trouble to refute the objections of those who set it aside on account of the misuse which the Montanists made of it. But there was no question of the authorship; the controversy did not in the least turn upon that issue. Antiquity never doubted that St. John the apostle wrote the work; modern writers of the Tübingen school initiated the doubt which their own able countryman and critic, after a searching inquiry, pronounces to be both unscientific and groundless.

Besides universal tradition, internal evidence proves that the Epistle is the apostle's. The language wears the same colour; here and there a word is found which was not used in the Gospel, or which has received a new shade of meaning, but not more so than the subject-matter would lead us to expect. The difference of language is not greater than that between the original Gospel and the appendix, c. xxi. The same Hebrew breath has passed over the Greek of the Epistle as over the Gospel, and indeed over all the writings of the New Testament which are of Palestinian origin. The spirit of the writer in the

\* Ewald refers to the clear references to St. John in the earlier Gnostics, quoted by Hippolytus c. *Hæreses*.

arrangement of the whole and the subdivision of the parts, in the very words and images, in the main thoughts and intuitions of the Epistle, is the same. We recognise the handwriting, but no copy or imitation. The writer's character is the same. As in the Gospel he stands back hidden beneath the greatness of his theme, so in the Epistle he is reticent of himself; although he is no longer the calm historian, but a letter-writer, the mentor, teacher, apostle, the one surviving apostle to the Christian church, he upholds no statement by the mere weight of personal authority. There is throughout the same calmness and confidence, the same holy and elevated mind, as in the Gospel. And though he will not bend his readers to his words by command, or by the weight of his name, we never forget who he is; we feel that no other could so write; nor, when the subject requires it, does he conceal from us that he had once stood as near to Christ as possible, or refrain from telling us his own experience then, with a naturalness and sincerity which leave no room for doubting that the writer of the Epistle is the same as the writer of the Gospel,—St. John the apostle.

The immediate cause of its being written must be sought in the Epistle itself. Christendom was tried less by persecutions from without than by false teachers within. What the special errors were, and the date of the Epistle, are less easy to determine, because it contains no reference to the state of the contemporary world, and no systematic exposition of the errors themselves. “This is he that came by water and blood, Jesus Christ; not by water only, but by water and blood” (v. 6), plainly alludes to the opinions of the Baptist's disciples; but it is the single passage of the kind. The danger, therefore, was not from that quarter. It came rather from those who taught within the church those Gnostic theories which have been already mentioned, and of which the ground-thought was, that Christ was merely an apparition, and something more than an angel (a philosophically embellished theory to avoid the scandal of the cross): and the same notions concerning unrestricted Christian freedom and the consequent sinlessness of Christian men. These men—the troublers of Christendom—had come into the apostle's near neighbourhood. No wonder that out of zeal to maintain Christian truth, to overthrow error, to save all who would be saved, to assert afresh the teaching of the Gospel, the voice of the aged man was raised. The language is that of a calm and elevated spirit which has experienced the highest spiritual blessing of which men are capable on earth, uttered with a simplicity and naturalness than which nothing can be more sublime. It is clear and brief without the least ornament and effort: intimating what has to be said rather than describing

it; and indicating the advanced age of the writer. It must not, however, be forgotten that there is a strict sequence of thought; that nothing is said too much or out of place.

The Epistle addresses itself to the inner wants of Christendom, and refers to no outward persecutions. In this it is like the Epistles of Jude, 2d Peter, 2d and 3d John; and it differs from the Epistles of James, 1st Peter, and Hebrews. With the destruction of Jerusalem and the complete overthrow of the Jewish nation, the heaviest persecution of Christians had passed away, and the rest which followed allowed of the freer growth of errors within the church. Hence we shall not widely err if we place the Epistle about A.D. 90, under Domitian, and ten years later than the Gospel.

The evidence that the apostle is the author of the two shorter Epistles is similar to that which proves him the author of the longer. The circumstances which called them forth have passed away, and yet do those Epistles remain of lasting interest, as explanatory of the position of the apostle towards single churches and individuals, and of his manner of addressing them. Every word, every thought, every turn of expression, point back to the apostle as their author. In one respect they have a special historical interest. They show that though Christians were enjoying comparative rest, yet that a thousand dangers were near, and that extreme caution was necessary. The language is allusive rather than direct. The Epistle to Gaius avoids the name of Christ: Christianity is called "the Truth;" Christ himself "the Name;" and in the second Epistle the church is designated by the title, only intelligible to the faithful, of the "Elect Sister."

Here we close our *r  sum  * of Ewald's valuable introduction to the Johannine writings. We have purposely omitted any comparison of his views, with those of other writers, because these last can be found in the prolegomena of late commentaries, and Ewald's will long (we fear) be inaccessible to the English reader. Whatever may be our opinions of his views, whether we consider him rash or needlessly conservative, there can be no question that he is most suggestive and helpful. And those who are indifferent to analysis of style and language, or to inquiry into the prevailing thoughts of the apostle's time which may have affected the apostle's language—who are only anxious to know the mind of their Lord, and to read the very words of Christ, written down by the beloved disciple—can be told that the critic who is most rarely gifted to appreciate every work of ancient, and especially of Hebrew, literature comes from the study of St. John with no less wonder and reverence than the simple-minded and devout.

ART. VII.—ACCLIMATIZATION AND PRESERVATION  
OF ANIMALS.

*Catalogue of the Menagerie and Aviary at Knowsley formed by the late Earl of Derby, K.G., P.Z.S.* Liverpool, August 1851.

*List of Vertebrated Animals living in the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London.* London, 1862.

*Bulletin de la Société Impériale Zoologique d'Acclimatation.* Tomes I-VIII. Paris, 1854-1861.

*Jaarboekje van het Koninklijk Zoologisch Genootschap "Natura Artis Magistra."* Amsterdam, 1860.

*Der Zoologische Garten. Organ der Zoologischen Gesellschaft in Frankfurt am Main.* Frankfurt am Main, 1860.

*First, Second, and Third Annual Reports of the Society for the Acclimatisation of Animals, Birds, Fishes, Insects, and Vegetables within the United Kingdom.* London, 1860-63.

*First Annual Report of the Acclimatisation Society of Victoria.* Melbourne, 1862.

*Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.* Vol. XXIII. Article on "Destructive Insects, and the immense Utility of Birds." By Frederic de Tschudi. London, 1862.

As generally accepted, the term 'acclimatization' means the colonization of one country by the natural products—be they animal or vegetable—of another, with the view of rendering them subservient to the purposes, whether necessary or luxurious, of mankind. Acclimatization may therefore be justly considered the utilized application of the sciences of zoology and botany; and it follows almost as a natural consequence that what is to be learned from their study cannot be safely disregarded by those who wish to advance its objects and realize the expectations it holds out.

Bennet Langton tells us, that when Goldsmith announced his intention of going to Jericho, Aleppo, or some place still further in the direction from which the wise men came, Johnson exclaimed, "Sir, he would bring home a grinding-barrow, and think he had furnished a wonderful improvement." It seems to us that some of the advocates of the various schemes for acclimatization might take the hint which this anecdote conveys. Bacon, in a passage which has been often quoted, speaks of

"tryall places of beastes and birdes" among the institutions of the New Atlantis, considering the experience to be derived from them as a necessary means of complying with the ancient behest to mankind, to "replenish the earth and subdue it." And, indeed, a very small amount of reflection will show that acclimatization entails on the part of its promoters some knowledge of natural history. To take some extreme cases: it would be manifestly absurd to attempt the introduction of the musk-ox to the plains of India, or the camel to the tundras of Siberia; of the Scotch-fir to the llanos of South America, or the bread-fruit to our English forests. The definition we have above given of the term also limits its application to those species which are really of service to man, either directly as affording him food, clothing, and the like, or indirectly, by assisting him in obtaining these benefits from other species. It could, therefore, scarcely with consistency be said to comprehend the naturalization of the fox in Australia, even for purposes of sport, still less that of the tiger in the forests of Europe, or the nettle in the West-Indian sugar-islands; though all these may have their proper functions to perform in the countries of their birth. Further, acclimatization is not limited to those species only which seem to be capable of complete domestication, any more than it could be correctly extended to those which are induced to thrive and propagate their kind in an undoubtedly artificial mode of life. It is a sort of probationary process, which may possibly result in actual domestication, but more probably in the introduction of certain exotic species into a country, which, after a period of modified reclamation, will become as it were *feræ naturā*, share with its original inhabitants the same risks to which they are exposed, and yet finally increase and multiply without the immediate protection of man.

As our present object is to assist, if possible, the labours of acclimatizers, we think it advisable, before proceeding further, to consider our present position as regards the kinds of animals which have already been more or less subdued.

Easy as it might at first sight appear, it is in reality rather the reverse to enumerate with accuracy the different races which have been domesticated by man in one part of the world or another, even without taking account of the many isolated cases on record wherein certain individuals have been wholly reclaimed, but have not perpetuated a domesticated breed. We shall find, on looking into the subject more closely, so many different degrees of mansuetude, that it is difficult to draw the line between those species which seem to have succumbed to the influence of domestication, and those of which the conquest has not been entirely effected. Some there are known to us

only as the obedient slaves of mankind : either the wild races from which they have sprung have been entirely extirpated, or else it is now impossible for us to trace from what source they have been derived. These, of course, comprise some of the animals whose reduction to servitude is the most complete, and probably of the oldest standing. We need not dwell on the remote antiquity of the Arabian camel's domestication, for that is every where admitted. The pictured walls of Egyptian tombs and temples show us that the tame geese of the time of the Pharaohs were subject to the same variations in plumage,—evidence of a long period of antecedent domesticity,—as the unhappy captives of Alsace who at the present day furnish the immortal *pâtés de foie gras*, or as their less cruelly used English brethren who are yearly offered at the shrine of St. Michael. We find bones of the dog in the oldest Danish "kitchen-middens," those interesting monuments of a period when probably the most civilized inhabitants of Europe were not more advanced than the present limpet-eating savages of Tierra del Fuego. The curious relics of the ancient "pile-buildings" of Switzerland reveal the fact that the dog, sheep, goat, ox, hog, ass, and horse were domesticated by their builders ; and even at one place, though belonging to a later epoch, a single bone of the barn-door fowl has been recognized.\* The vast remoteness of the periods at which the subjection of these animals took place prevents our even conjecturing the process by which it was brought about ; and we are consequently unable to test the truth of the supposition, very strongly advanced by many naturalists, from Pallas to Professor Agassiz, that, probably in several instances, more than one wild species has contributed to the formation of our modern breeds ; or, in other words, that these may be the result of a cross between two or more original species ; and this adds to the difficulty of enumerating the latter accurately. But the following lists seem to be as comprehensive, with regard to the two highest classes of animals, as, in our opinion, any correct meaning of the term 'domestication' will permit :

## BEASTS.

Dog.	Reindeer.	Hog.
Cat.	Sheep.	Ass.
Ferret.	Goat.	Horse.
Alpaca.	Yak.	Indian elephant.
Llama.	Ox.	Guinea-pig.
Arabian camel.	Buffalo.	Rabbit.
Bactrian camel.		

\* In the summer of 1856, a friend of ours found a bone of this bird in an ancient burial-place in the island of Oeland, in the Baltic; but we are not able to state what age may be, even approximately, assigned to it.

## BIRDS.

Canary-finch.	Guinea fowl.	Chinese goose.
Rock-dove.	Peacock.	Mute swan.
Barbary turtle-dove.	Barn-door fowl.	Tame duck.
Mexican turkey.	Tame goose.	Muscovy duck.

We must confess that some objection may be not unnaturally taken to the exclusion from the above catalogue of several other names. For instance, the grounds on which the zebu (the humped ox of India and parts of Africa) is believed by some to be of totally distinct origin from the common ox, are very different in their nature from the considerations which tend to the persuasion that this last is compounded of more than one specific element. Indeed, were it not that we are acquainted with the wild originals of the common and the Chinese geese,—while we are left to guess at the primitive sources of the common ox and the zebu,—the two cases would be almost exactly parallel. By far the greatest number of investigators declare in favour of the belief that two, if not three, species of wild ox have combined to form our domesticated breeds of cattle; and all are agreed that the cross between these and the zebu is a perfectly fertile one. The late Mr. Yarrell, in his invaluable and well-known work on British Birds, stated his reasons—and very good reasons they are—for thinking “that one other species at least” besides the grey goose “has had some share in establishing our domestic race;” while it appears from what Mr. Blyth—confessedly the highest authority on Indian, or, perhaps we may say, even Asiatic zoology—says that though a thorough-bred goose may not be exactly a rarity in Hindostan, yet that in various parts of the country whole flocks of hybrids between the common and the Chinese species are profitably kept.

Furthermore, to the above lists might almost be added, among beasts, the cheetah, or hunting leopard, and the otter; and among birds, all the species which are used in falconry,—probably not less than a dozen in number,—as well as the cormorants of Europe and China, which, especially the latter, have constantly been thoroughly reclaimed and employed in taking fish; but we do not know of any instances of their breeding in a domesticated state (though it is very possible that, were due facilities granted them, they would do so); we therefore deem it advisable to omit them.

Of reptiles, not one species has suffered domestication; and of fishes, as far as known, only the golden carp. Among the articulata, there are several kinds of silk-worm,—of which we shall have more to say presently,—two species of honey-bee, and the cochineal insect. Lower in the scale we do not propose to descend.

Now as regards animals which may be said to have undergone acclimatization as distinguished from domestication, it would be utterly impossible to furnish full lists, for the materials to form them do not yet exist. Even if we were to search through the whole range of zoological literature, the extent of which few but the initiated are aware of, we could not do more than hope to arrive at an approximation; while how near such an approximation would be to the truth, we should, at the end of our task, have no means of ascertaining. Here we will only venture upon safe ground, and mention the species of vertebrates the acclimatization of which in the British Islands may, we think, be looked on as well established. They are the following:

Wapiti.	French partridge.
Fallow-deer.	Californian quail.
Eland.	Wood-duck.
Silver pheasant.	Canada goose.
Golden pheasant.	Egyptian goose.
Ring-necked pheasant.	Edible frog.
Colchican pheasant.	Common carp.
Japan pheasant.	Crucian carp.
Caperally.	

We particularly wish, however, to guard any of our readers from supposing we give the above list as infallible. It is a mere matter of opinion almost whether it might not be twice as large. Among birds alone there are some five species of Indian pheasants, and as many of the duck tribe, which have almost as much right to be included in it. Our principal reason for excluding them is, that their introduction to this country is of comparatively recent date; and though there is little doubt of their succeeding, it yet remains to be proved whether they will eventually establish themselves here. Man has nearly done his part in their naturalization, and it will soon rest with themselves alone. Some of our readers may object that we have not also included the Virginian as well as the Californian quail. The former bird had a place in the British fauna assigned to it by the late Mr. Yarrell; but it is indubitable that he did so prematurely, and that the numerous examples which have been liberated in this country have, from some cause or other, failed to maintain their position. Again, others may urge that we have improperly reckoned the edible frog, seeing that Professor Bell gives it rank as an undoubted native; but having equal regard to his high authority and to the circumstances of the case, we consider that the scruples entertained by the late Mr. John Wolley, and the reasons which he brought forward against the Professor's view,\* justify us in our opinion.

\* See *The Zoologist* for 1859, p. 6606.

It may be asked, too, on the strength of the old doggerel,—

“ Hoppes and turkies, carpes, pickerel and bere  
Came into England alle in one yeare,”—

why we have excluded the pike from among the introduced fishes. To this we have to say, that the British Museum and other collections contain undeniable bones of this species from the peat of the eastern counties; and we see no reason to suppose that, as in the case of the capercally, our native race has ever become extinct and been restored.

But it is now time to have done for the present with the acclimatized, and to say a few words of the acclimatizers.

The early prosecutors of maritime research, the Spaniards and Portuguese, seem to have soon commenced the practice of stocking their new discoveries with domestic animals, especially in the case of oceanic islands, which they almost invariably found deficient in products supplying fresh meat, that great want of ancient mariners. This was done no doubt with the triple motive of adding to the value of the new countries as places of call for future explorers, of creating natural store-houses, as it were, for the expedition to fall back upon in cases of difficulty, and also of affording a means of subsistence to cast-away sailors. Their prudent example was soon followed by the English, the Dutch, and indeed by all nations who occupied their business on the great waters; and the benefits thus provided have been reaped by many a distressed seafarer besides our childhood's favourite, Mr. Robinson Crusoe. Hogs, goats, and cats were the beasts chiefly used in planting these colonies; of course because they were the species most easily kept on board the confined and inconvenient ships of that period. But presently larger animals were tried; and the Cape of Good Hope, the Falkland Islands, and the vast continent of South America, owe to these pristine navigators the innumerable herds of horned cattle and horses which nowadays form such an abundant source of their wealth. The practice was continued long after the dominion of the seas had fallen out of the hands of the natives of the European peninsula; and on Cook's voyages useful animals of one sort or another were left at nearly all the places visited, where the chance of their thriving seemed a good one.\* The French navigators appear to have been much more

\* Though not a case of attempted animal acclimatization, we may perhaps be excused for here reminding our readers that the celebrated voyage of the *Bounty* was undertaken for the express purpose of introducing the bread-fruit tree to the West-Indian Archipelago. Captain Bligh had the satisfaction of at last succeeding in landing a cargo of healthy plants at St. Vincent and Jamaica in 1793. The most sanguine anticipations of the benefits to be derived from it were indulged in, but they can scarcely be said to have been at all realized.

far-seeing; for they by no means confined themselves to stocking their settlements with the most obviously useful animals, but they were fond of introducing any thing they could lay their hands upon, and some even of very questionable utility. Indeed, the success which has, even to the present day, attended their efforts in this respect, entitles the *grande nation* to be regarded as the great acclimatizing—just as England is the great colonizing—power of the earth.

However, among those who have done most for acclimatization, we must award the palm to a fellow-countrymen. Not one can be ranked, in our opinion, higher than the late Earl of Derby. To most persons, no doubt, the extraordinary menagerie which he formed at Knowsley seemed to be but the hobby of a man who spent an enormous rent-roll in this manner rather than on the turf or in electioneering. Few were surprised that his successor, the present leader of "Her Majesty's Opposition," declined the maintenance of such a costly and apparently unprofitable establishment. But we believe the motive which prompted its founder, was far from being the mere indulgence of a whim. Lord Derby really intended to benefit his fellow-men by applying his own natural taste for, and knowledge of, zoology to the reclaiming of new species that might be useful to them. For more than a quarter of a century he worked on with this object in view; but even with his princely fortune to aid him the progress was slow. A few years longer would have seen important results follow: experiment would have produced its usual consequences; theory would have been reduced to practice. He had already succeeded in breeding the eland in confinement—probably of all wild quadrupeds the one that could be most advantageously domesticated—when death put an end to his aspirations. Unfortunately, of the experience he had so dearly bought, nearly all perished with him. The services of his head-keeper, who was supposed to embody all that hardly acquired knowledge, were secured by the Zoological Society of London; but scarce a recorded observation remains to furnish a guide for those who would follow in his footsteps. By his will he empowered the same Society, of which he was the president, to choose from his menagerie some one group of animals as a bequest, and they wisely selected the newly-founded herd of elands; but all the rest of the collection, brought together with so much trouble, and at an expense so great, was sent to the hammer and dispersed. First in the list of works which head this article we have placed the catalogue drawn up for the sale; it is the most complete, we might say the only, permanent memorial of the magnitude of this wonderful repository of living

beings, the extent of which is shown by the summary which we here extract from its last page :

	Species.	Individuals.	Of which are Knowsley-bred.	
			Species.	Individuals.
Total number of MAMMALIA . . . .	94	345	39	207
Total number of BIRDS, exclusive of POULTRY . . . . .	318	1272	45	549
Total . . .	412	1617	84	756

Of the labours of other private persons in this country or abroad, though some are undeniably great, we do not feel called upon to say much here. The late Marquis of Breadalbane is understood to have attained a fair share of success in acclimating several likely species, but we are not acquainted with the particular cases. Certainly it is to him we chiefly owe the successful re-introduction of our extinct race of capercailzies. The exact date when this noble bird ceased to exist in the British islands is not quite clear. Pennant says that a few were still found about 1760 in Ireland, around Thomastown, county of Tipperary ; he also adds that he saw a male bird at Inverness which had been killed in the Chisholm's country ; and his *Tour in Scotland* was published in 1769. We do not know that a single indigenous specimen has been preserved in any of our numerous collections.\*

About five-and-thirty years ago Lord Fyfe tried to restore this grand species to its former home in the forests of Braemar, but nothing seems to have come of his endeavours. Some ten years afterwards the Duchess of Athol renewed the attempt at Blair ; and almost at the same time Lord Breadalbane, through the intervention of Sir T. Fowell Buxton and Mr. Ll. Lloyd, the well-known Scandinavian sportsman, imported from Sweden a large number of capercails, which were subsequently libe-

\* In the Catalogue of British Birds in the British Museum, published in 1850 by Mr. G. R. Gray, we find a hen-bird entered with the remark, "Scotland: from Col. Montagu's collection." We imagine this statement to be erroneous; at least, the careful naturalist last mentioned makes no allusion to such a specimen in his *Ornithological Dictionary*, published in 1813; while he specifies his having received birds from Norway in a manner which leads us to suppose that they were the only ones he ever examined. Mr. G. T. Fox, in the *Synopsis of the Newcastle Museum*, asserts (p. 78) that the example in the National Collection was formerly in Mr. Bullock's Museum: this we think possible; but if so, the probability of its having been obtained in Scotland is thereby diminished. The same author says he is unable to make out if the specimen from Mr. Tunstall's cabinet, now preserved at Newcastle-on-Tyne, was really of British capture.

rated at Taymouth, where they have thriven so well, that now we are told all the old woods in the neighbourhood are full of them. They have also thence been disseminated throughout many other forests,—to Dunkeld, Blair-Athol, and Balmoral,—meeting with encouragement from all the proprietors, and from no one more than the late Prince Consort. We are also informed that Lord Orkney has more recently tried them in Ayrshire, with a good prospect of success; but, in Ireland, Lord Bantry has failed at Glengariff. However, it is not only as having brought about the restoration of the ancient monarch of British game-birds that Lord Breadalbane's memory will ever be grateful to the lovers of zoology, whether pure or applied; his efforts for the protection of the very king of birds itself demand equal praise. On his unrivalled deer-forest of Black Mount, the eagles—elsewhere persecuted to the death—were ordered to be unmolested, so long as they were not numerous enough to cause considerable depredations on the farmers' flocks. He thought, and all who have an eye for the harmonies of nature must agree with him, that the spectacle of a soaring eagle was a fitting adjunct to the grandeur of his Argyllshire mountain scenery, and a good equivalent for the occasional loss of a lamb, or the slight deduction of the rent paid by his tenantry in consequence. Those who remember in the International Exhibition last year Sir Edwin's glorious picture of "The Defeat," —the scene of which was laid in the Breadalbane principality,—know the effect of this feature in a Highland landscape. Whichever of the claimants may be "served heir" to those magnificent estates, we can only hope that the future lord of Taymouth and Mona-Dhu will not be forgetful of his predecessor's partialities.

From the very small number of animals that have been acclimatized in this or other countries as compared with that of plants, it may be rightly inferred that the former operation requires far greater resources than the latter. Indeed, the introduction and naturalization of exotic trees, shrubs, and flowers, has long been a regular trade, and in England has been carried on with much intelligence, and a corresponding degree of success, by a large number of professional persons. But it is otherwise with the acclimatization of animals. This is a business entailing a large expenditure of money, not only as capital at the outset, but continued throughout the whole process. Except, therefore, in the case of those who are blessed with a superabundance of worldly wealth, its advancement can hardly be expected from the efforts of private individuals; and hence we look mainly to the various associations now established in different parts of the globe for the future progress that can be made in the undertaking.

The oldest of these associations is the Zoological Society of London. The intention of its founder, Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles,—that great man whose early death was one of the severest blows ever dealt to England's colonial empire,—and his colleagues, was not more the exhibition of all that is rare and interesting from a purely zoological point of view, than that useful application of zoology which has since received the name of acclimatization. We have now before us a copy of a "Prospectus of a Society for introducing and domesticating new breeds or varieties of animals, such as quadrupeds, birds, and fishes *likely to be useful in common life*, and for forming a general collection in zoology."\* The result of this paper was the establishment of the now flourishing body which has its chief seat on the banks of the Regent's Canal; and in the Society's charter of incorporation, granted in the last year of King George IV., its objects are declared to be "the advancement of zoology and animal physiology, and the *introduction of new and curious subjects of the animal kingdom*" to this country. Nor has the Society been unmindful of its original aim, though in the course of its chequered career the scientific may, on the whole, have prevailed over the utilitarian element. When the Knowsley menagerie was broken up, the Society's finances (thanks to the attractiveness of our old friend Hippo, and the full London season of the Great Exhibition year), were most prosperous, and large and important purchases were made from Lord Derby's collection, most of the animals which formed these additions being selected expressly with regard to their capabilities for naturalization. Passing over here the more important publications of the Zoological Society, notwithstanding the splendid scale on which they are conducted, the modest little pamphlet, whose title stands second in our list, shows a good amount of solid work done in the way of acclimatization. At the time the "List of Living Vertebrated Animals" was printed—namely, May 1862—the society possessed examples of no less than thirty-three species of beasts and thirty-nine of birds bred in their gardens, and in some cases a very large series of examples. We know besides that this bede-roll, long as it is, does not contain a record of all the Society's exploits in this branch of their duties. No small number of other species have been propagated in the Zoological Gardens; but the breeds have subsequently been lost, owing to various unfavourable causes, chief among which must be set down the insalubrity of the locality (now in some measure lessened by improved drainage), and the want of space—in acclimatization perhaps the most necessary requirement of all;—to

\* Reprinted in the *Zoological Journal*, vol. ii. p. 285.

which the Society is subjected. When first established, a farm was taken at Kingston for the especial purpose of breeding animals; but various circumstances, on which we need not here dwell, brought about the abandonment of the design after a few years' trial. Not to mention more than a few instances, it is believed that at the present moment all the wapiti deer—which we have already mentioned as a fully acclimatized species—in Europe have descended from the stock introduced by the Zoological Society. In 1857, with the coöperation of the late Lord Canning and several other gentlemen in India, examples of five fine species of Himalayan pheasants\* were imported, from which upwards of three hundred birds have been bred and dispersed among public bodies or private persons in Great Britain or the Continent. In like manner, the black-necked swans of Chili, which Lord Derby first introduced, but could not succeed in propagating, have, since 1857, almost annually reared cygnets, for the possession of which the demand has been practically unlimited; and through the Society's means this beautiful bird is in a fair way of being perfectly acclimatized in Europe.

We have already spoken of the French as a nation of acclimatizers; our readers will not, therefore, be unprepared to hear of the prosperity which has attended the Société Impériale d'Acclimatation, and of the satisfactory success which has crowned some of its efforts. Those who wish to become fully acquainted with the remarkable results which have followed from its establishment we must refer to the series of *Bulletins* named at the head of this article. Here we shall only have space to glance at the constitution of the Society, which to us seems a model in every way deserving of imitation, and briefly to recapitulate its achievements in one direction which have enlisted in its favour all classes of French men and French women.

The Society was started in 1854, the idea of forming it emanating from the fertile brain of Isidore Geoffroy-St.-Hilaire, the great zoologist, who eclipsed his celebrated father's fame, and whose recent death is mourned throughout the world, wherever natural history is appreciated. He was its first president; and it began its labours by creating, through the means of affiliated societies in the provinces, several establishments in various parts of France. A capital of one million of francs was soon subscribed to carry on its operations, which were favourably regarded by the Emperor. In 1858 a piece of ground, nearly sixteen hectares, or almost forty acres, in extent, situated in the Bois de Boulogne, was conceded by the city of Paris to form a Jardin

\* These are the white-crested, purple, and black-backed kaleege, the cheer, and the monaul or Impeyan pheasant.

d'Acclimatation, which was placed under the direction of the late Mr. D. W. Mitchell, then secretary of the Zoological Society of London. The next year this unfortunate gentleman met his death, whereupon a committee was appointed to superintend the laying out of the ground and the erection of the necessary buildings. Subsequently MM. Rufz de Lavison and Albert Geoffroy-St.-Hilaire were named joint directors of the gardens, which in October 1860 were opened to the public, after being "inaugurated" by the Emperor in person. The excellent taste of our neighbours, aided by the experience obtained in the formation of other zoological gardens, has produced an *ensemble* which is as agreeable to the eye of the mere lounger as it is strictly in accordance with the required objects of the undertaking. Meanwhile the Society was busily employed in extending its influence and collecting information of every description bearing on acclimatization. Nearly all the great ladies of Paris were induced to become its patronesses, and nearly all the sovereigns of Europe its patrons, while it soon counted its ordinary members by the thousand. The proceedings of its meetings were fully reported and published in monthly *Bulletins*, which contain papers by various authors, most valuable to all interested in acclimatization. Of course the importance and worth of these articles vary greatly, but it is noticeable how closely all the different contributors keep to the main objects of the Society, and what a very small proportion of them recommend impracticable projects. Herein we see the wisdom of its founder in taking care that its Conseil d'Administration should include a sufficient number of the most eminent men of science in France. Numerous branch societies have now sprung up under its auspices throughout the empire, and every facility has been given by the Imperial Government to promote its objects. At the present moment, then, we may not unreasonably indulge in the most sanguine expectations for its future progress. It has abundant space at command for its operations,—in this respect unlike our own Zoological Society,—excellent accommodation for its animals, a large invested capital, and an almost remunerative revenue arising from annual subscriptions, the entrance money taken at its garden-gates, and the proceeds of the sale of its duplicate specimens.

It is well known how deeply the prosperity of France is concerned in the silk trade. For some years past, however, this branch of industry has been in a languishing condition, proving a source of great anxiety to the government of the country, the more so that its real cause was not understood. M. Guérin-Méneville, one of the secretaries of the Imperial Society, and long known as a scientific entomologist, began to take up the

matter. It soon appeared to him that a deterioration in the average quality of the silk grown in Europe (chiefly in Lombardy and the south of France) was the immediate cause; but proceeding further, he found that this was produced by the prevalence of an epidemic—generally known to sericiculturists as the “*gattine*”—amongst the silk-worms. It was not long before he ascertained that this in turn took its rise from a disease to which the mulberry-trees all over Europe had been for many years more or less subject. Now, both silk-worms and mulberry-trees were beyond the reach of his therapeutic art; but it occurred to him that a complete remedy would be provided for the disastrous state of things if he could only find some other species of silk-worm of industrious and domestic habits, spinning silk of a good quality, and which would yet bear the climate of France, and not be so particular in its tastes as to require a mulberry-leaf diet. It would take many pages to detail how he set about making his researches. Though his entomological knowledge led him at once to conclude that China was the most likely quarter to look to for what he wanted, M. Guérin-Méneville wisely determined to give every kind of silk-worm that he could get hold of a chance; and in consequence we have a long series of most valuable observations,—not only from a utilitarian, but even a scientific point of view,—which are recorded by him in the *Bulletins* of the Imperial Society, and in the *Revue et Magasin de Zoologie pure et appliquée*, of which he has for many years been the able conductor. The upshot of the whole business is, that he has proved the existence of at least four species, and a fertile hybrid between two of them, which seem destined to play an important part in the world’s industry. Three of them certainly produce a very valuable commodity, but there are at present certain difficulties in the way of making use of the silk spun by the fourth. This is an insect whose native country is somewhat doubtful; but its cocoons have long been employed in China, Assam, North-eastern India, and Thibet, to produce a coarse though durable material. The caterpillar feeds on the leaves of a species of *Ailanthus*, often called the Japanese varnish-tree, which is not only of a hardy nature, but of easy propagation and quick growth, flourishing also on very poor soils. Among other properties, it will endure the smoke and the thorough surface-draining of large cities; and it may be seen growing luxuriantly in the avenues of New York, the boulevards of Paris, and the squares of London. The insect, which is known to naturalists as *Attacus cynthia*, is really a magnificent thing. It belongs to a group which contains the largest of known *Lepidoptera*, and whether in its perfect or its immature stage is equally remarkable for its beauty. As a caterpillar, it is about

the size of a man's fourth finger, of a lively apple-green, studded with velvety black spots, and tubercles that look like so many turquoises. When full-fed, it spins an elongated cocoon of a reddish colour. From this in due time emerges a moth, measuring some five inches across the wings, which are of a particularly graceful shape, and though not brilliantly coloured, yet the various shades of rich brown, harmoniously blended together, and boldly picked out with white tracery, justify what we have above said of its appearance. This creature was sent by the Abbé Fantoni from China to Turin in 1857; the year after, M. Guérin received it, and has since bred it to a great extent, both in the gardens of the society in the Bois de Boulogne, and also on a farm at Vincennes, where he has, with the Emperor's sanction, established a large plantation of the Ailanthus. It has besides been introduced to many parts of France, especially the Landes, where its food-plant is found to grow well, to Algeria, to England, and more recently to South America. In April 1861 M. Guérin exhibited to the Imperial Society 10,000 living cocoons, being about a tenth part of the number which had been grown in the open air the preceding year, notwithstanding the unfavourable season, by the Comte de Lamotte-Baracé, near Chinon. We are not able to state what the increase since has been; but it is clear that this species at least is perfectly well established in France. A serious drawback remains to be told: it is not only that the silk, as before mentioned, is of an inferior quality, but the caterpillar has a slovenly habit of spinning its cocoons in such a manner as to make it a hard matter to unwind them in the form of a skein. But it is stated that quite recently machines have been invented which are expected entirely to get over this difficulty; and in this case M. Guérin's work may be looked upon as crowned with success.

Very nearly allied to this species of silk-worm is one that has been long employed to a very great profit in India, where it is commonly known as the "Eria," and called by naturalists *Attacus ricini*, from the Ricinus or castor-oil plant, on which it principally feeds. This also has been largely introduced by M. Guérin, and is found to flourish in the open air in France. Its silk is of a finer quality than that of its neighbour; but the Ricinus is of a somewhat delicate nature, and too tender at present for the climate of most parts of France. In time it will probably grow harder, as so many plants have done, and then this insect is likely to become of valuable use in Europe. M. Guérin has succeeded in breeding a cross between this and the former species, which, as we before stated, is perfectly fertile, and it seems to unite many of the good qualities of each. We have now to notice the two remaining species. One was sent from China in 1855 by Mgr. Perny, now Bishop of Canton.

Its silk is available for the finer sorts of fabrics, and its food-plant is an oak (*Quercus montignii*). This will probably be completely naturalized in France before long; but hitherto it does not appear to have been so successfully treated as those we have spoken of. The fourth, and last, has been but recently received in Europe, where it was not known before, and its acclimatization is far from being perfected, though we may with confidence predict its future establishment, if all we hear about it be true. In 1861 a small stock was sent to Paris by M. Duchesne de Bellecour, the French consul at Jeddo, and this stock has unfortunately been further diminished, as is asserted, by improper treatment. The squabbles of scientific men not being agreeable subjects of contemplation, we shall say no more on the subject. We only hope that M. Guérin will eventually accomplish the successful *education* of the "Yama-mai," by which euphonious name it is known to the Japanese. Its silk is stated to be of excellent quality, and the caterpillar, like Mgr. Perny's, feeds on oak-leaves. By the latest accounts, we learn that a M. Mazade has been despatched by the French Government on an *expédition séricole* to Japan; and we trust some day to congratulate M. Guérin, whose indefatigable industry in this important branch of acclimatization is worthy of the highest recompense his country can bestow, on the full accomplishment of his patriotic aspirations.

"The worm that spins a queen's most costly robe," and furnishes millions with the means of obtaining their daily bread, will, we hope, be thought by our readers worthy the attention we have accorded it. But we must hasten towards an end; and though the systematic efforts for acclimatization made in some foreign countries should by rights receive ampler recognition at our hands, we can here do no more than indicate the sources from which further information can be derived, by prefixing to this article the names of two works chronicling the progress effected.\* We pass on, accordingly, to mention the chief schemes for acclimatization planned in England and her colonies.

We are sorry to say, we cannot regard the London Acclimatization Society as having yet proved itself worthy of this metropolis. Whether it is that people look upon the ground as already in a great measure preoccupied by the Zoological Society we do not know; but it is certain that the general public have not rallied as readily as might have been expected to the standard recently set up. On the part of the older body, we believe that not the slightest jealousy has been evinced, but its more active members seem to stand aloof from their younger

\* Several of the Continental Zoological Societies do not, we believe, publish any account of their performances. This is especially to be regretted in the case of the well-conducted Gardens at Rotterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, and Cologne.

brethren. The not inconsiderable list of patrons of the newer association contains the names of but five who are looked upon as first-class men of science, and of these only one also appears as subscriber. The Council does not include a single zoologist or botanist of eminence; nor do we find admitted there more than two or three (since the great loss sustained by the Marquis of Breadalbane's death) of those gentlemen who are known to have had special experience of the subject. Now we are far from imputing blame in any particular quarter, but surely this is not as it should be. We have before instanced the necessity of applying a knowledge of natural history to the practice of acclimatization and the most prosperous results of the latter we have mentioned have been obtained by those who possessed the former. One of the Society's secretaries—the heir of a great scientific name—has justly achieved much popularity from his writings; but we fear that Mr. Buckland must often find himself the sole member of the executive enjoying a knowledge of natural-history facts most important in their bearing on particular cases, and the want of which cannot be supplied either by zeal or practical common sense,—for both of which we readily give the Council all credit. This absence of the scientific element betrays itself in several ways, sometimes rather curiously. For instance, the very redundant title the association assumes of being "The Society for the Acclimatisation of Animals, Birds, Fishes, Insects, and Vegetables within the United Kingdom," would never have met with the concurrence of any naturalist, scarcely of any man of education; for who of these requires to be told that the word 'animals' includes birds, fishes, and insects?\* It may be said that this is only a trifling oversight; but the want of zoological assessors becomes more seriously apparent when, in the Second Annual Report, for 1862, we read that an experiment "to obtain a hybrid between the common cow and the eland was thought desirable" by the Council; and we must protest against the implied assertion, that the Zoological Society ever expected success from such an attempt; or, further on, in the statement that "the finest poultry known at Rio Grande is a cross between the male guan and the common domestic fowl." This last, it is true, rests on anonymous authority, which in natural history is very properly regarded as no authority at all; but the Council, we consider, by permitting it to appear unchallenged in their report, virtually endorse it. Now, we do not go as far as some naturalists do in our belief respecting the sterility

\* We must mention, however, that there appears a disposition to correct this vulgar error; for though the unnecessarily long designation is retained on the title-page, the outer cover of the Second and Third Annual Reports bears the imprint of "Acclimatisation Society of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies," —a far more preferable title, if the word Acclimatization were but spelt right.

of all hybrids; but we look upon it as a well-ascertained fact, that the mules between species of groups naturally distinct—as are the Bovine and Antilopine, the Cracine and Galline—are unprolific, and therefore, except as the production of a mere matter of curiosity, we cannot imagine what useful end would be reached by obtaining such crosses. These objections we make in no cavilling spirit; we are earnestly anxious to promote the practice of acclimatization in England, and desirous of seeing the practice elevated into a science; but we hold it to be impossible for these results to follow save by an infusion of scientific blood into the Society's directorial staff. We are greatly pleased to observe, by the last report, which has only come into our hands since we commenced this article, that there has been during the past year a clear increase of 135 per cent in the number of subscribing members, and of course a corresponding augmentation of its funds; it is therefore all the more important that these should be judiciously expended, and this we are confident can only be ensured in the manner we have suggested.

The formation of the London Acclimatization Society originated in June 1860 with the proprietors of the *Field* newspaper; and the valuable privilege of having thus an energetic advocate ready found for it in a popular sporting organ—for the assistance which sportsmen can afford to acclimatization is as great as that they do afford to zoology—has not been neglected. But the progress made in this sort of attempt must of necessity be slow. The main thing to be looked to is, that it be sure. At present we are content to live in hopes. It is not to be expected that in three years any new species could be acclimatized, nor has such been the case; and we cordially support a statement, made last year by the Council, that in all experiments of acclimatization, “no amount of failure should destroy the effect of a single instance of success; and that, when one experiment has succeeded, there is every reason to believe that further investigation must lead to the discovery of the elements which will render success invariable.” With these words of promise, we recommend to all persons interested in the objects it is intended to promote that they should at once join the Acclimatization Society.

Most of our readers will be aware that for some time past the question of acclimatization has been much discussed in the Australian colonies, and many of them may know that several animals, beside the common domestic races of Europe, have already been successfully introduced to the lands of the Southern Cross. Some of these—as witness the camels on the glorious expedition of the ill-fated Burke—have even yet begun to play an important part in their new country’s history. Most of them are due to the enterprise of private persons, at the instigation of Mr. Edward Wilson; but of late the Government of Victoria—

and we believe also of some of the sister colonies—has taken the matter in hand. Nearly 4,000*l.* has been voted by the Parliament at Melbourne for this especial purpose, and an Acclimatization Society has been established in that city under the most favourable auspices, with the Governor, Sir Henry Barkly, as its patron, while Dr. Ferdinand Müller and Professor M'Coy, naturalists of great scientific attainments, hold office in it. The camels which have been imported to the colony are said to be thriving admirably. A large number have now been bred there, and several, escaped from exploring parties, have adapted themselves perfectly to the country, and have been seen in various parts of New South Wales, Queensland, and South Australia. The naturalization of the llama, undertaken at a great cost by Mr. Ledger, may be considered as accomplished; and a contract has been entered into for the introduction of no less than 1500 alpacas, of which a third part has already arrived, notwithstanding the hindrances caused by the jealousy of some of the South American Governments—hindrances so great as to entitle Mr. Duffield, the gentleman charged with the execution of the commission, to the highest praise in overcoming them. These animals are all intended for the high cold mountains of Gippsland, where, in a climate like their own and with suitable plants for food, there can be little doubt that all their best qualities will be preserved, if not improved. Not satisfied, however, with stocking the colony with the fleecy staple of the Cordilleras, the society has introduced the fine-haired Angora goat, and has taken steps to procure that of Thibet, bearing the beautiful wool from which the costly Cachmere shawls are made. The acclimatization of the eland is another object for which special arrangements have been made; and this stately and gentle beast has in England shown itself so apt for domestication, that it requires no prophetic foresight to predict its speedy and thorough naturalization in a country so much more resembling its own, while the surpassing excellence of its flesh makes its introduction there a consummation as devoutly to be wished for as it is probable.

We have been striving to maintain that every where the acclimatization of animals, to be successful, requires the aid of zoological knowledge. We have now to point out another, and, in our opinion, a more serious, class of errors into which its promoters, without the help of that knowledge, are likely to fall.

Botanists, we believe, are unanimously of opinion that in several countries many of the native plants have been extirpated by the introduction of foreign species. The "struggle for life," of which we have all lately heard so much, has gone against them when stronger and harder kinds have been set by their side. To take one instance as an example among many others that have been discovered: "in St. Helena," according to Mr.

Darwin, and we are not aware that the assertion is disputed, "there is reason to believe that the naturalised plants and animals have nearly or quite exterminated many native productions" (*Origin of Species*, p. 390). The same may be said of another African island, the Mauritius. The narratives of the earlier voyagers thither mention many birds, besides the dodo and its kindred species, which are now no longer to be found there; and it is an equally well-ascertained fact that numerous foreign species, mostly during the French occupation, have been introduced into that island. Now, if we are not misinformed, a considerable tract of virgin forest still exists there, and therefore the absence of all these aborigines cannot be entirely ascribed to the alteration of its physical features consequent on the colonization of the island,—nor were most of the missing members of its fauna of a class that would be warred against by man. It seems only reasonable, then, to account for their extirpation on the supposition that the introduction of other species has deprived them of the means of living.

Now we would desire to bring these facts specially to the notice of those well-intentioned gentlemen who are making such strenuous efforts to introduce exotic, and particularly European, animals to the Southern Continent. We should be the last persons to demur to the Australian colonist carrying with him among his household gods all that can with reason make his new-found home dear to him; but we must warn him against the probable results of importing robin-redbreasts, blackbirds, mavis, skylarks, and the like. It is not that we dread the adoption of blood-thirsty advice such as that tendered by a gentleman at the last meeting of the Victorian Society, who stated that the English song-birds which had been introduced to the colony were "much persecuted by the native hawks, whose extirpation would therefore be an advantage;" but we may depend upon it, that if any of the imported species becomes established, it will be at the expense of the original dwellers in the land, which, at any rate, have not been proved to be less valuable in an economical point of view. How great a nuisance a not very noxious weed in Europe may turn out when transported to Australia, is abundantly shown by the acts of the colonial legislatures for the prevention of thistles, all originating, it is said from a single plant carried out by a too patriotic Scotchman. Indeed, the flora of Australasia, particularly in New Zealand, has already sustained a dire defeat from the European interlopers. So will it undoubtedly be with the Australasian fauna. Even now some of its members are undergoing a fearful conflict for existence against the few foreign animals that have been introduced. Dogs, cats, and hogs run wild in many places, and commit dire ravages. The native rat of New Zealand—a com-

paratively harmless animal—is more easily and more fatally conquered by the invading species, than the Maori by the Armstrong gun and Enfield rifle. And what a conquest it is! Extirpation is its natural, its only consequence. The apteryx, like a ghost, vanishes at the crow of the settler's cock. The emeu and kangaroo retire before his sheep and horned cattle; and retirement is but the incipient stage of extinction. What, then, will be the result if the schemes of naturalizing new beasts, new birds, and new fishes in their wild state succeed? The endemic species must be worsted in the encounter, and then *Vae victis!* It is not as among the more highly developed forms of Europe—for surely we must so call those whose constitution enables them to do battle victoriously against their fellow-creatures. In England or in France acclimatization does not in most cases carry with it the penalty of death to other species; but in Australasia, unless care be taken, it will simply be another word for extirpation.

These reflections lead us to offer another suggestion to acclimatization societies, and one which they seem to have in their power to carry out.

While endeavouring to introduce new species, why should we neglect to retain the old? If charity begins at home, surely our native animals deserve some of the care that there is such an inclination to bestow on distinguished foreigners? We have shown how Lord Breadalbane saved the eagles in his deer-forest from extermination, and how he was the chief agent in restoring the capercail to its former domain. There are many other animals on the verge of extinction in the British islands. Some of them are really useful in their way; others merely gladden the eye, or are interesting from their historical or poetical associations. Their fate is trembling in the balance: can we not make a slight effort to turn the scale in their favour? We are glad to see in a recent number of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* a translation of Professor von Tschudi's eloquent appeal on behalf of the protection of small birds from a strictly economical point of view, and trust that farmers in this country will profit by its study; but we would rather devote the remainder of our space to a few remarks on some birds not indispensable to the agriculturist, and therefore not alluded to by him. There was a time, not many years ago, when the great skua was all but destroyed from its two or three nesting-places in Great Britain. It is stated that the stock on the island of Unst, the most northern of the Shetland group, was reduced to three pairs. One gentleman, Mr. Edmonstone, whose name deserves to be recorded with honour, interfered, affording the bird his protection, and it now resorts in no inconsiderable numbers to breed upon his pro-

perty. During several years previous to 1838, when the last British-born bustard was killed in Norfolk, it would have probably been in the power of any of the great landowners in that county to have kept up the native breed; and many we know would have gladly done so, had they known how. Yet we believe the end would have been effectually gained had some two or three cock-birds—easily enough procured from Germany—been liberated on the East-Anglian “brecks” early in the spring: for it appears that the males of this noble species had been all killed down, while several females yet remained, mourning their lost lords, and annually dropping unfertilized eggs in the waving corn-fields, “when the bloom was on the rye.” All experiments to induce this noble fowl to breed in captivity have failed, and probably not even the most stringent Act of Parliament could now restore it to a station among England’s denizens, when thirty years since the outlay of a few guineas, and a good understanding between a few country gentlemen, would have sufficed to retain it. But ten years ago the osprey still bred on some of the Sutherlandshire lochs. Now all we know of it as a British bird is, that every spring and autumn, most commonly the latter, a stray example or two, of unquestionably foreign origin, falls a victim to some professional punt-shooter on one or other of our great rivers. We understand that more than one Highland proprietor issued orders in its favour, but we doubt if any one ever took care to see they were carried out; for had the birds been left unmolested in their breeding-places, there would they still be found.\* Then, again, how many of our constant feathered visitors have the misfortune to be accounted wonderful rarities, and when they appear have every gun in the neighbourhood levelled at them, until chance lays the unhappy hoopoe or oriole bleeding at the feet of some Mr. Winkle, who forthwith obtains an apotheosis as an ornithological hero in the county paper. The *Times*, much to its credit, occasionally finds room for a remonstrance against this silly practice, and we are sure that all the best naturalists view it with extreme disgust. In ninety-nine such cases out of a hundred nothing is ever gained to science: the “specimen” is rudely stuffed by the nearest “taxidermist,” and is displayed in a glazed box to his admiring friends by the exultant bird-murderer as the “*Poluphloisboio thalasses* of naturalists,” which he had the good fortune to shoot on such a day at such a place. But still greater is the abhorrence which not only naturalists, but all persons with any humanity in their disposition, feel at the wanton and savage slaughter

\* A very singular and almost unaccountable case of the recent extinction of a European bird—the francolin—was noticed by Lord Lilford in *The Ibis* for October 1862 (p. 352). See also the remarks made in the succeeding number of the same excellent ornithological magazine for January 1863 (pp. 113-116).

which yearly takes place at the few remaining spots around our coasts where sea-birds yet throng to build.\* It is sickening to think of heaps (we are speaking literally) of winged kittiwakes and body-struck guillemots drifting out with the ebbing tide to be nibbled to death by fishes, while their callow young are perishing miserably on the cliffs above for want of the food which their parents met their fate in bringing. And all that a trainful of sea-side excursionists may enjoy (save the mark!) a holiday. Surely it is but a step from acclimatization to preservation, and a society formed for the promotion of the one object hardly exceeds its functions if it extends them to embrace the other. Only bring it home to the public mind that the destruction of an animal at its breeding place, or when it is seeking for its breeding-place, is a cruel, and consequently an unsportsman-like act, and the practice will cease; for the English people are, of all nations, at once the most prone to humanity and the most addicted to sport. We certainly think that the Acclimatization Society might work this change of opinion, and obtain strength for their other objects by the attempt.

The acclimatization of animals, then, on sound principles, and thus extended, we believe, deserves the utmost encouragement it can receive at the hands of every one, for to all classes do its results appeal. The high-born dame may derive from her silk-worms or her aviary constant occupation and excitement of the most harmless description, even if no more practical results wait upon her ministrations. The humble cottager may in like manner form one more tie to his own home by attending to his modest poultry-yard. The mechanic solace himself in his hours of rest by the care which his dove-cote will demand. The sportsman will be better pleased with the day's shooting that affords him greater variety of game than with one of prolonged sameness, even though the *bouquets* of pheasants be unceasing, and each bird a "rocketter." The farmer add to his substance from cattle newly introduced to his flocks and herds; and the manufacturer may gain by new kinds of raw material out of which to produce his fabrics. The philosopher, the painter, and the poet draw fresh ideas to illustrate never-dying works; while the political economist thus will see the wealth, the health, and the happiness of his fellow-men augmented. It is an old saying, that "he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, deserves well of his country," and the truth of the proverb is not confined to the improved cultivation of plants.

\* The Farn islands off the Northumberland coast must be mentioned as a creditable exception. The protection to the birds nesting there is due to the efforts of the late Archdeacon Thorp.

## ART. VIII.—THE POETRY OF OWEN MEREDITH.

*Clytemnestra, the Earl's Return, the Artist, and other Poems.* By Owen Meredith. Chapman and Hall. 1855.

*The Wanderer.* By Owen Meredith. Second edition. Chapman and Hall. 1859.

*Lucile.* By Owen Meredith. Chapman and Hall. 1860.

MR. OWEN MEREDITH'S poetry has won a considerable share of general popularity. Two of the books at the head of this article are already out of print, and he himself refers in his last long poem, with modest self-congratulation, to the gratifying fact that several of his early poems have been set to music, and are favourites with the young ladies of the present day. He has established a certain position, therefore, in the world which entitles him to the benefit of serious criticism at the hands of all who are jealous of the fame of English literature.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has recently invented a new name for the quality which characterises permanent as contrasted with ephemeral fame, that fine clear-cut individuality of touch which does not merely stimulate the mind with transient little shocks of interest, but engraves the form of a poet's thought on the memory, as distant hills are chiselled out against a sunset sky; —he calls it "distinction." "Of this quality," he says, "the world is impatient; it chafes against it, rails at it, insults it, hates it; it ends by receiving its influence and by undergoing its law. This quality at last invariably corrects the world's blunders and fixes the world's ideals. It procures that the popular poet shall not finally pass for a Pindar, nor the popular preacher for a Bossuet." And it will, we feel no doubt, convince the readers of English poetry, after careful study, that the clever writer who composes under the name of Owen Meredith has no part or share in the true poetic faculty.

Mr. Owen Meredith is by no means what would generally be called a dull writer. His verses shimmer like shot-silk with antithesis, sentiment, and similes. There are smart hits at times, that show a considerable knowledge of the world. He admires nature, and analyses character, and versifies with a fatal fluency. But the more you read of him, the more clear it becomes that he is a poet of what we may call the decorative school, and that even his decorative art is essentially meretricious. His poems remind us of the judgment passed by Eckermann (or shall we rather say by Goethe's mind speaking through

Eckermann), and approved by the great poet, on a certain German poem : "They are the impressions of a dilettante who has more good intention than power, and to whom the highly-developed state of our literature has lent a ready-made language which sings and rhymes for him, while he imagines himself speaking." And this seems to hit exactly the sort of talent displayed by Mr. Owen Meredith. He plays on what Coleridge calls the ready-made barrel-organ of our poetic phraseology with a facility that pleases the ear unaccustomed to true and individually elaborated poems. But the more you read the less you admire him ; the colours with which his poetry is so liberally heightened seem all hot and glaring, and put on in patches, like rouge ; the artificial tone of the pleasantry jars more and more ; the sentiment is thick and blurred, and over-luscious, like Tokay ; and, on the whole, you feel that this poetry is a gaudy artificial costume for life, which catches the eye at first as striking, but the enjoyment of which is soon exhausted. We are sorry to pass so severe a judgment on a poet who has no doubt attained a certain level of popularity ; but we are convinced that it is a true one by many concurrent evidences, and fear that we can only too easily convince our readers also.

When we attempt to compare Mr. Owen Meredith's poems, or any poems of the same class, with a high poetical standard, we are vividly reminded of the fine passage in Plato's *Gorgias* in which he compares with the four genuine Arts that concern themselves with preserving or restoring the well-being of the body and the mind,—namely, Gymnastics, Medicine, Law, and Justice,—the four imitative counterfeits which concern themselves not with the well-being but the temporary gratification of the body and the mind ;—the trick of dressing up the body so as to counterfeit the symmetry and beauty produced by gymnastic training, the trick of dressing up food so as to make it gratify the palate instead of imparting nourishment, the trick of recommending false measures to the people which salve over the public disorders instead of ensuring the well-being of the commonwealth, and finally the trick of persuading the judges so as to gain for the criminal not justice but impunity. This last spurious or counterfeit "dexterity,"—namely Rhetoric,—which is concerned not with procuring the true well-being of the soul, but its immunity from temporary pain, is defined by Socrates as "a state not belonging to true Art at all, but the quality of a soul ready in taking aim, and bold and clever by nature in its intercourse with men." It is impossible for a modern critic not to add to this enumeration of genuine Arts, and the corresponding parasitical dexterities

which aim at a temporary gratification instead of true artistic standards,—on the one hand the genuine poetry which aims at taking the veil from life, whether the life of nature or of men, and showing us, on however modest a scale, the impressions made by men and things on the creative imagination,—and, on the other hand, that merely decorative talent which seems to aim at giving the pleasure and surprises which poetry gives, but without the labour, without the fidelity, without the spontaneous simplicity of true poetry. While true poetry unveils through the imagination the secrets of natural and of human expression, the decorative poetry of which we speak paints for it a new, and at first sight pleasing, external veil, which bears the same relation to the transparent medium of the poet which the patterns drawn on ground glass to prevent vision bear to the images of living forms in a perfect mirror. This decorative trick of false poetry seems to be exactly described in Plato's words as “a state not belonging to true Art at all, but the quality of a soul ready in taking aim, and bold and clever by nature in its intercourse with men.” Socrates adds that he considers the sum and substance of these pleasure-seeking parasites of true art to be a species of flattery,\*—a dexterity, that is, in selecting the weak place in human nature, where a very little tickling with plausible falsehoods will win a great deal of temporary power. And this is, though of course without any of the dishonourable character of *personal flattery*, exactly the characteristic of the kind of poetry we wish to discuss. It is the instrument of minds “ready in aim, and bold and clever by nature in their intercourse with men,” and its method of procedure seems to be just that amount of plausible deception which is certain to follow from taking the superficial tickling of the fancy as the aim of poetry, instead of the effort to grasp truly in the imagination, the life within and the life without.

In the first place you may see this false aim at the plausibly agreeable, instead of at the true, in Mr. Owen Meredith's occasionally clever but always over-emphatic descriptive poetry. True poetic descriptions are of many kinds, following the law of the poet's own mind. There is the careless school of description, which succeeds like Byron's later genius by the mere audacity with which he thrusts into his verse accidental and miscellaneous objects in the arbitrary kind of way in which they would arrest the eye of an absent-minded spectator,—“a sail peeping out here and there, so full of life that you seem to feel the sea-breeze blowing;”† and here again London sights

\* κολακεῖα.

† Goethe's conversation on Byron with Eckermann.

and sounds tumbled in pell-mell upon the imagination, "the wigs in a hair-cutter's window and the passing lamplighters" jostling one another in the memory. Or there is the tranquil German school of description, which Goethe adorned, a school that aims at realising in due perspective, moral as well as physical, the whole picture before the eye, choosing your point of sight at some defined personal centre,—as for instance in the mind of the good old hostess of the Golden Lion in *Hermann and Dorothea*,—and then painting the scene traversed by her exactly as it would seem to her eye, looking at the kitchen garden with a gardener's vigilance for the caterpillars on the leaves, or scarlet runners that need new staking, and so forth. Or there is the meditative school of description, like Wordsworth's, which describes not so much the outward reality as the trains of reverie it set moving in his breast. But whatever the school be, so long as it is a true poetic description, there is always some one point of view which reconciles all that is noted down into a distinct harmony of intellectual effect. Nothing of the kind is discernible in Mr. Owen Meredith's descriptions, which sometimes remind us of a lady's letter, with dashes under all the non-emphatic words, and notes of admiration after all the least significant sentences. Take for instance the following description of the Pyrenees by moonlight, in *Lucile*:

"The moon of September, now half at the full,  
Was unfolding from darkness and dreamland the lull  
Of the quiet blue air, where the many-faced hills  
Watch'd, well-pleased, their fair slaves, the light, foam-footed rills,  
Dance and sing down the steep marble stairs of their courts,  
And gracefully fashion a thousand sweet sports.  
Like ogres in council those mountains look'd down,  
Impassive, each king in his purple and crown."

For the moon to unfold "the lull of the quiet blue air" must, we suppose, mean that it was unfolding the quiet of the quiet blue air, a difficult thing for moonlight to effect, though it may well indeed make stillness more emphatic, the silence being much more striking when the air is luminous than when it is dark. Whether that were Mr. Owen Meredith's meaning we do not know; but what we care to point out is not the mere clumsiness, which may have been the result of random rhyme, but the incongruity of emphasis, the absolute want of keeping, in the whole passage. The moon is just gaining power to conquer out of "darkness and dreamland" the blue air of night, when we discover "the many-faced hills" "watching well pleased the light foam-footed rills," and find that the latter remind us of dancing slaves singing and leaping in the marble courts of a palace, and the former, who were a moment

ago "well pleased" at watching their graceful movements, are suddenly changed to "impassive" ogres in council. Why ogres? and why impassive? If they look cruel and hungry, and disposed to eat somebody up, they can't look especially "impassive," and still less at the same time "well pleased." Here are three expressions all fastened on the mountains in one breath which are inconsistent with each other, and still more inconsistent with the tranquil partially moonlit scene described in the first two lines. A soft summer moonlight, just catching the snow and the gleaming water of the torrents here and there, could suggest nothing less than dancing-girls and either smiling or impassive ogres. The criticism may seem trivial, but not when we consider how much this continuously false stress of metaphor really implies in a poet,—how little he can have studied the truth of either nature or his own impressions to conceive such lines at all, much more to tolerate them as a true delineation of nature when he has conceived them. It is like the child's effort to find as many and as glaring colours as he can when he is painting the dress of his favourite hero. Mr. Meredith's lines represent nothing either in nature or the mind of man; but they seem to promise a succession of impressions on the retina, at short intervals, that will make the eye swim with colour and feel that it has been excited,—which is exactly what we mean by the vice of that meretricious school of poetry which aims at tickling the fancy with superficial impressions rather than delineating the truth of either nature or feeling.

Mr. Meredith's descriptive powers seem, indeed, to have rather degenerated since his first volume was published in 1855. Even then we noted the same tendency to a profusion of colour and arbitrary spangles, which dazzle the eye, spoil the picture, and prove that the artist did not realise what he described. But there were passages here and there of somewhat greater promise, in which he had embodied some Tennysonian studies of landscape intended to harmonise exactly with the mood of mind which they framed. Thus, where Tennyson has "Mariana in the moated grange," and describes a desolate house in a desolate fen country, with a single poplar near it, and a lady waiting in vain for somebody's return, Mr. Meredith had a desolate castle on a desolate sea-shore, and a single blasted thorn near it, with a lady waiting, not eventually in vain, but with feelings the reverse of impatient, her earl's return. The study was much cleverer than most of his recent descriptions; but even there it was easy to discern the faults,—the want of real *eye*, and the tendency to accumulate telling touches, often inconsistent with each other, that have developed into a

thoroughly spurious style in his later works. One of the most ingenious efforts of his descriptive power, however, this desolate castle certainly is :

“ The land about was barren and blue,  
And swept by the wing of the wet sea-mew ;  
Seven fishermen’s huts on a shelly shore,  
Sand-heaps behind and sand-banks before ;  
And a black champaign streaked white all through  
To a great salt pool which the ocean drew,  
Sucked into itself, and disgorged it again  
To stagnate and steam on the mineral plain.  
Not a tree or a bush in the circle of sight  
But a bare black thorn which the sea-winds had withered  
With the drifting scum of the surf and blight,  
And some patches of gray grass-land to the right,  
Where the lean red-hided cattle were tethered.  
A reef of rocks wedged the water in twain,  
And a stout stone tower stood square to the main.  
And the flakes of the spray that were jerked away  
From the froth on the lip of the bleak blue sea  
Were sometimes flung by the wind as it swung  
Over turret and terrace and balcony  
To the garden below, where in desolate corners  
Under the mossy-green parapet, there  
The lilies crouched, rocking their white heads like mourners ;  
And burned off the heads of the flowers that were  
Pining and pale in their comfortless bowers,  
Dry-bushed with the sharp stubborn lavender,  
And paven with discs of the torn sun-flowers,—  
Which day by day were strangled and stripped  
Of their ravelling fringes and brazen bosses,  
And the hardy Mary-buds ripped and nipped  
Into shreds for the beetles that lurked in the mosses.  
Here she lived alone, and from year to year  
She saw the black belt of the ocean appear  
At her casement each morn as she rose, and each morn  
Her eye fell first on the bare black thorn.  
This was all, nothing more ; or sometimes on the shore  
The fishermen sang when the fishing was o’er ;  
Or the lowing of oxen fell dreamily  
Close on the skirt of the glimmering eves,  
Through some gusty pause in the moaning sea,  
When the pools were splashed pink by the thirsty beeves,  
Or sometimes when the pearl-lighted morns drew the tinges  
Of the cold sun-rise up their amber fringes,—  
A white sail peered over the rim of the main,  
Peered all about o’er the empty sea,  
Staggered back from the fine line of white light again,  
And dropped down to another world silently.  
Then she breathed freer.”

No doubt this is pains-taking and to some extent striking, and far more laborious and true than any of Mr. Meredith’s recent studies in the same way. We have quoted it at such

length because it is, we think, his most elaborate effort of this kind. Still it is marked by the ingrained taste for external decoration which is the essence of his talent. For example as to truth of feeling: "the froth on the lip of the bleak blue sea" attempts to crowd into a single line touches entirely inconsistent with each other. The sea often looks bleak, but least so when it looks blue; and to draw attention to its blueness at all just when you are speaking of the spray as the froth on its lip renders the image false, disagreeable, and confusing, instead of graphic. Blue lips and froth suggest, if any thing, convulsion fits, and are wholly inconsistent with the image of the ocean. Again, though lilies rock in the wind, they literally can't "crouch" under a wall, and the word is put in only to aid the funereal metaphor of the mourners which Mr. Meredith wants. Nor is it at all possible for the lady to have seen the sea every morning as a "black belt." There is nothing which first strikes the eye so much on looking out to the sea in the morning as the glare of light upon it, and even on the most clouded days the glancing of the waves entirely prevents any effect like a black belt. The expression is used only to heighten artificially the melancholy of the patient. Then as to the point of sight: as the whole landscape is meant to mirror the lady's melancholy,—just as Tennyson notes in the neighbourhood of the Moated Grange only that which reflects back Mariana's desolation,—the true perspective requires him to delineate what the lady would see, and the impression it would make on her sick mood of mind. Mr. Meredith goes far beyond this in his anxiety for more local colour. She might hear the oxen lowing "through the gusty pause in the moaning sea;" but the idea immediately suggests to Mr. Meredith to transport us to where the oxen are drinking, and make a fresh little point of colour of it,—so he adds, "when the pools were splashed pink by the thirsty beeves," which is clearly Chinese perspective. Moreover, we suspect he has put in this touch from a wholly different landscape. If the pools were splashed "pink," the soil must have been a reddish one, and the whole of his description harps continually on a blue-black mineral plain, which implies a quite different ground-colour; nor can they be the salt-water pools in the sand, as the epithet "thirsty" seems expressly to shut this out. It is another great error of perspective to make the lady watching a sail in the offing see it "stagger back from the fine line of white light again." It is impossible to see a sail stagger in the offing. A similar and worse artistic blunder is made in *Lucile*, where he speaks of a young lady's full heart beating "*loud in her small rosy ears.*" She who alone heard her heart beat could not see her own ears, and certainly could not

then be thinking of them ; the sentence is in fact a horrid medley between the analysis of a young lady's own feelings, and the gourmand sort of admiration felt by a spectator for her pretty ears. All this may seem hypercriticism, but these faults are sown thick through the poems, and indicate just the sort of disposition to stick on stucco ornament from the outside which has got almost complete possession of the writer. Its worst result is, that it destroys the true artist's sense of vision. Whichever you try to realise Mr. Meredith's pictures, even when they look most tempting and picturesque, you find something wrong. Here, for example, is a pretty picture, drawn by a lover of happy travels :

" We will see the shores of Greece,  
And the temples of the Nile ;  
Sail where summer suns increase,  
Toward the south, from isle to isle,  
  
Track the first star that swims on  
Glowing depths toward night and us,  
While the heats of sunset crimson  
All the purple Bosphorus,—  
  
Leaning o'er some dark ship-side,  
Watch the wane of mighty moons ;  
Or through star-lit Venice glide,  
Singing down the blue lagoons."

This sounds musical and picturesque enough at the first reading ; but when you come to look into its structure, it is like a mosaic of which every item is false, though at a certain distance it gives a pleasing effect. True poetry, though it must often be vague, need never be false even in its minutest features to the artist's point of view ; for you can never really get closer to his subject than the attitude of mind in which he chooses to place you. Now put yourself in the place of the lover who is dilating on the pleasure of seeing beautiful southern scenes with his mistress,—could he either from experience or natural prejudice expect to see the "southern suns increase" as he went southwards ? If he did, he was very much mistaken in fact, since of course nothing of the kind happens ;—indeed, *ceteris paribus*, the more obliquely the sun is seen the larger it appears ; nor is there any kind of popular fancy or prejudice in the image. One expects hotter suns but certainly not larger in the south. Then, again, to propose to track a star that is coming *towards* you is as unnatural a mode of speech as the feat is difficult which it suggests. Moreover, it is swimming "on glowing depths towards *night* and *us*," which is either unmeaning, or would imply that the stars rise in the glow of sunset and revolve eastwards,—a curious astronomical phenomenon ; for

wherever the spectator of a sunset may be, he and night must clearly be east of it. Once more : to make sunset "crimson" a "purple" sea is childish profusion of colour. If the sea is purple, it must be the sky which makes it so, it is not its intrinsic colour ; and if the sky is making it crimson and not purple, the adjective 'purple' is a false dye put in for the sake of a more gorgeous variety of colour. Finally, if the gentleman was thinking of the lagoons in *star-lit* Venice, they would certainly *not* present themselves to him as blue, which requires daylight. These verses are the best specimens one could find of the abuse of a ready-made poetical language by a writer skilled in selecting words that have what we may call a poetical smell or *bouquet*, but careless of the real meaning they convey. In a passage of some cleverness in *Lucile*, we have a similar shipwreck of artistic effect from a similar blunder. One of the heroes, Lord Alfred Vargrave, has just seen his rival enter Lucile's room, and has left it angrily through the window, and stands in the garden, where we are told,—

" When left to his thoughts in the garden alone,  
 Alfred Vargrave stood, strange to himself. With dull tone  
 Of importance, thro' cities of rose and carnation,  
 Went the bee on his business from station to station.  
 The minute mirth of summer was shrill all around ;  
 Its incessant small voices like stings seem'd to sound  
 On his sore angry sense. He stood grieving the hot  
 Solid sun with his shadow, nor stirr'd from the spot."

The important business character of the bee's droning hum,—the effect of it and of the "minute mirth of summer" on Lord Alfred's "sore angry sense," is perhaps truly and at all events cleverly imagined ; but just as we are yielding to the impression that here for a moment the author has imagined accurately a real situation, comes the foolish and senseless bit of bombastic imagery, "he stood grieving the hot solid sun with his shadow," which is not only shifting the point of view very abruptly indeed from a geocentric to a heliocentric position,—passing rather hastily from Lord Alfred's grief to the sun's grief,—but is a very quaint piece of emotion indeed for the "solid sun" to feel. Moreover, it appears to be not the *light* of the sun which is grieved at Lord Alfred's shadow, but the "hot solid" mass ; in other words, the emotion of grief broke out in that substantial orb itself,—evinced itself, we suppose, as soon after Lord Alfred had taken his sultry station as the fact became visible there,—say in about eight minutes' time :—a nonsensical criticism no doubt, but only nonsensical because the rhetorical phrase criticised is so absolutely destitute of meaning, that directly you come to think of it, you fall into an

abyss of nonsense. That we may not be thought to be caviling at an accidental blot, here is another instance of the meaningless use of well-sounding words in *Lucile*:

“ And so, as alone now she stood, in the sight  
Of the sunset of youth, with her face toward the light,  
And watch’d her own shadow grow long at her feet,  
As though stretch’d out, the shade of some other to meet,  
The woman felt homeless and childless : in scorn  
She seem’d mock’d by the voices of children unborn,”—

which involves certainly, as it stands in the text, one of the most wonderful pieces of optics we have ever met with. We may, perhaps, in common charity suppose that either “toward” is a misprint for “from,” or “face” for “back;” but the whole image is so mere a draft on the conventional verbiage of poetry,—in which suns are always obliged to set whenever any thing pleasant is ceasing,—that we don’t know how far the meading of the optics will mend the poetry. For any real vision the passage arouses in the reader’s mind, the “sunset of youth” might just as well draw the shadows towards itself instead of throwing them off in the opposite direction. To follow out the idea at all is only to be landed in nonsense; for we are told that this shadow seems to be in search of another shadow which ought to be there to *meet* it, and, if it did, would come, we conclude, from the opposite point of the horizon; and therefore—may we infer?—be cast by the sunrise of youth, and, therefore, perhaps be the shadow of a baby; to which doubtless reference is made in the last line we have quoted about the babies that would not come. What a jumble of conventional images the whole thing is! And these are the sort of images which stud the whole surface of Mr. Meredith’s poetry; not always so ludicrous, but almost always as little really expressive. Here, for instance, is another tune on the barrel-organ of conventional poetic phrases. The Duc de Luvois is recounting how he tried to convince himself that he ought to forget Lucile and get on cheerfully without her, which he did by grinding for himself on the said organ the following unsatisfactory but extremely commonplace strain:

“ Hast thou loved, O my heart ? to thy love yet remains  
All the wide loving-kindness of nature. The plains  
And the hills with each summer their verdure renew :  
Wouldst thou be as they are ? do thou then as they do.  
Let the dead sleep in peace. Would the living divine  
Where they slumber ? Let only new flowers be the sign !

Since the bird of the wood flits and sings round the nest  
Where lie broken the eggs she once warm’d with her breast ;  
Since the flower of the field, newly born yesterday,  
When to-morrow a new bud hath burst on the spray,

Folds, and falls in the night, unrepining, unseen ;  
 Since aloof in the forests, when forests are green,  
 You may hear through the silence the dead wood that cracks,  
 Since man, where his course throughout nature he tracks,  
 In all things one science to soothe him may find,  
 To walk on, and look forward, and never behind,  
 —What to me, O my heart, is thy joy or thy sorrow ?  
 What the tears of to-day or the sneers of to-morrow ?  
 What is life ? what is death ? what the false ? what the true ?  
 And what is the harm that one woman can do ?"

That the broken egg-shells litter the nest, and perhaps render it a prickly seat when the hatching is over, is no doubt a grievance which the wise fowl would do well to remove ; but this circumstance does not seem to be capable of yielding much encouragement to a gentleman who has *failed* to hatch his pet egg. The flower that fades unrepining, and the dead-wood that cracks in the forest, would teach him a melancholy lesson of resignation, but hardly to look forwards and neglect the things which are behind, which is the lesson he tried, and we are not surprised to find vainly, to learn from them. This last passage is as good a specimen as we could have of the average stuff of the poem, and shows the utter rootlessness of the poetic imagery of the writer, whose similes and metaphors, instead of growing out of the subject, are stuck into it like the stalks of cut flowers plunged into the ground. His ornaments have usually no sort of living connexion with the feelings, which his verse, instead of expressing, only varnishes over, or, we might perhaps say, to use an expressive house-painter's term, distempers.

But though poetical description is, on the whole, a fair test of the veracity and strength of a poet's apprehension, as it is also in some sense the lowest department of his art, and certainly that which it is most easy for the critic carefully to check, it is scarcely fair, on this ground alone, to speak of any poet as a dealer in plausible effects,—one who tickles the fancy with kaleidoscopic combinations of poetic phrases instead of drawing the veil from life and nature,—unless there be the same conventional plausibility about his higher artistic *aims*, so far as we have the power of discriminating them. Does it seem to be the animating effort of Mr. Owen Meredith's poems to delineate, by the aid of the imagination, the *truth* of human character, or thought, or emotion ? or is it rather his function to paint fanciful shadows which amuse the mind of the public more, at much less cost to the author, than any truth of delineation would do ? We have of course no means of judging this cardinal question as to the author's effort or aim except from the literary result. But the total effect left upon us certainly is, that while the best gleams of purpose and feeling in these books are those which Mr. Meredith shares with his time, there is a very large propor-

tion of his poetry spurious in aim as well as in method, for which our own day is not at all accountable. "We live in a time," said Goethe, "when culture is so diffused that it has become the atmosphere which a young man breathes; poetical and philosophical thoughts live and stir in him; he has sucked them in with the very air about him; but he imagines them his property, and so expresses them as if they belonged to him individually. But after he has given back to the time what he had received from it, he is poor. He is like a fountain which for a few moments spouts forth the water which had been carried to it, and which ceases to give a drop when the borrowed supply is exhausted." Thus the drift of *Lucile*, if it is intended to have one, is, we suppose, that gospel of earnest work which Mr. Carlyle has preached into the age, without having taught us any very definite object for it, and having unfortunately *un*-taught us some few rather important ones which he has made it his amusement to ridicule. The two heroes in *Lucile*, the English and the French, both lead lives wasted by want of purpose: the former being led astray, we are told, by natural indolence, the latter excluded from his fit political work by the political condition of France, which left no room for the coöperation of a legitimist noble. The heroine again, Lucile, is delineated as a woman of genius with no adequate outlet for her powers, and a natural yearning for domestic life which she does not succeed in attaining. All these three fruitless young people are conducted by the path of calamity, and one of them at least by a very short cut, to a nobler state of mind and purpose, and consequently a more earnest mode of life. The idea of the character which Mr. Meredith has sketched at the greatest length, and perhaps with most satisfaction to himself, that of his French hero the Duc de Luvois, will be gathered from the following lines, which are some of the most simple, perhaps the most carefully thought-out, and, on the whole, certainly some of the best in the book:

" His life was of trifles made up, and he lived  
In a world of frivolities. Still he contrived  
The trifles, to which he was wedded, to dower  
With so much of his own individual power  
(And mere pastime to him was so keen a pursuit),  
That these trifles seem'd such as you scarce could impute  
To a trifler.  
\* \* \* \* \*

## Nevertheless,

What in him gave to vice, from its pathos and stress,  
A sort of malignity, might have perchance  
Had the object been changed by transposed circumstance,  
Given vigour to virtue. And therefore, indeed,  
Had his life been allied to some fix'd moral creed,

In the practice and forms of a rigid, severe,  
 And ascetic religion, he might have come near  
 To each saint in that calendar which he now spurn'd.  
 In its orbit, however, his intellect turn'd  
 On a circle so narrow'd as quite to exclude  
 A spacious humanity. Therefore, both crude  
 And harsh his religion would ever have been,  
 As shallow, presumptuous, narrow, and keen,  
 Was the trite irreligion which now he display'd.  
 It depended alone upon chance to have made  
 Persecutor of this man, or martyr. For, closed  
 In the man, lurk'd two natures the world deems opposed,  
 A Savonarola's, a Calvin's, alike  
 Unperceived by himself. It was in him to strike  
 At whatever the object he sought to attain,  
 Bold as Brutus, relentless as Philip of Spain,  
 And undaunted to march, in behalf of his brothers,  
 To the stake, or to light it, remorseless, for others.

\*      \*      \*      \*

Thus, he appear'd  
 Neither Brutus nor Philip in action and deed,  
 Neither Calvin nor Savonarola in creed,  
 But that which the world chose to have him appear,—  
 The frivolous tyrant of Fashion, a mere  
 Reformer in coats, cards, and carriages! Still  
 'Twas this vigour of nature, and tension of will,  
 Whence his love for Lucile to such passion had grown."

So far as the gospel of work is inculcated with any earnestness by the author, it is done in the character of this French nobleman, who was a reality, we imagine, to Mr. Meredith, and is conceived, in his frivolous earnestness and theatrical passion, much less indistinctly than any other character in the book. The Duc de Luvois is the one present which Mr. Owen Meredith has to give to "his time," in return for the Carlylian ideas which his time has bestowed upon him. We cannot say it is a rich one, for it is so disfigured by the essentially poor and often base material in which the whole work is executed, that even in relation to this character we only here and there come across a line or two which convince us that the author was painting from individual apprehensions of his own, and not from ornamental fancies. However, this, if any, is the character which seized upon Mr. Owen Meredith's own imagination, and we believe that it did really in some sense occupy *him*, and not merely his fancy. One may perceive even through the turbid and muddy rhetoric of *Lucile* a certain fascination of the author's mind with this Frenchman, a word here and there that seems to say he was touching something real in modelling it, and not merely wreathing the vapours of his own fancy. If there are any lines that deserve the name of poetry in the book, they are those which on two occasions delineate a crisis in the duke's turbulent passions. Once when he is roaming about at night

in a forest, rejected by Lucile, in rather a fiendish state of mind, he sees the moon break through a cloud-structure that has been somewhat theatrically painted,—representing it, we suppose, as it might seem to a theatrical mind in genuine excitement,—and the verse runs on :

“ While he gazed, that cloud-city invisible hands  
Dismantled and rent ; and reveal’d, through a loop  
In the breach’d dark, the blemish’d and half-broken hoop  
Of the moon, which soon silently sank ; and anon  
The whole supernatural pageant was gone.  
*The wide night, discomfited, conscious of loss,*  
Darken’d round him. One object alone—that gray cross—  
Glimmer’d faint on the dark. Gazing up, he descried  
Through the void air, its desolate arms outstretch’d wide,  
As though to embrace him. He turn’d from the sight,  
Set his face to the darkness, and fled.”

The line we have italicised seems to us a breaking of the light of genuine poetry through the clouds of Mr. Meredith’s stilted fancy. And we imagine we discern the same rather rare event towards the conclusion, when the Duc de Luvois, having meditated something rather more wicked than usual, is brought to his right mind in a long-winded midnight interview with Lucile in the garden of the hotel at Ems ;—it is French, and somewhat theatrical, but also we think something more :

“ Then, by solemn degrees,  
There crept on the midnight within him a cold  
Keen gleam of spiritual light. Fold by fold,  
The films of his self-gathered blindness, in part  
Were breath’d bare, and the dawn shuddered into his heart.”

But even in this, as in a much greater degree in every other attempt to delineate passion that we could pick out, there is the detestable spirit of rhetorical grandiloquence which Mr. Meredith identifies with poetry. In any genuine poem we should point to the priggish words “by solemn degrees” as giving indications of base alloy ; but when the substance which the artist models is almost entirely composed of this alloy, we must be thankful for any indications of an admixture of higher material.

The true dramatic test of a poet is in his feminine characters. Every great critic has remarked that a genuine poet’s mind differs most remarkably from other men’s by the intuitive sort of sympathy with the feminine nature which it holds easily and gracefully, within the hollow, as it were, of a large masculine experience. “Women,” said Goethe, “are silver saucers, into which we put golden apples. My idea of woman is not one abstracted from the phenomena of actual life at all, but it is innate in me, or has sprung up in me, God knows how.

My feminine portraiture have therefore all come away successfully from the mould; they are all better than you could find in the real world." And it is a law, we think, almost without exception, that the feminine nature lies within the poetic like the pistil within the calyx of a flower. In *Lucile* Mr. Owen Meredith has made a very elaborate effort to paint his conception of a woman of genius, and of the conflict between the masculine vigour which genius gives her and the yearnings of a feminine nature for support. With a dash of Oriental blood in her, *Lucile* is meant to have a dash of Oriental imagination and tenderness combined with the lucid self-possessed intellect of Europe. This, again, is an idea which, were it worked out with any fidelity, would be worthy of a poet's endeavour. There are glimpses throughout the character that the intention was sincerely artistic, but the execution is as much more inadequate than in the case of the French duke as the aim is higher. *Lucile's* portrait is not defined at all: she begins and ends in the abstract; her genius is mere declamation, and no distinctively feminine impression is produced at all. We are told upon her first introduction, in lines that are of Mr. Meredith's best, of *Lucile*,

"The woman that now met, unshrinking, his gaze,  
Seem'd to bask in the silent but sumptuous blaze  
Of that soft second summer, more ripe than the first,  
Which returns when the bud to the blossom hath burst  
In despite of the stormiest April. *Lucile*  
Had acquired that matchless unconscious appeal  
To the homage which none but a churl would withhold,—  
That caressing and exquisite grace—never bold,  
Ever present—which just a few women possess."

This is prettily described, and we expect to have *Lucile* acting up to it; but the impression produced by her least restrained language, when you come to hear it, is of a rhetorical and windy cast, ornate and grandiloquent, without any touch of the real woman in it. For example, after the crisis of the first part, when *Lucile* has failed to win back her old lover, she pours out her labouring feelings to a friend in the East, whom she proposes to visit, and her letter ends thus:

" My friend, ask me nothing.                                   Receive me alone  
As a Santon receives to his dwelling of stone  
In silence some pilgrim the midnight may bring:  
It may be an angel that, weary of wing,  
Hath paused in his flight from some city of doom,  
Or only a wayfarer stray'd in the gloom.  
This only I know: that in Europe at least  
Lives the craft or the power that must master our East.  
Wherefore strive where the gods must themselves yield at last ?

Both they and their altars pass by with the Past.  
The gods of the household Time thrusts from the shelf;  
And I seem as unreal and weird to myself  
As those idols of old.

Other times, other men,  
Other men, other passions !

So be it ! yet again  
I turn to my birthplace, the birthplace of morn,  
And the light of those lands where the great sun is born !  
Spread your arms, O my friend ! on your breast let me feel  
The repose which hath fled from my own.

Your LUCILE."

We venture to say that no woman overflowing with either genius or feminine tenderness (and Lucile is meant to be rich in both) ever wrote in that inflated style, unless she were half acting the desolation she expresses. Still more unfortunately is she delineated when in the second part she starts on her higher career of raising the fallen and rebuking the impenitent. There is a stony sort of grandiloquence about her then which gives the notion of a rhetorical strong-minded woman. Here, for example, she is lecturing her former lover, Lord Alfred Vargrave, on the danger of making his wife jealous of him, and then throwing her in the way of another's admiration, which she does in the following dreadful style, that reminds one of a reformatory chaplain who has not forgotten his classical education :—

" I know that your wife is as spotless as snow ;  
But I know not how far your continued neglect  
Her nature, as well as her heart, might affect,  
Till at last, by degrees, that serene atmosphere  
Of her unconscious purity, faint and yet clear,  
Like the indistinct golden and vaporous fleece  
Which surrounded and hid the celestials in Greece  
From the glances of men, would disperse and depart  
At the sighs of sick and delirious heart,—  
For jealousy is to a woman, be sure,  
A disease heal'd too oft by a criminal cure ;  
And the heart left too long to its ravage, in time  
May find weakness in virtue, reprisal in crime."

We need give little further evidence, we think, that though Mr. Meredith began *Lucile* with an aim not unworthy of an artist, he soon plunged again into that blue-and-gold papier-mâché style of art which is the general characteristic of his poetry.

On the whole, *Lucile* must be called a third-rate novel, rendered disagreeable by very poor and monotonous rhyme. Indeed, the versification is a real mischief, and has no doubt misled Mr. Owen Meredith into many of his monstrous conceits. It bears almost the same relation to the natural language of

prose expression as snoring bears to natural breathing, and creates exactly the same kind of nervous annoyance in the reader when the snore (which you cannot avert) is at hand. Only a diseased appetite for the petty surprises of rhyme could endure such rhyme as this, which frequently distracts attention from the false composition without answering one of the purposes that the rhythm and rhyme of a true poem should serve. A long epic poem in couplets is always bad. It suits Pope's epigrammatic style, which always seems to clinch the thought as with the sharp snap of a steel clasp ; but in Mr. Owen Meredith's hands it has no possible relation to the flow of the thought, and produces, as we said, only the periodic pang of stertorous breathing. Then, again, the metre is very bad. It is written usually in the metre of Byron's

“The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;”

which, though grandiose, is well adapted to the flashing splendour of a picture of that kind ; and this Mr. Meredith occasionally varies with the metre Goldsmith chose for his “Venison Pasty”—

“Thanks, my lórd, for your vénison, for finer nor fáttér  
Ne'er ranged in the forest nor smóked on the pláttér.”

The first metre Mr. Meredith has in such lines as these,—

“Listen tó me, my friénd. What I wish to expláiñ  
Is so hárđ to shape fórtb, I could álmost refráin ;”

while Goldsmith's is chosen in the couplet next following :

“From toúching a súbject so frágile. Howéver,  
Bear with me a whíle if I fránkly endeávour.”

Slight as the difference between them is, the first is grandiose, and the second mock-grandiose. And when a long epic poem runs from one into the other, the hero passes as it were from a slightly ostentatious march into the mocking trip with which naughty boys imitate him. However, it is the former metre in which by far the greatest part of the poem is written : and this grandiose rhythm naturally often makes Mr. Owen Meredith ashamed of a plain sentence, and induces him to dress up his impressions in a uniform worthy of so stately a marching-step. We scarcely know whether this, though the worst intellectual result of the rhythm chosen, produces so lamentable an artistic effect as presents itself when the poet omits to put this full costume on his thought, and orders it into this grand march in a slovenly flannel dressing-gown like the following :

“I foresaw you would conquer ; you have conquered much,  
Much indeed that is noble ! *I hail it as such !*”

—a climax so grand as almost to suggest to us Mrs. Gamp coming down “like a wolf on the fold.” In general, however, you see that the metre stimulates the rush of the words into something at least equally grand in their swing, even when, as in the following lines, we hunt in vain for any similar march in the thought :

“What then,  
If earth in itself were sufficient for men,  
Would be man’s claim to that glorious promise which arches  
With Hope’s fourfold bow the black path where he marches  
Triumphant to death, chanting boldly, ‘Beyond !’  
Whilst invisible witnesses round him respond  
From the Infinite, till the great Pean is caught  
By the echoes of heaven, and the chariot of Thought  
Rolls forth from the world’s ringing walls to its goal,  
Urged by Faith, the bright-eyed charioteer of the soul ?”

How infinitely wearisome this pomp of movement, continued through three hundred and sixty-one pages, becomes, accompanied as it is by the perpetually recurring clack of the rhyme,—the metre meantime frequently disarranging the accent, or the rhyme compelling words like “liberty” to be rhymed with “free,”—the conscientious reader of this poem alone can know. Sydney Smith once said that his idea of heaven was consuming *pâtés de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets. Reading *Lucile* is like consuming an intellectual delicacy, if not quite so rare, still in several respects analogous, to the sound of hurdy-gurdies, and supplies only too vivid a foretaste of the opposite state.

There are many poets, however, whom it would be exceedingly unfair to judge, either by their longer poems or their directly visionary faculty; many who have neither the sustained narrative vigour for an epic poem nor the visionary eye which realises the details of an invisible scene. In fact, the forms of true poetry are quite as numerous as the forms of full personal life; and the man who fails to expand his apprehensions of the world into an epic may often succeed in precipitating the solid thought into a sonnet, or setting free from his materials the airy sentiment of a song. Moore, for instance, whose longer poems are heavily charged with gaudy and grandiloquent sentimentalism, wrote many a little poem which just caught the momentary sparkle of social feeling, or gave the feathery wings of melodious verse to satire with barbs as cruel as wit could make them. Again, Wordsworth, who had in him far too much weight of meditative thought to rise successfully on the light wings of song, and made his longer poems, fine as they are, rather too solid for ordinary taste, gave a grandeur to the sonnet, and a fervour to the homely grief or

gladness of his ballads, which no other poet has reached. A true poet, though he may miss his way often into compositions quite unsuitable to his genius, will blossom somewhere into the poetry which is really his natural life. Can Mr. Owen Meredith take a higher rank by virtue of song, or sonnet, or ballad, or lyric of any kind, than we have been able to assign him in his pictorial scenes and versified drama? The sonnet is clearly a form of verse not suitable to him at all. The strong, deep, meditative note which should vibrate through it from first to last and give it reflective unity is not at all in his way. Such of his poems as profess to be meditative are exceedingly diffuse and meandering, without any single focus of thought. They wander from a pictured love-scene to general and vague reflections, and back again to young ladies, in a very vagrant fashion. After much search among Mr. Meredith's meditative productions, we can find nothing else so good as the following verses, which are two among a considerable number devoted to illustration of the same not very real idea,—that desire is better than possession, and even, as he seems to express it in the second of the two, the unknown than the known, which is a strong thing to say:

“ How little know they life's divinest bliss,  
That know not to possess and yet refrain !  
Let the young Psyche roam, a fleeting kiss :—  
Grasp it—a few poor grains of dust remain.  
See how those floating flowers, the butterflies,  
Hover the garden thro', and take no root !  
Desire forever hath a flying foot.  
Free pleasure comes and goes beneath the skies.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Chase not too close the fading rapture. Leave  
To Love his long auroras, slowly seen.  
Be ready to release, as to receive.  
Deem those the nearest, soul to soul, between  
Whose lips yet linger reverence on a sigh.  
Judge what thy sense can reach not, most thine own,  
If once thy soul hath seized it. The unknown  
Is life to love, religion, poetry.”

But in Mr. Meredith's meditative, as in his other poems, we cannot find any genuine or personal reality. These, if any, are the kind of poems in which the mind should be true to itself. When you are honestly looking into your own past and present, it may be natural to find the fancy or imagination kindle; but neither fancy nor imagination, kindling in order to express real thoughts about oneself, give rise to what De Quincey calls “a jewelly haemorrhage of words.” Now there is no kind of poem in Mr. Meredith's volumes which seems to be written more for ornamental purposes, and less to satisfy the craving

for true insight, than these long meandering meditations. To us they read, not at all like what a man really thinks to himself, even in the most excited moods, but plausible meditations—the sort of thing a young man might (injudiciously) *like* to think. We have given two of the simplest and best verses of this kind we can discover, expressing rather vividly the sensuous awe of grasping the very thing you seek, and trying to exaggerate that awe into a divine veto. But the following is a more common specimen of the way in which Mr. Owen Meredith philosophises on these occasions, which, we trust, is only a theatrical fiction; for if a man really rants thus to himself alone, the most solitary exercise of his intellect must be taken on stilts. It is from a piece called "Condemned Ones," in which, after reproaching himself and some lady, who appears to have deserted him, he goes on :

" Yet is there much for grateful tears, if sad ones !  
And Hope's young orphans Memory mothers yet ;  
So let them go, the sunny days we had once,  
Our night hath stars that will not ever set.  
And in our hearts are harps, albeit not glad ones,  
Yet not all unmelodious, thro' whose strings  
The night-winds murmur their familiar things,  
Unto a kindred sadness : the sea brings  
The spirits of its solitude, with wings  
Folden about the music of each lyre,  
Thrilled with deep duals by sublime desire,  
Which never can attain, yet ever must aspire,  
And glorify regret."

By very careful reflection it is possible to make out that Memory playing the mother to "Hope's young orphans" is a paraphrase for saying that the writer still cherishes the memory of the wishes which he once hoped for. But neither a poet nor any other man ever really conceived that very simple idea in the form of a Foundling Hospital or Orphan Asylum for Hope's babies, in which Memory has the post of matron. A man must go a very long way for such a metaphor as that to express one of the simplest of all thoughts. Then the last simile no ordinary mind is equal to. The duals thrilled by sublime desire must have of course some reference to the lady, and perhaps to some form of moral duet with her; but the sea and the spirits and the lyre, and the wings that are folded about its music, are a problem far beyond a simple person's mind, and can never have been the imaginative form of any man's genuine thoughts. These are the bright glass beads and bugles which Mr. Meredith hangs about his ideas to make them look poetical, but which really destroy Truth, and substitute showy glitter in its place.

As a song-writer Mr. Meredith would have more chance of

attaining a moderate excellence, if he would attend a little more carefully to the duty of having something distinct to say. His one qualification as a verse-writer is a keen sense of what we may call the *physical* atmosphere which belongs to words, and which often overpowers for him their intellectual significance. Still this is one of the most important qualifications of a song-writer. Moore had this sensuous feeling for words, and an infinitely greater poet, Tennyson, has it in a very high degree; but neither of them sacrifice a clear drift and image to the mere vapour or scent which words give off, as Mr. Owen Meredith often does. Take for example the following verses in the poem called "Once":

"O happy hush of heart to heart,  
O moment molten through with bliss,  
O Love delaying long to part,  
That first, fast, individual kiss !

Whereon two lives on glowing lips  
Hung claspt, each feeling fold in fold,  
Like daisies closed with crimson tips,  
That sleep about a heart of gold."

We defy any one to get a clear notion out of the latter verse, though it sounds the *kind* of thing which Moore would have put into a song. Are we to conceive *two* crimson daisies, closed and placed cup to cup, as there are clearly two hearts, and the "deep duals" are, we suppose, the essence of the conception? And more, what is the force which the simile adds to the previous verse? Surely in fact it very much weakens the strength of it. If "the moment molten through with bliss" can be expressed by crimson daisies closed for the night, and, as we infer, somehow looped into each other, it cannot have been a very exalted moment after all. The capacity for an effective sensuous use of language is a very dangerous one, and requires a much stronger intellectual control over it than Mr. Owen Meredith thinks of wielding. Still it is a qualification for a song-writer; for a song should generally effervesce with airy sentiment that rises up lightly to the very surface of the mind without absorbing much attention, and should therefore carry its whole effect with it on its very first contact with the ear of the hearer. And in order that this may be the case, the mere *physique* of the words should be in some sense almost as important as the ideas they contain. We think, for instance, that in three other verses of the same piece Mr. Meredith has fairly succeeded in combining this effective sensuous organisation of words with thought clear enough and telling enough for a very effective song; though that would not, we suppose, be his name for the piece in which we find it:

"As some idea, half divined,  
With tumult works within the brain  
Of desolate genius, and the mind  
Is vassal to imperious pain,  
  
For toil by day, for tears by night,  
Till, in the sphere of vision brought,  
Rises the beautiful and bright  
Predestined but relentless Thought ;  
  
So, gathering up the dreams of years,  
Thy love doth to its destined seat  
Rise sovran, thro' the light of tears—  
Achieved, accomplished, and complete!"

And there is a song in *Lucile* with the peculiar muscatel flavour of Moore's songs, though the idea it tries to embody is not worked out with any distinctness,—the song about the ship and the bird-of-paradise. Its metre has the peculiar swing of a skipping-rope, in which Moore's sentimental tenderness so often expresses itself, and its language has Moore's luscious effects, but its meaning is not brought out with any of Moore's point, and leaves but a faint glimmer of suspicion on the mind as to its true drift. Again, there is a song called a "Canticle of Love," that reminds us somewhat of the same poet, who would not, however, have allowed the last verse to descend into so deep a bathos. On the whole, Mr. Owen Meredith shows more qualification for writing a certain kind of sentimental song than for any other species of poem,—chiefly, we fear, because the need of an intellectual drift is then at its minimum, and the importance of the physical effect of words at its maximum. He tells us as a fact in *Lucile* that there are "Miss Tilburinas" who "sing, and not badly," his earlier verse. This is one of the few poetic distinctions which Mr. Meredith is likely to attain.

But if Mr. Owen Meredith's sentimental songs are decidedly above his average poetic level, we are sorry to add that his would-be comic effusions are very decidedly below them, and about as vulgar and weak as it is possible for a cultivated man to write. The light social chat in *Lucile*, so far as it does not strive after humour, certainly shows a knowledge of society that might be turned to good account in a novel; but he is absolutely without humour, and unfortunately deeply convinced that he possesses it in large measure; and the result is the disagreeable trash of such pieces as "Matrimonial Councils," "See-Saw," "The Midges," "Small People," and others,—pieces that it is marvellous his friends should have allowed him to reprint in a second edition. The raillery which Mr. Meredith speaks of in one quiet and smooth copy of verses as a result of

"The pride which prompts the bitter jest,  
Sharp styptic of a bleeding heart,"

has often a certain literary value as an indirect measure of the force of a repressed intensity of feeling. But Mr. Meredith's jokes, while they have none of the brightness of natural gaiety, have also none of the genuine caustic which gives irony its flavour; they are simply forced jokes, and nothing more; and we know of no species of literary product more intolerable than this.

It would, however, be unfair to Mr. Meredith to omit from our criticism a class of poems to which he has evidently devoted more time than to most others, and which are perhaps distantly related to these *manqués* levities of his. There are a considerable class of—lyrical ballads we cannot call them, for there is little or nothing of lyrical feeling in them,—but ballads with an Edgar Poe-ish flavour, the essence of the poem being a sudden horror, generally reaching a climax at the close. Of these we find a large number in the *Wanderer*, containing, with many others, the “Castle of King Macbeth,” which, like the tale of the Hunchback in the *Arabian Nights*, throws down a solitary corpse upon us, and leaves us with it,—“King Limos,” which begins with physical and ends with suggesting moral cannibalism,—“The Pedlar,” a tale of permanent nightmare,—“Mystery,” the dream of a delirious man whom the surgeons have bled,—“Misanthropos,” intended, we fancy, as a kind of pendant to Tennyson’s “Vision of Sin”—the lines in a French *café*, which are an attempt to intrude the shadow of supernatural remorse into the life of pleasant sin,—“Going back again,” which delineates a soft moonlight picture of a beauty sitting with her throat cut,—“The Ghost,” and finally “The Portrait,” which is, we take it, meant to contain the climax of the morally monstrous. This enumeration—and we might add some others of the same class—will be sufficient to show that Mr. Owen Meredith has made a special study of horrible situations. He has tried too, in most of these cases, to give piquancy to the horror by a certain dash of levity such as Edgar Poe throws into his “Raven;” and this was what we meant by saying that there is a certain connexion between these poems and the atrocious comic poems of which we spoke last. They are not, however, open to the same kind of criticism; for the touch of levity is seldom obtruded, and is always secondary to the touch of horror. The writer’s notion evidently is that the poetical effect consists in the thrill with which the scene pictured inspires you; that if his picture can startle you in any thing like the same degree as the actual discovery of a beauty sitting at her window in the moonlight with her throat cut, or of a man carousing at night with the ghost of his dead mistress, he has attained the highest triumph of poetical art. Accordingly touches are sedulously in-

troduced which in any way tend to enhance the thrill of horror;—but we do not think that this is a path by which any one could reach a true poetical effect. Poetry has something better to do than to imitate humbly the influence of ghost-stories and murders on the nervous system. It should, if it touches such matters at all, attempt to draw away the veil of shuddering sense with which horrible catastrophes preoccupy and blind us, and present in its place the realities of human feeling or passion which have led to tragedy as their result. Edgar Poe certainly does not do this. He rests on the merely morbid, as if the morbid were a final and universal root of human nature instead of a result of some deeper mental or moral distortion, the secret of which the poet ought to be able partially to fathom. Hence the exceedingly low level of Edgar Poe's power,—certainly marvellous of its kind. But Mr. Owen Meredith, without any of Edgar Poe's wonderful capacity for inspiring a hypochondriac mood in his readers, insists very unfortunately on pursuing the same course. And he succeeds in producing one or two disagreeable qualms of the same kind, though less acute than an actual ghost or an actual murder would produce. Now this seems to us to show that Mr. Owen Meredith has entirely mistaken the true field of poetry in relation to this species of tragic effect. The part of poetry in tragedy can never be the mere statement of a horrid moral riddle, to which the reader is left to find the answer. This is to put poetry below even the sensation drama. That aims no doubt at producing *coups de théâtre*, but at least it leads up to them and puts in the hands of the audience all the moral clues by which they are apparently explained. It relies on thrilling situations, but at least on thrilling situations which are intelligibly evolved out of known causes, and which intelligibly contribute to visible effects. And none but the very lowest art relies even on the great scenes for its "surprises" at all, but only for the greater scale of action and passion for which these great scenes make room. It is not the thrill which the audience feels in the suffocation of Desdemona, but the gradual maturing of Othello's jealousy and its consummation in its natural fruit, which lends the interest to that last scene,—not the surprise, but the fulfilment of the growing dread, in some sense the very absence of all room for surprise. True poetry may sometimes, though rarely, begin with an enigma, as in the case of *Hamlet*, for instance, where the suspicion of murder does not dawn even on Hamlet's own mind till the ghost has appeared. But it can never end with one without ceasing to conform to all the laws of art. It is of the very essence of all art—poetical no less than that of the sculptor or the painter—to satisfy the mind, not to perplex it,

—to offer a coherent vision ; to help us to understand something we did not understand before, if the subject is old ; to give us a new object of imaginative perception which exemplifies known principles of human life, even if the subject is original. The situation in which the mind *cannot* rest, but which simply sets it speculating, is *ipso facto* inartistic. When, indeed, a poet or an imaginative writer has fashioned for us a whole narrative, then the painter may single out any momentary crisis in it and try to work out his conception ; and this may be true art. But then the mind rests upon the known story, and looks to the painter for some fresh commentary on it, some fresh insight into it by which we may be able to appreciate more fully the conception in the creative mind of the dramatist. All true art extends our vision ; and so far as it does not, but simply excites our curiosity or dread, it is not art. If the artist deals with a horrible subject, he must treat horror as a result of crime, sin, ignorance, or some other evil, and satisfy us that it is in its right place, however wrong the cause. Thus Shelley's *Cenci*, which is a study of the most fearful of human horrors, is a work of high art so far at least as the character of Beatrice is concerned, because Shelley helps us to understand the secret of her childlike vindictiveness, the impersonality of her unscrupulous passion to rid the earth of her destroyer. But it is not a work of high art as regards Count Cenci, because it leaves him the same riddle that it found him. Nor can poetry be absolved from this universal condition of all art. Even Mr. Owen Meredith's own poems sufficiently show this ; for wherever we find one rising above the level of his ordinary verse, there also we find one which, instead of merely piquing curiosity, gives us a somewhat fuller insight into some corner of creation or some recess in the heart of man. If his sketch of the Duc de Luvois in *Lucile* is worth any thing, it is for this reason ; if his picture of the desolate sea-side country in which the scene of "the earl's return" is laid is worth any thing, it is for this reason ; and just so far as he puts forward an insoluble terror, simply for the thrill it excites in the nerves, so far he abjures his function of an artist, and does what the sensation paragraphs of an American newspaper effect better, instead.

We have said that Mr. Owen Meredith's "Misanthropos" is a kind of pendant to Tennyson's "Vision of Sin,"—not, we need scarcely say, comparable to it in any way, though the "Vision of Sin" is one of Tennyson's least successful pieces, but apparently allied with it in the form of conception. "Misanthropos," if, as we think, it does exemplify, does not exemplify strikingly, the fault we have just spoken of. It is comparatively a connected and rational piece, striving to delineate the state of mind

of a dying misanthrope disgusted with life and all that it contains. But for this very reason it illustrates in the germ the poetical vice which such poems as "The Portrait" present in full bloom. The misanthropic state is not a subject for Art without some delineation of how a man has grown into misanthropy. It is essentially the fruit of a peculiar history and career. If delineated alone, it is like a shadow without any visible substance to cast it, or an image of revenge without the wrong which gave birth to it. Now Tennyson is clearly aware of this. He does not introduce his jaded sensualist, jeering at every semblance of good, till he has given us a glimpse into his history. The youth "who rode a horse with wings that would have flown, but that his heavy rider kept him down," and who had been led by a child of sin into the company "with heated eyes" and "sleepy light upon their brows and lips," is already printed on the imagination before the "gray and gap-toothed man, as lean as death," crosses the horizon again, and launches out into that bitter satire against even the name of virtue :

" Virtue !—to be good and just—  
Every heart, when sifted well,  
Is a clot of warmer dust  
Mixed with cunning sparks of hell!"

And without the prologue the long philippic would have little or no artistic meaning. But Mr. Owen Meredith characteristically gives us the misanthropical declamation without a hint as to its birth. He opens with the waters of bitterness. The speaker introduces himself first in the caricaturing verse :

" Not a light in yonder sky,  
Save that single wicked star,  
Leering with its wanton eye  
Thro' the shatter'd window-bar ;  
Come to see me die!"

Now, not to speak of the absurd straining of the misanthropic mood implied in attributing wickedness to a star, the whole picture is utterly *unmotived*,—an eclipse without a vestige of the body which casts the eclipse, a collapse without a paralysing stroke, a passion of hatred without either a crime or a wrong. This cannot be good art; and when we are reminded from verse to verse, now, of the poem of Mr. Tennyson's we have mentioned, now, again, of Faust's curse, and now of Timon's just resentment, and yet find no root for any of these phases of misanthropy,—we see how completely Mr. Owen Meredith's notion of poetic effect is not artistic, but sensational. The Misanthrope too occasionally lapses into rather inconsistent apologies for sinners :

" O the vice within the blood !  
 And the sin within the sense ;  
 And the fallen angelhood  
 With its yearnings too immense  
 To be understood !"

—a form of apology the last lines of which Mr. Owen Meredith might fairly adopt in his character of poet; but whether the immensity of his yearnings is sufficient excuse for the curiously torso character of his art, we are not quite sure.

But "Misanthropos" is, as we said, not only not the worst, but one of the least tricky of these sensational minor poems; for it does attempt to expound the intellectual attitude of the Misanthrope, though not to explain it. The real climax of poetical vice is reached in such pieces as "The Vampyre" or "The Portrait." In the latter poem a gentleman is introduced listening on a gusty night to the "wind at his prayers," whatever that meteorological phenomenon may be, and thinking by the dying fire of "the dear dead woman up-stairs." He explains to us that only two persons know any thing about his trouble, —one "the friend of his bosom, the man I love," whom grief has "sent fast asleep" in the chamber up above; the other is the Raphael-faced young priest who confessed her when she died, a man "of gentle nerve," whom this grief of another man had moved beyond measure, for his lip had grown white as he speeded "her parting soul." In this desolate situation he recalls to mind that he has left a portrait of himself on the bosom of the corpse :

" On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies  
 Which next to her heart she used to wear ;  
 Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes  
 When my own face was not there.

It is set all round with rubies red,  
 And pearls which a Peri might have kept.  
 For each ruby there my heart hath bled ;  
 For each pearl my eyes have wept !"

What this last statement may amount to as a measure of tenderness is not apparent; but he decides to reclaim his portrait before it is buried with her: and on going up-stairs to feel for it in the moonlight, he encounters another hand on the breast of the corpse, which turns out to be that of the "friend of my bosom, the man I loved," on the same errand; and a dispute very like that about the colour of the chameleon occurs :

" Said the friend of my bosom, ' Yours, no doubt,  
 The portrait was, till a month ago,  
 When this suffering angel took that out,  
 And placed mine there, I know.'

'This woman, she loved me well,' said I.  
'A month ago,' said my friend to me :  
'And in your throat,' I groan'd, 'you lie !'  
He answer'd . . . 'let us see.'

'Enough !' I return'd, 'let the dead decide :  
And whose soever the portrait prove,  
His shall it be, when the cause is tried,  
Where Death is arraign'd by Love.'

We found the portrait there, in its place :  
We open'd it by the tapers' shine :  
The gems were all unchanged : the face  
Was—neither his nor mine.

'One nail drives out another, at least !  
The face of the portrait there,' I cried,  
'Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young Priest,  
Who confess'd her when she died.'

The setting is all of rubies red,  
And pearls which a Peri might have kept.  
For each ruby there my heart hath bled ;  
For each pearl my eyes have wept !"—

with which the poem concludes, without any speech from the dead woman, like that addressed by the chameleon to the positive travellers, concerning the folly of judging by so limited an experience. The cold comment that "one nail drives out another, at least," with which the discovery of this harlot's elaborate double prostitution in the very face of death is received, is scarcely any addition to the very obscure testimony to the hero's tenderness, which appears to be typically set forth by the setting of the portrait in rubies and pearls. You are left with the raw horror on your mind of this frightful network of sensuality, duplicity, and death, and without any touch, however slight, which can serve to mitigate this horror by throwing the fine light of art over the scene. It is like an exceedingly detestable police-case thrown into rhyme. Owen Meredith may say, with great justice, that the plot of Shelley's *Cenci* is infinitely more frightful, and so it is; but, as we have said, Shelley has cast so bright an artistic beauty over the conception, has taken it up so completely into his imagination, that we can see nothing beyond the terrible intellectual and moral problem under which Beatrice Cenci's mind laboured, and by which it was so fearfully warped. But Mr. Owen Meredith does not throw this horror into any intellectual form at all. He does not even delineate it, if he is fully aware of it,—he only tells us what he expects will make us shudder, and imagines that that shudder is due to his poetry. Why, if you were to translate the thing into prose, you would lend it a much stronger effect. The only influence of the verse is to give a certain dilettante

sort of ornament to the story, without once rousing the imagination. You wonder what the rubies and pearls mean, and what sort of troubles he alludes to in the many bleedings of the heart to which he has been subject, and the tears he has shed,—whether they were all for this woman or not, and so forth. But the only intellectual kernel of the piece, if the incident be possible at all,—the state of mind of this dying prostitute,—is not even touched. The story is pitched down before us in naked loathsomeness, a kind of monstrous nut to crack; and not a particle of artistic assistance is rendered towards solving the mystery of evil which the poet has indicated. No artistic crime could be more heinous.

We have now attempted to show that in almost all the departments of his art which he has attempted at all, Mr. Owen Meredith, or the gentleman who writes under that name, has substituted, for the genuine poetic art, which tries to reveal through the imaginative world, as fully as possible, the true spirit of human life and nature,—the spurious poetic art, which invents decorative artifices to hide the emptiness of its form. The latter is to the former what dress and ornament are to the culture of perfect beauty. Indeed, Mr. Owen Meredith's skill is mainly, as it seems to us, a branch of literary cosmetics, through which signs of healthy, earnest, and rounded purpose only shine in glimpses here and there. If we have been too severe, it is not at least from any personal motive; for we have never heard any thing of the writer except that his poems are popular, and that he stands socially far above the need of any thing like literary compassion. At a time when poetry has to do, for the cultivated world, much, not only of its own proper work, but of that of faith also,—when the true poets know intimately how infinitely difficult it is to find for their delineations but "one feeling based on truth"—on the absolute solid rock of truth, it is in our mind a serious duty to sound the artifices of the mere decorators of human life, who put a chain round its neck, and earrings in its ears, and fine raiment on its back, and beautify its complexion, and teach it the graceful attitudes of movement and repose, and call the result—poetry. We shall be grieved if we have done this gentleman any injustice. We have anxiously noted almost any sign of imaginative sincerity and vigour that a very careful study of him has discovered; but with every fresh reading we have gained fresh certainty that his models are bad, his method spurious, and his own feeling for nature either dull or blunted. His art is typified by the fair ghost whom he describes in one of his pointlessly thrilling poems. A woman "pale and fair," who seems a monarch's daughter "by the red gold round her hair," comes to him to-

wards dawn, lifts up her head "from her white shoulders," and says,

"Look in ! you'll find I'm hollow ;  
Pray do not be afraid."

That must have been Mr. Owen Meredith's Muse. She is a well and even ornately-dressed ghost, who habitually proclaims the gospel of her hollowness to any critic who will allow himself to be haunted by her for a season. We have looked in, we have found her very hollow, and we are not at all afraid ; but we are very much fatigued, and, as the beaten soldiers say, "demoralised" by the process. "Earth is sick and heaven is weary" of this tawdry finery affecting the grandeur of an art which of all arts is the most real to the very few to whom has been given the vision and the power to discern, and live by, the truth of life. Mr. Owen Meredith has cleverness, and is not incapable of higher aims. He will one day cast off with a sigh of relief the meretricious and dilettante costume which has so long disguised him from his true self, as well as from the world which has applauded and misled him.

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#### ART. IX.—CHURCH REFORM.

*A Letter to the Lord Bishop of London on the State of Subscription in the Church of England and in the University of Oxford.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford ; Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London. Oxford and London : John Henry and James Parker.

LORD ELDON would never have understood the present position of the Church of England. He firmly believed that the first effect of the Reform Bill, of Catholic Emancipation, and all the thousand changes which harassed his old age, would be the "demolition" of the Church of England. He had seen a new world of thought arise around the old and sacred fabric. For years he had striven to keep down the new world ; for years he succeeded ; at length he had been vanquished. He could not doubt what the effect would be. The Church would be attacked "from without," its external enemies would close in upon it day by day : day by day their strength would increase, and its strength would decrease ; in no long time it would fall, amid the jeers of its assailants, and in a storm of revolution. Thirty years have

passed on, and we see the reality before us. It is the reverse of the anticipation. The assailants of the Church from without are less powerful, less formidable, less hopeful, than they were thirty years ago. A small section of the orthodox Dissenters excepted, no one attacks the "Establishment" as such. The very phrase has died out of our controversies. The abolition of church-rates seemed a short time since probable; but an injudicious advocate, the authorised agent of an influential society, happened to say that it was only a step towards "further changes,"—towards the destruction of the Church: and then immediately public feeling changed; the English people were alarmed, and church-rates were preserved. Thirty years ago, Liberals were not only wrath but loud at the position of the Bishops in the House of Lords; who is either loud or angry now? Who cares at all about the matter? The Irish Church is as bad as ever; it is, as formerly, the Church of a minority. The Scottish Church, which old reformers hardly ventured to attack, which had cast its roots deep and wide in the whole Scottish people, has become the Church of a minority too. The case of the assailants of ecclesiastical establishments has improved, and yet they assail no longer.

But the existing Church is not safe; it has never *felt* so unsafe. It is attacked *from within*. In the old times—in Lord Eldon's times—there was at least a demarcation between friends and foes. The assailants might be eager, but there was no treachery in the interior. Now the clergy attack the formulae of the Church, some one and some another; others attack the Bible itself. Courts of law are harassed with arguments to prove how many heresies beneficed clergymen may safely and consistently hold. Many of the best churchmen write pamphlets in favour of change: they would relax something or they would alter something. Now most educated people are for a Church, though few are satisfied with *the* Church; thirty years ago the issue was different and simpler,—every one was either for *the* Church or else for *no* Church.

The causes of so remarkable a change are well worth a little consideration, though they cannot be fully understood without a little theory.

There are three courses which the State may adopt with religion. First, it may leave it alone altogether; it may affect to say or think, "Religion is of so high a sphere that I decline to have any thing to do with it;" it may really think, "Religion is a thing so intangible, so curious, so affected by the various idiosyncrasies of different minds, so sure to breed quarrels and contention, that I *will* have nothing to do with it. To do the plain political work of this world is the business of the

State, and it will only augment the difficulties of that work to connect it with any thing so obscure, so impalpable, so incapable of effectual proof, as religion." The high aspect of the voluntary principle has appealed to a few men out of the way of the world; it has induced sincere and pious Christians in quiet places to be unwilling that their creed, their hope, their trust, their real being here, and their expected being hereafter, should be identified with what they think the coarse, the crude, the ungodly work of the State. The low aspect of the voluntary principle has moved, and is daily moving, the natural instincts of many a statesman. He sees his work, he believes, plain and easy before him, if "the clergy of all persuasions" will leave him alone; he can keep peace in streets and conquer the king's enemies, or at least contend with them manfully and well; but he cannot predict what will be the result if he introduces into his simple formula the great "unknown quantity" religion. From the combined force of these two extreme classes—the most Christian and the least Christian in every country—the voluntary principle will always retain much strength. But in England neither of these classes is the ruling class, or is even a very powerful class. The *mere* Christian and the *mere* politician do not much influence the sluggish mass of vague judgments which we term public opinion. Their voices are various in sound, but they are alike in origin. They are the anomalous utterings of eccentric minorities, and are unheard more than unheeded, are drowned even more than disregarded. The plain judgment of the English people is, that "the State ought not to separate itself from religion; on the contrary, it ought to knit itself to religion." Religion, they hold, "is the real producer of that order, that peace, that harmony, that justice, which the State only strives to produce. It is the greater power where the State is the lesser power; it is the greatest ally which the State can hope for, and statesmen are foolish, if not wicked, if they do not avail themselves of it."

The English people do not like the opposite way any better. Many speculators have proposed, and some countries have enacted, that out of the taxation all sects should be paid a certain annual sum proportionate to their real influence. The State on this system declines to answer the question, What is religious truth? It neglects and passes it by; it only attempts to answer the practical problem, How shall religion be made politically useful? It replies to that question by paying each form of religious sect which inculcates political morality, which teaches obedience to the magistrate, respect for property and for plain social duties, in some proportion to the degree of morality which they have the means of creating. A large sect is

paid much, because it can make many men moral ; a small sect little, because it can make few men so. The preacher is paid in proportion to his congregation, because that is the best test of his social influence and his political utility. A theorist may easily make an adroit case for this system ; but as respects a deeply religious people such as the English, it has an inherent defect which will always prevent its being applied, and which makes it clear that it ought not to be applied. The object of the plan is to make religion politically useful by the patronage and hire of all religions favourable to politics ; but that diffused patronage and that indiscriminate hire have an influence deeply unfavourable to religion. The State seems to say, "We, the embodiment and representative of the sense and the practicality of the community, care nothing for religious truth ; we do not think about, or regard it, or heed it ; we treat all religious creeds as useful *employés*, as inferior servants, but we acknowledge ourselves no fealty to any of them." The spectacle of this indifference to the unseen world, this systematic adoption upon principle of religious "know-nothingness" by the State, which is the greatest human institution, which is the most visible human institution, which overawes more than any other the human heart, which attracts more than any other the human imagination, is unfavourable to religion. No deeply religious people would ever endure it, or admit of it. No English parliament would ever entertain an annual series of "religious estimates" to be divided among all sects in proportion to their power. Every English parliament would feel that such a system, by exhibiting a conspicuous indifference to religion, by annually making it a political engine, injured the sources of its best influence, and impaired that very political morality which the whole scheme was intended to strengthen and to aid.

The third scheme is the old and simple one, that the State should publicly make a selection of a religious creed ; that it should assume to distinguish for itself and its own actions, if not for its subjects and their actions, what is religious truth. The plan was called formerly the plan of the "State conscience." The duty of the State, or at least one of its principal duties, is, on this theory, the discrimination between religious truth and religious falsehood—the arriving at right conclusions and opinions concerning the unseen world. But, as far as respects the present English State, and especially the English parliament, which is its ruling organ, no one could imagine an annual selection of a religious creed by the English House of Commons on the production by the "Minister for Public Worship" of a religious "estimate." The House of Commons would not vote away millions of public money for any one religion,

would not undertake an annual investigation which was the true religion, any more than it would vote those millions as a subsidy for all religions. The plan of selection suits a popular assembly of mixed opinions, even as ill as the plan of indiscriminate payment suits a nation which, amid whatever superficial secularity, is at heart passionately religious.

We then seem to be landed in a great perplexity. On the one hand, the State cannot leave religion alone without relinquishing the most valuable aid and help in its own functions; on the other hand, it cannot in England now—out of its own resources—out of the annual revenue which is its sole property—support all religions, or choose any one to support. There seems at first no help for a difficulty like this.

In an old community like the English, however, the existence of a vast ecclesiastical *property*, which was given for religious objects, which is even now indefinitely useful in religious concerns, which cannot be diverted from those concerns without palpable and plain evil, not only aids our difficulty, but extricates us from our difficulty. The State finds a vast property, not for the most part granted by itself; which was never State revenue; which was given by its owners to religion when there was but one religion in the country; which was given by those owners to a religion which was once ours, which is not now ours, which is hateful to the English nation. The State finds itself *trustee* of a great estate destined by its donors for *national* religious purposes; but, in the progress of time and the changes of opinion, in fact never devoted now to the support of the Church to which those givers adhered, but always devoted to the support of those beyond its pale, and often devoted to the support of those who furiously and fanatically denounce it.

What is the State to do with this large property? In the first place, it would not practically be endured that the funds heretofore devoted to the support of religious worship should be devoted to any object but religious worship. In nine-tenths of the parishes of England such a change of employment would be alien to the opinions and feelings,—the most confident opinions and the deepest feelings,—of the mass of the population. It might be possible, if it were enforced by law and by the sword, but it would not otherwise be possible. Again, if the State proposed to confiscate the church property, and to devote it to other uses, it would have at the very outset to deal with a most delicate question of *individual property*. The right of appointing a beneficed clergyman is a legal, valuable, and saleable property; and if we say there are to be no longer beneficed clergyman, we must compensate those who have the right of appointing them. *Advowsons* are as good property as fee-simples; and

we must first buy the *advowsons*,—a costly matter, for they are most valuable,—ere we could set apart the present ecclesiastical property to a *non-ecclesiastical* use.

The difficulty of diverting the yearly income of the English Church property to secular uses would be as great as any political difficulty ever was or can be. The secular passions and the religious passions would both be against it. Religious people would hate it as sacrilege; all people with any thing to lose would hate it as confiscation, and very many would hate it as both. And if the advowsons were bought up first, the applicable money—the tempting money, the money to *spend*—would be much less than, at a first glance, would be anticipated.

Nor should the income be so diverted. The arguments which show that the English State could not, out of its annual taxation, set apart a conspicuous sum—a sum of millions—either for the support of one religion or for the support of all religions, do not withhold it from acting as trustee, for the national benefit, of this vast inherited property. An annual vote, whether of distinctive selection or of indiscriminate gift, would be unsuitable to our habits: the first would be too *religious* for our Parliament,—it cannot pretend to be an exceptionally good judge of religious truth; the second would be too *irreligious*,—it dared not in the face of the nation, it does not itself wish, to avow an indiscriminate support of all useful religions, whether they be true or false. But the English Parliament, though an exceedingly bad judge of abstract religious truth, is well qualified to decide what sort of administration of this great ecclesiastical estate would most conduce to the religious welfare of the English nation. They are Englishmen predominantly of the predominant creed, exceptionally of the exceptional creed; they are most of them men of some sense; they are most of them men of some education; they are most of them men of some ability; as an assembly they, by the admission of the world, excel every other in testing taste and discriminating ability. They will therefore be well able to act as trustees on behalf of England. They need not make an annual vote, which would be a glaring exercise of supreme authority; they have only to exercise a general, an occasional, a hidden trusteeship over these large ecclesiastical domains.

The exact dilemma applying to religious votes is this—either you must annually choose the creed you pay, because it is the one sole religious truth, or you must annually choose to pay what you admit may not be the religious truth. You have either to tax men for your selected creed as the one truth, or for some other religion, or for all religions. In this case, as in the far less objectionable, the comparatively imperceptible

case of church-rates, the dissidents from the paid religion will say, “We *will* not pay, we *may* not pay; we risk our salvation if we pay to the support of creeds which are the antithesis and opposite of all we believe, which at the least endanger the future happiness, and perhaps ensure the future misery of those who believe them.” But no one can say that his conscience is aggrieved because the produce of certain acres which never belonged to him, on which he has no claim, are devoted to the support of a religion of which the vast majority of the nation approves, even though he may not approve of it himself. The human imagination, in fact, not only recognises and admits, but aggravates and intensifies the difference between payments by the individual,—payments “out of pocket,” as the feeling phrase goes, and payments *not* by the individual. Few consciences could be aggrieved at the use by the nation of an old ecclesiastical estate in the manner that the nation, speaking by the State, declares that it thinks desirable.

Nor is this the only advantage which the maintenance of a proprietary Church secures to us. As we have explained, it enables the State, in such an age as this, and such a country as this, to connect itself with religion without violating what any one can even fancy to be the claim of the individual citizen—the right of the tax-payer’s conscience. But it does more than this. It supports in independence an educated clergy. We are not disposed at present to set forth an elaborate theory on the relation of the clergy to their congregations. But we venture to assume that an entire dependence of the instructor upon the instructed is by no means desirable. In the Church as it now exists the clergyman is entirely independent of his congregation. He may set them at defiance; he may disregard their wishes; he may pay no respect to their opinions, so long as he keeps within the limits of the law. This entire *independence* is perhaps faulty. In an ideal state of things, the minister would probably be dependent on his congregation for some part of his income, and independent for the other part; he would be obliged to them for non-essentials, and not be obliged to them for essentials. But however this may be, no one can have watched the real working, and no one can have considered the true theory of ecclesiastical relations, without perceiving that *some* independence of the teacher on the taught, a certain secure *status* in the preacher, which no deviation from the opinion of the hearers can impair or weaken, is an essential ingredient of a desirable organisation. The duty of “making things pleasant” is a great duty in a religious teacher, but it is not the sole duty. A proprietary Church naturally, if not necessarily, vests a freehold in

the clergyman; and it is the second of its great excellences. It not only enables the State, in an age of divided opinion, to identify itself with religion, and religion with itself, but it improves the *communicated* religion itself, by giving to the teacher a fixed dignity and free reflection such as can hardly be found elsewhere.

Such is the sort of reasoning which has satisfied even the classes most opposed by inherited tradition to the Church of England that its maintenance is desirable. It would be idle to say that these abstract reasons are those which have convinced the English people. As a people they have never inquired into the subject; they have never doubted about it. They see that in almost every parish the abolition of the Church would do obvious harm, that in almost every parish its continuance does obvious good; and they are contented with this practical test, which, indeed, suits most of them better than difficult arguments, which they could hardly understand, and would never remember. Nevertheless, a quiet person, searching calmly for mere truth, will perceive that these arguments are very valuable, because on so great a subject they are critically decisive.

The reason why the educated classes, though desirous of a Church, are not satisfied with *the* Church are better known and more obvious. The English Church was founded in an age utterly different from ours in genius and character and spirit. Between the England of Queen Elizabeth and the England of Queen Victoria there are differences not of detail but of essence,—differences which could not be removed from either age without changing its identity. The English Church was framed in what was then thought a spirit of compromise. Its founders intended that there should be only one form of religious worship, and one creed of professed religion, in England; and they were fairly and naturally anxious that this one creed should be one professed by very many persons, and this form of worship should be one in which many persons could join. They were ready, as Englishmen in authority generally are, to sacrifice something of consistency and system for an equivalent in convenience and expediency. But there were limits to their moderation. They intended that the English Church should be a mean between the Roman Catholic Church and the extreme Protestant sectaries; they wished it to be a tolerant and comprehensive mean, but still a mean. They did not wish it to include either extreme; they advisedly wished to condemn the doctrines of the consistent Papists and the doctrines of the consistent Puritans.

In the present age, pernicious effects arise both from their wish to include and their wish to exclude. Their wish to

exclude has given rise to the Thirty-nine Articles. Speaking generally, it is the object of these propositions to keep out the two extremes of conflicting opinion of the age in which they were composed ; their whole scope is explicable only by long past controversies ; many of their minuter points remain grotesque even after every explanation has been given to them. It is idle now-a-days for any educated man to fancy that he believes those articles as a whole and in their spirit. By a mental contortion he may be able for a moment to force, or to fancy that he forces, his mind into a temporary reconciliation with most of the propositions taken separately. He may enforce on his intellect an occasional conformity with sentence A and sentence B and sentence C ; but no energy of effort, no illusion of imagination, no fond emotion, can make a sincere man say that these obsolete dogmas really represent his *mind*. If he had to write a creed for himself, he would not write *that* creed. They have been called "Articles of Peace," and so they may have been ; but now they are "Articles of Perplexity." They contain many propositions which few can more than half believe ; and their spirit, their language, and their tone, are alien to the present times.

Such has been the effect of the exclusive efforts of the first Anglicans, and they have aggravated it by their efforts in the way of inclusion and comprehension. They wished, rightly and wisely and naturally, to write anew as little of the real Prayer-book, as little of the ordinary and vital Church Services, as they dared. They wished to use as much of the immemorial prayers of the Church as they by possibility were able. They wished to use as many of the old words—of the words familiar to their youth, and remembered from their childhood—as they possibly could. Such was their real inclination ; and even if they had not been so inclined, the statesmanlike and conservative instinct which has nearly always been the critical and determining force in English politics, would have compelled them to choose that course. They were making great changes ; they were altering the language of the prayers ; they were abandoning the mystic unknown tongue for the vulgar tongue ; they were substituting a new and homely ceremonial for an old and attractive ceremonial ; they were making great changes in doctrine, of which these changes in gesture and ceremonial were the symbols and effects. Common sense and plain statesmanship were therefore imperative. They said, "As you must change so much, do not change an iota more than you must, especially in the familiar part of religion ; in the common public worship leave what you can unchanged. As the words and gestures are to be new, let the substance of what is said be as old as possible."

Coming to the formation of a new English Liturgy in this spirit, the reformers have kept as much of the old Latin prayers as they were able. And it is fair to believe that they did not always know the precise meaning of what they were keeping. These old words were so familiar to them, as many old words are to us, that they hardly knew their meaning. They went on uttering many old phrases wholly unconscious how little these phrases represented their own belief,—how much more in harmony they were with the creed from which they revolted. In ages of transition such is always the case: the old formulæ linger over the new doctrines; they are like the proverbs of an old period; they are cited as confirmation of practices and habits utterly alien from their original meaning, and almost from any possible meaning. The reformers were in the worst position to estimate the meaning of the old prayers; their minds had gradually ebbed away from much of their spirit, though they retained an attachment to almost all their words.

The result is the singular structure of the English Prayer-book. It is made up of prayers written mostly by Catholics and in a Catholic spirit, and of Articles entirely written by Protestants and in a Protestant spirit. The services are favourable to one creed, the Articles enjoin another creed; and to fresh readers, such as are common among the educated classes of the present day, the result is strange and peculiar. It is to no purpose that a refined argumentation is put before men to show that these two documents may be rendered consistent; that there is no absolute inconsistency in them; that by some clippings of inconvenient words, and some enlargement of convenient words, they may be "held together." An educated mind does not like two "lobes" of belief; it hates to be always twisting words into senses which, if they really bear, they will not well bear, which it is certain the writer did not mean them to bear.

The notion of many minds is, that there is a sort of compromise to be struck between the tone of the Articles and the tone of the Liturgy, and that the legal creed of the English Church is some way and somewhere between them. Such was doubtless Lord Chatham's notion when he spoke of the English Church as having Calvinistic Articles, a Popish Liturgy, and an Arminian clergy. But though, as a rough practical compromise, such a combination of inconsistent elements may be possible,—though it may be congenial to the ruder species of the active mind, it will not be suitable to or accepted by the learned and logical intellect. For a Church to issue two documents, in spirit, if not in terms, inconsistent, and then say to its disciples, "Go to, now reconcile these," is at once a dangerous temptation to speculative disputants, and a severe trial to simple and pious minds. A thinker who is bound to accept the English Prayer-book,

is bound to accept many hundreds of propositions, written by very many persons, and in very many ages; he is bound both to accept the lyrical semi-Catholicism of the services, and the wholly Protestant prose dogmatism of the Articles. A really logical mind cannot do this. Father Newman says, and justly says, that it is impossible to hold *any system* of theology without putting some violence on some propositions in some part of the Prayer-book. The High Church have to manipulate the Articles; the Low Church to manipulate the Liturgy; the Broad Church have to manipulate both. Free thought is inevitably weighed down by such a number of imposed propositions; and if it had been intended to aggravate the certain hardship, it could not have been more effectually accomplished than by compiling these propositions from two dissimilar and hostile schools of theology.

Such is the evil in a word in which the Church of England now labours. It has formularies which are so long that nothing short of inspiration could exempt them from error,—that scarcely any known human intellect could have made them consistent; and yet these formularies are not inspired, and are compiled of the various expressions of various minds in various ages. In consequence they often at least *seem* to be untrue, they often at least *seem* to be inconsistent.

The laity, indeed, of the Church do not practically feel this evil much. They are not obliged to believe all these services, or any of these Articles; they are subject to no severe penalty for impugning them. But this liberty is only a result of social laxity. The laity are subject to a prosecution for heresy, and if convicted, to excommunication for heresy; but no one is convicted, because no one prosecutes, and no one prosecutes because no one would care for the punishment. In an age in which there is a real social toleration, excommunication, which does not affect property, which does not (as in the case of a layman it could not) affect the right to perform public worship, is a nullity. It cuts a man off from no communion. He can do as much and can possess as much as ever.

The position of the clergy is very different. They are bound by most stringent obligations to conform to the Liturgy and to believe the Articles. It is therefore the clergy who complain. The anomalous nature of the Prayer-book—its division into dissimilar halves, the vast number of propositions which it lays down—affects the laity little, but the clergy much. It only affects the laity through the clergy. The fetters on the teachers are indirectly fetters on those whom they teach. The precise position of the clergy is this :

They are subject to four species of legal obligation.

- 1st. They are required to subscribe the Articles.
- 2d. They are required to conform to the Liturgy.
- 3d. They are bound in *some* sense by the Ordination Service to believe all the canonical Scriptures. We say in *some* sense, because, after Dr. Lushington's decision in the case of *Essays and Reviews*, it is not easy to say very shortly *how far* the clergy are so bound. A few words will explain this.

The Ordination Service contains two passages as to the belief of the person ordained in Scripture. The first is in the Service for the Ordination of Deacons, and is as follows :

*"Bishop.* Do you unfeignedly believe all the Canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testament ?

*"Answer.* I do believe them."

The second passage is in the Form for the Ordination of Priests, and is as follows :

*"Bp.* Are you persuaded that the Holy Scriptures contain sufficiently all doctrine required of necessity for eternal salvation through faith in Jesus Christ ? and are you determined out of the said Scriptures to instruct the people committed to your charge, and to teach nothing, as required of necessity to eternal salvation, but that which you shall be persuaded may be concluded and proved by the Scripture ?

*"A.* I am so persuaded, and have so determined by God's grace."

These two passages obviously relate to different doctrines : the first relates to the *truth* of Scripture, the second to its *sufficiency*. These two doctrines are manifestly different, and a large part of the Christian world believe the first, but do not accept the second. The Roman Catholic Church and the Greek Church would not admit that the Scripture is sufficient, though they would not only admit, but maintain that it was true. The supplemental revelation of the Church is, in their judgment, as necessary as the primary revelation of the Scriptures. The English clergy are bound to believe that the Scriptures are true, and they are bound also to believe that nothing that cannot be found there need be believed in order to salvation.

It is very remarkable that Dr. Lushington regards these two seemingly distinct obligations as identical. He almost confounds them. "I think," he says, "that the declaration, 'I do believe,' must be considered with reference to the subject-matter, and that is the whole Bible, the Old and New Testament. The great number of these books ; the extreme antiquity of some ; that our Scriptures must necessarily consist of copies and translations ; that they embrace almost every possible variety of subject, parts being all-important to the salvation of mankind, and parts being historical and of a less sacred character, certainly

not without some element of allegory and figures,—all these circumstances, I say, must be borne in mind when the extent of the obligation imposed by the words ‘I do believe’ has to be determined.

“ Influenced by these views, I, for the purpose of this cause, must hold that the generality of this expression, ‘I do believe’ must be modified by the subject-matter; that there must be a *bonâ fide* belief that the Holy Scriptures contain every thing necessary to salvation, and that to that extent they have the direct sanction of the Almighty.”

It is, at the least, exceedingly difficult to say, that this interpretation is a very natural one. Dr. Lushington interprets an unfeigned belief in all Scripture to mean a restricted belief in *such parts* of Scripture as contain matter essential to salvation. Take a single book, say the first book of Kings: it is a canonical book; it is an historical book; for the most part it is a very simple book; for the most part of it no one can accuse it of poetry. Would it be possible for a clergyman to say, “I do not believe any part of the narrative in the first book of Kings; I do not believe there ever was such a person as Rehoboam or as Jeroboam, as Jehu or Jehosaphat; I do not believe that any one of the series of kings of Judah ever lived, or any one of the kings of Israel ever lived”? Can this in any fair sense be called “believing” the Scripture? Certainly not; and yet it is equally certain that no doctrine essential to salvation is contained in this long list of monarchs. It is not a spiritual truth that there was such a person as Ahaz, or as Je-hoiada, or as Naboth. Would it be competent to an English clergyman to say, “I know that the Scripture says there was such a person as Solomon, but I do not agree with Scripture. I think there never was such a person; and I am free to think so, for the existence of Solomon is not a truth essential to salvation”? We do not believe the common sense of the English people will ever call *that* “believing the Bible.”

We confess we do not see why the word “true” should not be construed in its plain and moral sense. If a man says, “I believe Saturday’s *Times* to be true,” he does not mean “I believe such parts of Saturday’s *Times* to be true as are essential to salvation.” He means that the events there set down did happen, that the world as described in the *Times* corresponds with the world which exists in reality. It is quite true that much of the Bible is very difficult of interpretation. We often cannot say with any confidence what meaning the writer intended to convey; but we cannot help thinking that those who declare the Bible to be true are not at liberty to say the writer of the Bible “said this, and meant to say this, but I think he

meant wrong and was in error." Whether the writer was inculcating an eternal truth, or whether he was saying that Jeroboam was king in Israel, is, according to every natural and simple explanation, for this purpose immaterial.

The entire bearing of Dr. Lushington's interpretation of the part of the Ordination Service which refers to the Scripture, and the monstrous state in which it leaves the subject, cannot be fully understood unless it is considered in connexion with his interpretation of that part of the Articles which relates to Scripture. The material Articles are these:

*Article VI. Of the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures for salvation.*

"Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation: so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an Article of the Faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation. In the name of the Holy Scripture we do understand those Canonical Books of the Old and New Testament, of whose authority was never any doubt in the Church.

"Of the names and number of the Canonical Books: Genesis, &c. &c.

"And the other Books (as Hierome saith) the Church doth read for example of life, and instruction of manners; but yet doth it not apply them to establish any doctrines; such are these following: The Third Book of Esdras, &c. &c.

"All the Books of the New Testament, as they are commonly received, we do receive, and account them canonical."

*Article VII. Of the Old Testament.*

"The Old Testament is not contrary to the New: for both in the Old and New Testament everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ, who is the only mediator between God and man, being both God and Man. Wherefore they are not to be heard, which feign that the old fathers did look only for transitory promises. Although the law given from God by Moses, as touching ceremonies and rites, do not bind Christian men, nor the civil precepts thereof ought, of necessity, to be received in any commonwealth; yet, notwithstanding, no Christian man whatsoever is free from the obedience of the commandments which are called moral."

*Article XX. Of the authority of the Church.*

"The Church hath power to decree rites or ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith: and yet it is not lawful for the Church to ordain any thing that is contrary to God's

Word written, neither may it so expound one place of Scripture that it be repugnant to another. Wherefore, although the Church be a witness and a keeper of Holy Writ, yet, as it ought not to decree any thing as against the same, so besides the same ought it not to enforce any thing to be believed for necessity of salvation."

On these Dr. Lushington observes:

"It becomes, then, of the last importance to ascertain what is meant by 'Holy Scripture,' and by that which 'containeth all things necessary for salvation.' The Article declares that Holy Scripture is contained in the Canonical Books enumerated, and in the New Testament. But that is no explanation of what is meant by 'Holy Scripture,' or by the word 'Canonical.'

"I am not at all surprised at this silence, because I apprehend that the meaning of both expressions was fully understood at the time, and that explanation was deemed wholly unnecessary. I think that the expression 'Holy Scripture,' well understood by all, meant Scripture contradistinguished from all other writings, and that the adjective 'Holy' denoted Divine origin. I think that the meaning of the word 'Canonical' clearly appears upon the face of the Article itself, namely, books whose authority was never doubted in the Church; and by 'authority' I mean divine authority, for there is no other authority which by possibility could cause them to contain all things necessary for salvation. This doctrine is, moreover, distinctly stated in the Twentieth Article, which declares that 'it is not lawful for the Church to ordain any thing that is contrary to God's Word written, neither may it so expound one place of Scripture that it be repugnant to another.' The expressions 'God's Word written' and 'Scripture' are in this Article plainly identical.

"It has been said that the Church has not in these Articles or elsewhere defined inspiration. It is no part of my duty to define it, and I shall not attempt to do so; but I must put a construction upon the Articles, and I hold that in the phrases 'God's Word written' and 'the Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation,' is necessarily implied the doctrine that in all matters necessary for salvation the Holy Scriptures emanated from the extraordinary and preternatural interposition of the Almighty,—the special mode and limit unknown to man. It is true that all good gifts spring from the same source—from the power and will of the Almighty; but the gifts of genius or of mental power, even in a greater degree than is common, the gifts of any faculty of mind or body in unusual excellence, the existence of these qualities in the highest perfection, overleap

not the ordinary course of human affairs, and are plainly to be distinguished from the special interposition of God, which is necessarily implied in these Articles as the cause and origin of the Scriptures. I must hold, therefore, that any clergyman who advisedly maintains, whether in direct or indirect language, that the Holy Scriptures proceed from the same mental powers as have produced other works, or *vice versâ*, even with the qualification that these powers in the one case and the other differ in degree, impairs the Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures, does in fact maintain that the Bible is not God's Word written, but is the work of man, and thereby contravenes the Sixth and Twentieth Articles of Religion. I think it expedient to repeat, that when, in my judgment, the plain grammatical sense of an Article has been violated, it is not competent to this Court to refer to any of the numerous authorities which the learning and diligence of counsel have brought before me.

"Another question raised is the right of criticism. By criticism, as distinguished from interpretation, I mean examining and determining the text of Scripture. Here I am wholly without legal authority or precedent of any kind to guide me. All I know is, that, as a matter of fact, learned divines, of whose orthodoxy I believe there is no reason to doubt, have come to the conclusion that certain verses or parts have been erroneously introduced, and are not really entitled to keep their place in Scripture. I am of opinion that, under such circumstances, the law would not require me to hold persons coming to similar conclusions guilty of any ecclesiastical offence. I exceedingly doubt, however, if this liberty can be extended beyond the limits I have mentioned, viz. certain verses or parts of Scripture: I think it could not be permitted to clergymen to reject the whole of one of the Books of Scripture. I could not go that length, though I have certainly no disposition to draw the limits closer than the law requires; but the Sixth Article having declared that all the enumerated books are canonical, to reject one altogether as spurious is to deny its canonicity, and constitutes a violation of the Article."

Now the effect of this in brief is, that every clergyman must believe that every book in Scripture contains some part which was not produced by the unassisted agency of the ordinary human faculties. Taking this, therefore, in connexion with what went before, we have this result: no clergyman need believe all of any book of the Bible to be true; no clergyman need believe all of any book to be inspired; but every clergyman must believe some bit in every book to be true, and some bit in every book to be inspired.

Apply this to a case or two. Suppose a person who be-

lieves all the New Testament to be inspired, and most of the Old, but who does not believe any part of the book of Jonah to be inspired,—he is to be excluded from the Church. He believes all the main doctrines, and the really important narratives in the Bible, but he cannot satisfy himself as to Jonah and his gourd, and out he goes. Suppose a divine believes the Second Epistle of St. Peter to be of late origin, and that he does not see any evidence that it could not have been produced in the usual way by the human mind. He must go out: he may believe all the rest of the New Testament, but the law is imperative; he cannot remain. These are no improbable cases; on the contrary, these, or something like them, are very common.

In his interpretation of the Ordination Service, Dr. Lushington has permitted great laxity, greater laxity than we think the words of that service can fairly and rationally be stretched to mean; but in his interpretation of the Articles he has made ample compensation. By requiring a belief not only in the truth, but in the "divine authority"—the supernatural origin of some part of every book, he has imposed a restriction which, if it were pressed with vigour and consistency, would soon exclude from orders the greater number of reflecting and studious men.

Whether Dr. Lushington's judgment will be in all points confirmed and followed by subsequent decisions is perhaps doubtful; but it is *not* doubtful that it leaves the relation between the English clergy and the Bible in a very unsatisfactory state, and that it will puzzle subsequent judges to place it in a satisfactory state.

4th. Independently of the subscription to the Articles, the clergy are bound by statute not deliberately or "advisedly to maintain any doctrine directly repugnant" to any of the Thirty-nine Articles. This enactment was passed in Queen Elizabeth's time, and is much earlier than the subscriptions to the Articles, which were only enacted in the subsequent reigns.

Such are the heavy and stringent obligations which the law imposes on the English clergy. It is generally thought that the course of judicial discussion has been favourable to a lax interpretation of these obligations. But in most respects this is a mistake; and in one most material respect the chain of obligation is clearer, is more stringent, is more galling than it formerly was. If Dr. Lushington's judgment in the case of *Essays and Reviews* should be followed and confirmed, the clergy may have in some respects a greater freedom as to the Bible than used to be believed; but as to the Prayer-book, the notoriety of the stringency of the law, if not its real stringency, has been augmented. The Articles and the Liturgy have the force of an Act of Parliament: though known not to be inspired, the

clergy are more bound to believe them than to believe the Bible, which, to say the least of it, *may* be inspired. The Articles and the formularies have been enacted, and these we now know the clergy must believe in their "plain and grammatical sense," notwithstanding the number of propositions which they contain, notwithstanding their various origin, notwithstanding their frequent apparent discrepancy, notwithstanding their almost accidental character, notwithstanding their conspicuous complexity.

The effect of such an accumulation of obligation is much more considerable, because it is an obligation which *young* men are asked voluntarily to undergo. The Church of England at this moment takes the best possible means of excluding able, educated, and active men from her pulpits. At the time of life when a profession is chosen, zealous and religious men, as a rule, set a peculiar value on religious system. They are young, they are intellectual, they are educated; they are proud of the intellectual tools which their education has given them; they wish to use these tools on the highest possible subject-matter. They are scarcely content unless they can *see* their faith as an intellectual vision; unless they can set it forth in distinct consecutive propositions as a pure theory. In later life men learn to take their creed in fragments; one part has but a slight relation to the other parts; each is in some sort half a whole. But in intellectual youth this belief by *compartments* is impossible. The eager argument of sanguine youth rushes in and *will* have every thing in its whole creed distinctly related and obviously joined. Now as the formularies of the Church of England can scarcely be held on *any* system, as they were written in different ages and instinct with the spirit of contracted beliefs, they will never *seem* to the eager and simple mind of youth to be consistent. Intellectual young men, interested in religion and employing their minds in their religion, are reluctant to conform to them. A world of apparently discrepant propositions is exhibited to the very persons at the very age when consistency is most idolised, and discrepancy most abhorred: who can wonder that the result is dislike, if not disgust—hesitation, if not avoidance? Some years since, too, the Church of England tempted secular ability into the Church, but now it tempts no longer. Mere scholarship no longer is a sure road to eminence in the Church, or rather it is a road no longer. "The bad edition of a useless classic," which Sydney Smith described as being a principal step to the episcopal bench, is now a step away from it. A serious age thinks perhaps less of pure scholarship than it ought. Nor can such men as Philpotts, or Warburton, or Horsley, who are strong-brained and logical, who are bold and daring, hope or a place now. They become eminent by expressing a view,

by elaborating a system; but a distinct view is exactly what our dispensers of High-Church patronage do not like. They love an indistinct mediocrity, which is safe because it is timid, which is intangible because it is illogical; they do not love a system-making mind, which must be odious to many, which must be in controversies with many. A favour to safe mediocrity will excite no political censure; a favour to eager and consecutive genius is sure to do so.

The Church of England in this manner repels from her orders both the clever and pious youth and the clever and secular youth. The result is what we see,—many quiet and ordinary men usefully doing ordinary work; tiresome bishops conscientiously delivering commonplace charges; a few clever eager men who have entangled themselves in the net, who cannot get free from it, who are puzzled and harassed, who are neither satisfied to be in it nor satisfied to be out of it.

It is to be observed that some written and obligatory creed is essential to—is almost implied in the idea of—a proprietary church. It is not possible that large masses of property should be held for religious purposes, and yet that that religion should not be in some manner prescribed. It is true that the property might be bequeathed to follow the sentiments and support the opinions of a particular congregation, of a specific body of ascertainable persons. But this is in substance placing the clergy in subjection to the will and pleasure of their hearers, is making it essential that they should please in order that they should live, is securing in fact that they should repeat the familiar commonplace which the average mind loves and knows, rather than that they should try to raise that low and common mind to the perception and the reception of some new, some high, some unfamiliar truth. One principal advantage in a proprietary church is, that it fixes the dignity and secures the status of the preacher; and to this a written creed, a statutory creed, is essential.

Where there is lay patronage, as there is in England, the necessity of a compulsory creed of some sort is yet more imperative. Lay patronage means that one layman has a *saleable* right of property in the appointment of the paid religious teacher of other laymen. Z, perhaps a Jew, appoints the Christian instructor of A,B,C—humble, pious, but not very wise Christians. Unless the law defines, and defines with some exactness, what sort of person may be chosen, what kind of religious teacher may be imposed on the unconsulted congregation, the tyranny is monstrous in theory, and would be intolerable in practice. The hearers would be bound to hear any thing that the owner of the living or his assignees—for he may be a bankrupt—might choose to say: their religious teaching, and that of their children, would be absolutely chosen for them without restriction by a person whom

they never saw, and whom they cannot control. Such tyranny as this would surpass the acquiescent submissiveness of the most patient Orientals. Even they *will* have their religion to themselves.

The specific evil which we now suffer from, is not the existence of *a* creed in the national Church, but the nature of *the* creed. It is not an evil, but a good, that the clergy are bound to teach something definite. The evil is, that what they are bound to believe is so complicated, and so accidental an accumulation of inconsistent propositions.

What then, again, is the remedy? At first it might seem obvious; it might seem that we should at once revise the Liturgy—revise the Articles; in a word, alter the Prayer-book from what it is to what we would wish it to be. But deep evils are seldom cured by simple suggestions. No such simple and effectual remedy as this is in fact possible. Parliament would never agree on another Prayer-book, on another set of Articles, on another Liturgy; it would be incapable of discussing such a subject. It would be impossible to induce many most estimable members not to mix up the various discrepant opinions which they may themselves hold with the subject in hand. Low-Church people would wish a Low-Church creed; High-Church people a High-Church creed; and so on through all the various shades of theological belief. In an assembly containing Jews, containing Catholics, containing Quakers, containing Unitarians, there would be an unseemly conflict of theological dogma. What the English people ought to be taught would be confounded with the question what Mr. Newdegate thought, and what Sir Roundell Palmer thought he should not think.

It would be impossible, too, to induce the House of Commons—though it calls itself, and though it is the Imperial Parliament—to take an imperial view of this question. It maintains the Scotch Church because it is, or was, or is believed to be, suitable to the Scottish people,—the most effective teaching apparatus they could have: it endows Maynooth, because it believes it can usefully aid real morality, real peace and order, by aiding to teach Catholicism. But if the English Church were a substantial subject of practical debate, if in a simple issue it were discussed what should be the doctrine of the Church of England, and what should not be its doctrine, there would be no political calmness. The same doctrines which determine the maintenance of the Scotch Kirk, which enjoin the endowment to Maynooth, would not be permitted to have their legitimate influence. It would not be possible to say, “In that part of the English empire called England the doctrine which it is most *advantageous* to teach is so and so.” England would not be looked upon as only a component of the

English empire, it would be contended that in England we must teach the *truth*; and what the truth was we should never settle.

Again, the English Parliament will not for many years undertake to revise the Articles, or to revise the Liturgy, still less to revise them both. It is not easy to lay down general rules as to the policy of the House of Commons. Like all popular assemblies, though less than most, its policy is fluctuating, is mutable, is variable. But if any principle is true of it, perhaps it is this: when the instincts of the House coincide with the convenience of its leaders, the result is sure. The course on which the two coincide will be adopted. Now the instincts of Englishmen are opposed to the commencement of a vague, boundless, endless theological discussion. They think it rather irreverent to talk freely on such matters. They do not *like* to talk freely about them, for they do not know where they stand. They know that there is no short conclusive test, no incisive applicable argument, which will put an end to the interminable discussions (as men of the world call them) on religion. Even on so easy a subject, in comparison, as the currency there is the same feeling. The English people support "Peel's Act" because they think "there was only one person who understood the currency, and he is dead; if we consent to alter it, we shall be a prey to countless and inconsistent arguments,—to people who say that the world is being ruined by too many bank-notes, by too few bank-notes,—to people who say what no one can understand,—to screaming individuals who say that they alone have the one truth; and unless you listen you are lost." The same arguments apply to religion, and the convenience of statesmen supports them. Whoever brings forward a motion to revise the Liturgy must be prepared with a bill with clauses, must fix what words he will put in, and what words he will leave out. It is not easy to fancy what kind of mind a premier who thinks it an *admitted* principle that "all babies are born good" would apply to a revision of the Baptismal Service. Probably men long battered in London life, and such are most English statesmen, are more unfit to deal with these matters than any other Englishmen their equals in ability and their equals in instruction.

In truth, no one proposes that the House of Commons should revise the Prayer-book: it is only useful to dwell upon it because we best see the true nature of a difficult subject when we examine the real reasons for conclusions which every one adopts.

The second remedy, and a much more practical one as far as it goes, is the abolition of subscription. Dr. Stanley has just proposed this remedy in a most excellent pamphlet, and the House of Commons has discussed it in a very practical spirit.

And there is the best of practical reasons for selecting this

remedy. It is easy, in comparison with every other remedy very easy, and it would be of very considerable use. The English clergy would not then be bound to *believe* the Articles. They would never have promised to do so.

It is impossible not to know that this alteration would or itself bring quiet to many anxious intellects and half-agonised consciences. It would be a material and most useful help in the extremity of our difficulty; it would do much of itself: and being in itself a considerable change, it would be an instalment and a pledge of further changes.

But these great advantages must not blind us to the fact that the mere abolition of the subscription to the Articles would not of itself be an effectual medicine for the present maladies of the English Church. Though excellent as a palliative, it is imperfect as a cure. A mere reference to the position of the clergy as we just now described it will make this apparent.

First, the clergy will not be any more able than they are now to teach or publish any thing contrary to the Articles. The Act of Elizabeth that we cited, which regulates their teaching, which hedges them in as effectually as words can hedge them in, which was intended to define their teaching rigidly, which does define their teaching rigidly, would remain. It is certain that this sharp restriction must tend to cramp theological thought and to deteriorate theological instruction. The dogmatic document which the first Protestant age imposed on succeeding ages would remain; it would be a series of dogmas *undeniable even though incredible*.

It is said, that if the practice of subscription were abolished, the law which forbids the clergy at all to contravene the Articles would gradually fall into desuetude; and so it might turn out. There is a precedent for it. Acts 9 and 10 William III., c. 32, —a statute in this respect still unrepealed,—enact “That if any person or persons having been educated in, or at any time having made profession of, the Christian religion within this realm, should by writing, preaching, teaching, or advised speaking, assert that there were more Gods than one, or shall deny the Christian religion to be true, or the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be of Divine authority,” he shall be for the first offence incapacitated for holding any office under Government, lay or ecclesiastical; and for the second be unable “to plead or sue any action or information in any court of law or equity, or to be guardian of any child, or executor, or administrator of any person, or capable of any legacy or deed of gift,” and shall also suffer imprisonment for three years. Under this law many authors of popular heretical works would be incapable of most civil rights. They could not get in their debts; they could not be guardians to their own children. Under this

statute the public offices ought to be perfectly pure from the most eminent heresies of the day, to contain no person who has questioned the inspiration of any book in Scripture. But we all know that the enactment is obsolete. The most heretical authors sue and are sued daily; no one questions their legacies; they have as much power over their own children as any one. No one ever thinks of indicting lords of the treasury or commissioners of customs, or any lay official, for any theological tenets they may profess, or for any books they may write. The law which enforces on secular *employés* a sort of theological obligation is practically useless, is ineffective and unknown. Its repeal would make no alteration, and its existence produces no result.

If such be the case with the laity just lately, why may not something similar happen with the clergy in times that are now to come? We do not say that it may not happen, but there are two very material differences on such a matter between clergy and laity. A theological obligation affecting the clergy is a matter affecting their daily business; a theological obligation affecting the laity is a matter *not* affecting their business. It is much easier to suppose that a commissioner of inland revenue, who is occupied with the collection of the income-tax and the adjudication on stamps, who has to produce money at a certain day, will not busy himself in theological discussion, will not kick against theological pricks, shall not fall into a theological snare, than that the same luck should happen to a clergyman, who is bound to think of theology; who is nothing unless he does think of it; who has every motive, both good and bad, to write on theology; who if he write an adroit book may become a bishop by it; who if he write a good book may advance the truth by it. The clergy are bound to teach religion; the intellectual clergy must think of religion. If they would guide their age, they must take a part, a principal and important part, in its religious discussions. It is hardly to be supposed that an active-minded clergy could for years discuss the subjects of the formularies without contradicting them more or less. The religious freedom of the clergy will be secured at the expense of their religious silence, if they only cease to subscribe the Articles, and do not cease to be obliged never to impugn them.

It may be said that if the clergy did contradict the Articles which they no longer subscribe, this would be immaterial; no one would prosecute them. The expense would be too great, and the doubt of success too certain. And if they were not prosecuted, they would be free. But on this matter we have a keen conscience. The clergy are set apart from other men; they take no share in active life; they are excluded from all its cares,

its hopes, and its temptations. They are confined to a few duties; they are intended to exhibit to men a type of goodness not higher than that of the laity, not more simple, less complicated, certainly more intelligible, perhaps more winning. But so peculiar a calling exacts peculiar conditions. As the clergy have few duties, they must be scrupulous in performing them; leading a life of meditation and thought, or having the means of so doing, and having but simple moral problems, they have no excuse for that *slovenliness* of conscience which grows insensibly on those involved in the rapid business of life, who must act at once, who must act before they have thought, who must act among shifting and multifarious data with but slender means of foreseeing the result. If these busy men can be "about right" in the rough and in the main, they must be satisfied; the wisest of them and the most thoughtful dare not hope for so much. But the clergy should preserve an exacter aim in their simpler duties. They should at least teach the creed which they were intended to teach.

Now it is certain that when the legislature required the clergy not to contravene the Thirty-nine Articles, it did so as a means of securing a belief in them. The habit of English thought and the genius of English law forbade any inquisition into opinion as opinion. But the legislature did as much as it could. It said, We judge of felt belief by expressed belief; if we forbid the expression of an opinion, we do so in the hope that we shall prevent the holding of that opinion; not only, therefore, would the mere prohibition of the clergy to deny the Articles be unfavourable to the freedom and thoroughness of theological discussion, not only would it place them in an inconvenient and in part ridiculous position, but it would place those who did not believe them in a nearly dishonourable position. They would, after all, be holding the precise opinions which the legislature endeavoured to prevent their holding.

The abolition of subscription would not remove the necessity of conforming to the Liturgy; nor would it improve the unsatisfactory position of the clergy towards the Bible, which we have explained, as far as that position is consequent on the ordination service. The whole real litigation as to *Essays and Reviews*, the whole threatened litigation as to Bishop Colenso, would be entirely unaffected by the abolition of subscription. The clergy would still declare that they "believe all the canonical Scriptures to be true;" and it would be for a court of law to say whether such belief is compatible with a denial of what the writers of these Scriptures intended. But if the abolition of subscription is only a partial and an incomplete remedy, how shall we add to it and supplement it?

No remedy can be complete which does not remove all needless burdens from the clergy. We have shown what those burdens are, and what the true design of a national establishment is. We have shown that some creed is essential to it,—that the whole notion of a proprietary church requires it. But the very design of a national establishment implies that that creed should not be over-complicated. In a politician's view, the use of the establishment is to inculcate those stable and ordinary, those uninteresting but most essential virtues on which the well-being of a nation, the power of a nation, almost the existence of a nation, depends. The extensiveness of an establishment is therefore what a politician would desire; he would wish that it should influence as many persons as possible, that it should spread the blessings he wishes to spread as widely as possible.

The greatest number of persons can be influenced only by the reduction of the creed of the Church to the creed upon which the greatest number of persons agreed, in the choice of a form of worship which shall suit the greatest number of persons. The choice of a form of worship is in fact the choice of a creed, for in every prayer many doctrines are implied; and in almost all forms of worship certain declarations of belief are to be found which may be called creeds and not called creeds, but are in fact distinct declarations in appropriate language of the belief of the worshiper. The statesman wishes to choose that creed for the Church over which he watches which shall be most useful and suitable,—that creed which shall really exercise the greatest and best influence over the greatest number of his fellow-subjects.

In the present state of England these principles require the following changes:

- 1st. The abolition of the practice of subscription.
- 2dly. The repeal of the Act of Elizabeth which forbids the clergy to contradict the Articles.

These two alterations, if they could be made, would entirely set the clergy free from one class of restrictions, and that the heaviest,—from the restrictions imposed by the Thirty-nine Articles, in one form or in another.

3dly. The declaration of "unfeigned belief that the canonical Scriptures are true," might be altered to a declaration that these Scriptures "contain the record of a revelation from God." This would not imply that they contain nothing else; and while preserving all that is beneficial and vital in the present test, would leave all minor matters open to argument, criticism, and investigation.

4thly. Each clergyman should be permitted to omit a certain prescribed number of passages from the ordinary forms of common prayer. Most or many clergymen feel some objection, are

conscious of some hesitation, more or less strong, in using some portions, often very trivial portions, of the many enacted services which they are now obliged to use without alteration or omission. A remarkable instance of this has just been made known. The most cautious of English prelates, the Bishop of St. David's, wrote to one of the ablest of English newspapers, the *Spectator*, to say that though he did not share in the hesitation and disinclination to use certain passages in the Burial Service, he nevertheless did feel a dislike to a passage which is much less known, which has been little controverted, to which no one, so far as we know, ever objected before. The Bishop observes: "I am, perhaps, unfortunately singular in my view of the subject; but, while I am more than satisfied with those portions of the service to which alone any exception appears to have been taken, and heartily agree with you in your excellent and timely remarks on its general merits, I must own that it contains some expressions which grate upon my ear, probably not less than others are offended by those which gave rise to Lord Ebury's motion. I may be over-fastidious, but I cannot help questioning the propriety of language which sounds as if we desired that the All-wise should bend his decrees as to 'times and seasons,' which 'he has put in his own power,' to the impatience of our wishes."

Many clergymen, too, who have no substantial disagreement from the most important part of the accepted Church doctrine, at the same time cannot satisfy their minds as to many casual allusions to incidental narratives in Scripture scattered through the Prayer-book, which seem to them to imply an assertion that certain narratives which they believe to be mythical are historical,—that certain facts did happen which they believe did not happen. If a good opportunity were given for the explanation of such minute objections, a very great number of them now unknown would soon be intelligibly and distinctly suppressed.

For the ascertainment of such objections a commission might issue from the Crown, which should report to what parts of the services they were applicable, and whether each objection seemed to be felt by few clergymen or by many. Such commission should report also to which parts of the service no objection was made, and to which parts, in their opinion, no objection ought to be made.

If all the clergy were obliged to use substantially the same religious services, though each clergyman might be allowed to omit some little; if there were certain passages which no one could omit; if no one could omit more than a prescribed maximum,—the essential *quæsitus* of a proprietary Church—a creed and worship in which the greatest number of persons could heartily believe, and would voluntarily join—would be attained. The

present services in the main correspond now with the general feeling of the country ; and, if each clergyman were allowed a small license of omission, would cease to cause, what they now cause, a suppressed dissatisfaction in many clerical consciences, and a wavering unreality in yet more clerical intellects. Each clergyman would of course always read the same service, and would be required on stated occasions to give due notice to his ecclesiastical superiors what portions of the Liturgy he in future intended to omit ; and, as we have before observed, certain vital portions should be fixed which he could not omit. The limits of this optional emancipation should be investigated by a commission, and it would be for Parliament to confirm what such commission reported. As it would be the simple concession of a regulated license, it need entail no long theological debate, and need excite no religious strife or angry contention.

If it were wished, the same license of omission and exception might be extended to the Thirty-nine Articles. The clergy might be required to sign the Articles, subject to certain omissions, which they should select and specify. The abolition of subscription would then be unnecessary, because its object would have been attained ; and the indirect manner of attaining that end is scarcely an objection according to English habits of thought and practice, for in England we rarely reform any thing or create any thing in the most obvious and simple manner. The critical point is, that the clergy should be freed from the necessity of believing every word of the Articles and every word of the Liturgy ; whether all subscription to either be abolished is, in comparison, immaterial. If the clergy subscribe, subject to certain omissions and exceptions to be selected by themselves, subscription ceases to be formidable. Either way, the necessary freedom is inevitably secured.

To some these reforms may appear unpractical. They could not be carried at this moment, and they would be opposed by much intellectual prejudice and much unintellectual conservatism. But year by year the controversies of our time will augment till they render some such changes necessary. To others, such alterations may appear trivial, because they would not open the Church to every extreme heresy, or any very new form of belief. But it should be remembered that they are wholly based on the present creed of England. If that creed should change, further alteration in the Church would be necessary. But while that creed is what it is, these changes would, we believe, be sufficient and satisfactory. At any rate, in the expectation of many similar discussions for years to come, we offer them as contributions to the "Church of the future."

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

- I. *History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Disgrace of Chief-Justice Coke, 1603-1616.* By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, late Student of Christ Church. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

THIS is the most important historical work of the quarter. "It is only," says Mr. Gardiner in his preface, "after investigating the circumstances under which certain dominant ideas have arisen, that it becomes possible to enter into the feelings of those who entertained them, and even approximately to draw the line which separates a blunder from a crime. It is for this reason that the first fourteen years of James I. are especially worthy of study. At the end of 1616 the Constitution, at least in the minds of the supporters of the Crown, had assumed that form which was always defended by them, in the course of the ensuing conflict, as the true Constitution of the country. The prerogative had established its claim to be considered as the regulating part of the machinery. The sittings of parliament had been suspended without any immediate prospect of their renewal. The judges had been taught, by a practical example, that they held their offices only at the good pleasure of the sovereign. In short, these thirteen years and a half were years of constitutional change, no less real because it was carried on within the letter of the Constitution. It was in them that the weapons were forged which were to be used by James and his son, with such unfortunate results for themselves."

It will be seen by these words that Mr. Gardiner considers the period he has chosen for his historical studies as the momentous era in which all those arbitrary principles were framed and developed, against which the popular and constitutional party in England were constrained to protest, and eventually have recourse to arms. This is his answer to the assertion of Hume, that in the maintenance of their prerogative the Stuarts never exceeded the Tudors; though the spirit of the nation had changed, yet, judged by the letter of the Constitution, the measures of James I., or at least of Charles I., were no more illegal than those of Henry VIII. or Elizabeth. For those supposed aggressions on the liberties of the subject which led to a civil war, and developed the energies and opposition of Hampden, Pym, Selden, and Elliot, abundant precedent could be found. The difference of the two eras consisted only in this: under Elizabeth all parts of the Constitution equally and progressively developed themselves, and so one part counterbalanced the other; under the Stuarts the royal prerogative had assumed dimensions incompatible with those rights and liberties which had descended to the people undiminished, yet unprogressive, from the last reign. The political monster-births of the seventeenth century were not, according to Mr. Gardiner, a fungus or an excrescence caused by some adventitious matter not natural to the body politic, but an undue development of one organ, which in its overgrowth threatened destruction to the rest, and ultimately to itself. The kingcraft of James, the cunning of Salis-

bury, the brilliant genius and profound philosophical abilities of Bacon, all lent their aid to this disastrous object ; and like the Cyclops, though of unequal size, they all equally helped to forge those chains by which the liberties of the people should be kept within due bounds, whilst the royal prerogative ranged and roamed at large.

Undoubtedly this theory of Mr. Gardiner's, worked out by great research, by a most honest and conscientious inquiry into the state-papers and correspondence of this reign, will prove very attractive. Unjustifiable as might be the motives and purposes of James and his courtiers, they are redeemed from that insignificance and even meanness thrown over them by popular historians. It sorts better with our notions of the genius of Bacon, and even the talents and experience of Salisbury, to be told that they were not merely led by the caprices of the moment, or ministering to the idle tastes and pedantic follies of a shambling and irresolute king. There is something in Mr. Gardiner's view to justify the oft-repeated compliment of Bacon, hitherto regarded as gross flattery, when he compares James I. to Henry VII., and indorses the epithet of the Second Solomon. It may not be a grandeur without alloy, but it is a grandeur strangely at variance with the popular conceptions of this reign, to learn that the thoughts and measures of James I., not unlike those of Henry VII., were steadily turned to the purpose of fortifying the monarchy against popular aggressions, and developing the prerogative within the letter, and therefore within the limits, of the Constitution.

But though we might be tempted to admit such consistency of purpose in the politic mind of Bacon, and of some others, the greatest difficulty against this admission will be found in the character of James himself. Popular belief guided by popular instincts, and still more confirmed in these impressions by the great novelist, will hardly be induced to attribute so profound and consistent a design to James I. ; it will hardly confound him with his grandson James II. Undoubtedly he was desirous that the House of Commons should be kept in good order ; that it should listen, like "beardless boys," to his speeches, and be profoundly impressed by his wisdom and his eloquence. He hated to be bothered ; he disliked business. He had come from Scotland with no pleasant reminiscences of Buchanan, Knox, Presbyterianism, and the Gowries. England was the *promised land*. He had expected to sit down in quietness and enjoy himself at the banquet which the frugality and stern administration of Elizabeth had prepared for him. His notions of the English Constitution, in church and state, were measured by these feelings. He had seen under Elizabeth a submissive parliament and very obedient bishops,—a striking contrast to his rougher experience of Scotland,—and he anticipated the same. He thought he had found the secret of her plenty, peace, and prosperity ; and he formalised the thought, to which all his former suffering at home seemed to bear evidence, by his favourite maxim, "No bishop, no king." Long before his arrival, every statesman of any account had paid him the utmost deference ; all parties had sought his favour,—Church of England, Puritan, Catholic ; Essex and Cecil, Northampton

and Raleigh. On his arrival, Bacon was just ready to welcome him with his *Advancement of Learning*. "Beholding you not with the inquisitive eye of presumption, to discover that which the eye telleth me is inscrutable, but with the observant eye of duty and admiration, leaving aside the other parts of your virtue and fortune, I have been touched, yea and possessed, with an extreme wonder at those your virtues and faculties which the philosophers call intellectual." With such language, such submissiveness, reflected in every part of England, we can see no reason, even if the character of James encouraged such an hypothesis, for supposing that James had so deep a design as is attributed to him by Mr. Gardiner. It seems to us a much more probable supposition, that he had miscalculated the temper of the people of England ; he had expected to find them compliant and submissive. Their long and patient reluctance to oppose his measures he construed into a general admiration of his wisdom and of the moderation of his rule. This is evident from his public behaviour on all occasions. He talked to the House of Commons like a parcel of schoolboys ; and to the Puritan divines at the Hampton-Court Conference as if, in his own words, they were truants and deserved the rod. "We have kept such a revel with the Puritans here this two days," he tells one of his correspondents, "as was never heard the like ; quhaire I have peppered thaime as soundlie as ye have done the Papists thaire." Such self-complacency is incompatible with a deep-laid design of systematically subverting the constitutional liberties of his subjects,—if, indeed, such a phrase could convey any distinct meaning to Englishmen in the first half of the seventeenth century,—and of developing the prerogative in the way Mr. Gardiner apprehends. That is attributing a degree of caution, consistency, and prudence to James utterly foreign to his habits. Mr. Gardiner has produced instances of arbitrary and unjustifiable acts, on the part of the king and his advisers, which seem to fortify his hypothesis. He can appeal to the opinions of those who have carefully studied the constitutional history of the reign, and, better still, to the evidence afforded by the state correspondence of the time in support of his theory. But such evidence is not sufficient ; it can be explained on better grounds than the assumption of a purpose foreign to the temper and inconsistent with the general character of James. That in succeeding to the throne of Elizabeth he should have imagined he more than inherited her authority and her claims on the obedience of her subjects ; that he should have visited with severe and arbitrary penalties instances of disobedience to his wishes ; that with his own special ignorance, and in the general uncertainty of constitutional rights, he should have overstepped the limits of the prerogative, was natural enough ; any opposition seemed to him to exaggerate itself into the crime of disaffection. We admit that the royal prerogative was brought more frequently into play as part of the state machinery under the Stuarts than under the Tudors, but not in the way which Mr. Gardiner apprehends. The Tudors wielded that strongly, and without conscious effort, which James exercised feebly and inconsistently. They persuaded the people that the royal supremacy was iden-

tical with popular liberty and national independence. James, like all weak people, by talking so much of his prerogative, anticipated and provoked opposition.

That Mr. Gardiner has done wisely in rejecting the absurd stories propagated "by the great mass of anecdote-mongers,"—that he is perfectly right in stigmatising their narratives as thoroughly untrustworthy,—no one who has ever been at the pains to examine these subjects will question. "Of all these offenders," he remarks, "Weldon is incomparably the worst. I believe there is not a single instance in which his assertions can be in any way tested, in which they cannot be shown to be, if not downright lies, at least recollections so distorted as to be utterly worthless for the purposes of history." Yet so carelessly has the history of England been written, that Weldon and Wilson and other equally unveracious writers have been the chief, in some instances the only, source from which the popular notions of this reign have been derived, and continued, almost unchallenged and unquestioned, to the present day. Most of the scandalous stories—all the grosser ones—connected with the reign of James I. rest on no better authority. Even the scepticism of Hume, though shocked more than once by the inconsistency and effrontery of these writers, was not sufficient to break through their trammels. He retained their falsehoods probably for no better reason than that he was too indolent to undertake the necessary labour for discovering the truth. English readers are under great obligations to Mr. Gardiner for having done that which all his predecessors neglected to do. He has gone for his information to the fountain head. He has examined every statement by the light of original and contemporary authority. He has at once thrown off the superincumbent mass of idle traditions and unauthenticated anecdotes, and the result is, that he has produced two volumes, on the most important period of this reign, replete with accurate and well-digested information. If the reader do not agree on all occasions with Mr. Gardiner's conclusions, if he feel inclined to dissent from his historical theories, he can have no reason to doubt the accuracy of Mr. Gardiner's facts. Indeed, with a singular and fearless honesty, Mr. Gardiner more than once furnishes reasons in his notes for dissenting from the opinions he has propounded in his text. It appears to us that his views are more advanced than he is perhaps willing himself to acknowledge, or dares trust himself openly to enunciate to his readers. He has seen the baselessness of many favourite notions, of the popular impressions, of the long-established conclusions respecting the most momentous events of the reign. But either he has not dared openly to contradict prejudices fortified by so much authority, or has not succeeded in emancipating himself from the influence of those writers, of whose worthlessness and untrustworthiness he is fully convinced. Does he believe in the patriotism of Salisbury? Was Raleigh the innocent victim he is fondly represented? Was the Gunpowder Plot really intended to blow up the Parliament and reestablish popery? Was the letter to Monteagle a forgery or not, to crown his own perfidy? Was Overbury poisoned by Rochester, or poisoned at all? Was the

humiliation of the judges the act of James or the officious policy of Bacon ? When we consult Mr. Gardiner's text for an explanation he gives us one answer, but he seems to suggest another and more correct one in his notes. In fact, though Mr. Gardiner has done much towards clearing away the popular misconceptions relating to this period of history, more yet remains to be done. His mind is yet in a transition state, lingering half way between the old prejudices of earlier impressions and the new conclusions continually forcing themselves upon his mind by the evidence he has brought to bear on his subject. He cannot stay where he is, and we shall watch with considerable interest his future labours. One or two things we would suggest to him : that he should devote himself to a history of the whole reign, and break through the arbitrary and artificial limits he has imposed upon himself. Let him keep his narrative more together, and reduce his digressions from the main subject, as in chapters i. vii. and ix., to more reasonable dimensions. In a history of James I. there is no need to straggle back to the Norman Conquest or even the Spanish Armada ; still less, if he must allude to the condition of Ireland, to begin with the victories of Henry II. This is a tedious impertinence of modern historians which Mr. Gardiner may well afford to avoid, without injury to the completeness of his work, and with much advantage to his readers.

## II. *Six Months in the Federal States.* By Edward Dicey. Macmillan.

Mr. Dicey visited New York, the Empire City, and Washington, the official capital, of the United States, traversed the railways which cross the garden-like country of Kentucky and Tennessee, went northwards by St. Louis, the point of departure for the Western provinces, through the corn-land of Illinois to the emporium of Chicago, and after a voyage on the Mississippi turned eastwards, and completed his travels at Boston. He thus had ample opportunity of contrasting the sentiments and politics of New England, which have had time to become in some degree historical, with those of the Western free-states on the one hand, where material interests are little counteracted by habit and tradition, and with those of the border slave-states on the other, where a dubious loyalty indicates a balance rather than a predominance of motives.

One peculiar charm of all Mr. Dicey's writing is a style of singular grace and simplicity. He has the art of speaking unaffectedly without garrulousness, and of expressing strong opinions in the moderate language of a man of the world. But the higher merits of his present book, which leave it we think unsurpassed by any English travels in America except Mr. Stirling's, are the instinct of an observer who knows what to see and what to pass by, and a thoughtfulness which rises to the level of the highest common sense, though perhaps it never goes beyond it. With much European experience, which often serves him in good stead, Mr. Dicey a little wants the European or cosmopolitan point of view ; and having divested himself of English prejudices, writes like a New-Englander of high culture. His strength and his

weaknesses are those of society in Boston or Harvard, with a little less passion and a little more philosophy. He has the democratic fibre, the belief in the equality of men, and the sympathy with popular institutions because they are popular. He follows his principles out unreservedly, and, as an Abolitionist, would destroy the society he admires sooner than see its existence rest upon slavery. But he has also the want of reverence for men and things which stamps a new society, and his descriptions of the leading statesmen he met have all the fidelity and the unpleasant hardness of photographs. Probably scarcely one reader will derive the favourable impression Mr. Dicey wishes to convey. To the main causes of rottenness in American society,—the worship of material success, and that incapacity for all idealism which has made the nation confound vastness with greatness,—Mr. Dicey seems to be insensible. He forgets the want of moral elevation in his admiration of the nation's energy and resources, and in his just advocacy of their temperate order and institutions.

In a certain sense this horror of all transcendental views makes the book all the more reliable. Mr. Dicey does not affect to find in the North a principle of action clearly announced and maintained, but grounds his whole advocacy of the Northern cause upon the "logic of facts," which half-insensibly determines the upholders of the Union more and more in a direction of simple antagonism to slavery. Nor does this point of view weaken his argument. The Union was in its commencement a compromise, in which the smallest possible powers were conferred upon the central government, and the largest possible rights reserved to the separate states. It was a government without the means of coercing its subjects, and those means, when the occasion came, it must find upon pain of annihilation. It was provisionally maintained by compromises which revealed more and more clearly the original fault of its composition. The Missouri compromise in 1830, the Clay compromise in 1849, the Douglas compromise in 1854, were so many attempts to maintain it together with the continued development of slavery. It is not wonderful that the adherents of a Federation with these antecedents should be slow to recognise the necessity of a change in its very nature. This is implied in the speech of the great abolitionist orator Wendell Phillips: "The South comes up to the southern bank of the Potomac without either men, munitions, or money—nothing but an idea; and the North goes up with men, munitions, money, and major-generals, and the only thing she lacks is an idea." Probably the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln marks the first stage in the substitution of a real principle for a mere conservative instinct. The proclamation secures slave property in the loyal and destroys it in the rebel states. There is still a halting between two opinions; but there is a direct attack upon the "peculiar institution," and an assumption of a paramount authority in the constitution to deal with unforeseen accidents. That the real reason of the war was the necessity felt by the Confederate States of providing for the maintenance and extension of slavery is evident alike from past history, and from the fact that whereas every free state is loyal to the Union,

every slave state, with the single exception of Delaware, where slavery has been nominal, has been disloyal openly or covertly.

If these views are correct, it becomes of little importance whether the South was really aggrieved by the protective tariff, or whether she was technically warranted in seceding. None can suppose that the tariff alone would have produced the war, or that what is technically right is therefore morally right. The grave and difficult questions of the government of the recovered slave states, and of the position of the emancipated Negro, cannot certainly be easily answered or evaded by the North. But whatever solution may be found, it cannot be so great a blot upon civilisation and humanity as the existence and development of the institution for which the Confederates are fighting. No chivalry or generalship should blind Englishmen to the real issues at stake. We have to thank Mr. Dicey for contributing to point them out.

III. *At Odds: a Novel.* By the Baroness Tautphoeus. 2 vols. London: Bentley, 1863.

Novelists may be divided into two great schools, the natural and the poetical,—those who depict human nature in its every-day aspect, and represent people as subordinating the imagination to the reason; and those who, taking a higher artistic stand-point, make at all events their leading characters act from more ideal or at least more passionate motives. This latter school, however, in answer to the incessant demand for novelty from readers whose attention is too languid and fancy too jaded to be moved by any but the strongest literary stimulants, has of late resorted almost exclusively for its subjects to what may be called morbid mental anatomy. Exceptional character and irregular desires acting so as to produce startling situations are become its staple wares, until what was the poetical school has degenerated into the sensational. Nevertheless, it has maintained its popularity in spite of the protests of the judicious, until at last the publication of a novel by a writer of the natural school—of the school of which Miss Austen is the great example—is a rare event. Although, however, the Baroness Tautphoeus is perhaps its best living disciple, her present book is hardly of a kind to restore its lost popularity. Indeed, her first novel, *The Initials*, still continues by far her best; a result which must, we think, be attributed to the strange want of invention that her writings display. Thus the motive—to borrow a word from the art-critics—of all her novels, has always been the same,—the conversion of dislike into love. In *The Initials* two people who dislike each other become lovers. In *Cyrilla and Quits* the heroine is gradually won over by a lover to whom she was originally indifferent, or one against whom she was prejudiced. The subject of *At Odds* is the gradual growth of passion in the heart of the hero for one whom he has been compelled to marry by “circumstances over which he had no control,” at the very time that he was in love with her sister. It is a subject of which the author is no doubt mistress; but we think far too highly of her powers to be content, while they are always devoted to the consideration of human nature in a single attitude.

Another indication of this poverty of invention is a certain tendency in the author to resort for incident to the results of her reading. It has been pointed out by a weekly contemporary that large portions of *Cyrilla* are actual translations of the printed report of a remarkable German trial. In this work, the author informs us that she is merely narrating things which actually occurred at the period in which she places her characters. But the stirring events of the wars between France and Austria, in the early part of this century—the complications produced by the siding of Bavaria first with Austria and afterwards with France—are not merely no assistance, but an actual hindrance to a writer of her school. Men like Andrew Hofer and Napoleon are above or below her range of sympathies. Indeed, of all the historical characters whom she has occasion to mention, and of whom Scott would have given us life-like, though perhaps not very accurate portraits, Hofer is the only one she ventures to bring on the actual stage, and even he plays no very important part in the development of the story. Thus the historical incidents always wear the aspect of an excrescence, or at least an unnecessary setting; for it is the business of an artist to unfold the characters whom he has imagined; and mere historical incidents which are not introduced with this object control the characters instead of unfolding them. We hope it will not be thought hypercritical if we say that the same want of invention may be also seen in the clinging, in all her novels, to the local scenery, which she best knows, namely, the Bavarian highlands and adjacent countries.

Want of invention, however, is not want of imagination; and there is perhaps no novelist of the present day, except, perhaps, George Eliot who has the same power of conceiving character,—of giving us, not a mere walking embodiment of some one emotion or passion,—not a perfect angel or a perfect devil, but human beings not so bad as to have no good in them, nor so good as to be quite without a fault. And this is brought out so forcibly by the means of the dialogue—which, nevertheless, is always kept strictly in the key of every-day life—that the author never has to resort to the usual expedient of ordinary writers and tell us by narrative what is the kind of character she wants to portray. In this book there are four principal personages,—Hilda, Doris, Emmeran, and Frank,—all thoroughly amiable and engaging. We are never told a word about them, and yet we see plainly the self-will of Hilda, the coldness of Doris, the indolence of Emmeran, and the levity of Frank; and we feel, moreover, that though these bad qualities are quite subordinate elements in their respective characters, yet without them they would have acted very differently in the circumstances in which they are placed. Even Sigmund, the villain of the story, has at least courage, and sacrifices his own life in saving his brother's.

As a composition, the book is sketchy. Mina Pallersberg is never brought out half enough, considering the very important part she plays in the story, and how much is made to depend on her interested intrigues. Doris, again, is made too prominent at first; one mistakes

her for the heroine; but this, probably, is part of the framework of fact, by a too strict adherence to which the story has been so much injured.

Perhaps the point in which the difference between the author and the writers in vogue at present is most curiously shown is in the way sensational incidents are dealt with. For they are not avoided; on the contrary, the author always resorts to a suicide to get rid of a troublesome character. Readers of *The Initials* will remember the death of Count Raimund. In this book, Mina, having had an intrigue with Sigmund, is engaged to be married to his father, and being compelled to meet the former by midnight on the bank of a lake, drowns herself when he expresses his determination to expose her. This is all narrated in the most matter-of-fact way; and the son, after doing his best to save the woman he once loved, calmly remarks that he cannot help her having jumped into the water, and that his best plan will be to keep his share in the misfortune to himself. What would not such a scene be in the hands of Miss Braddon? On the other hand, passion has more influence over people than our author sometimes allows. When a young man is in love with a pretty young woman, who is actually his wife, but from whom he has been separated hitherto by constant misunderstandings; and when he gets so far towards a reconciliation as to tell her that the only thing which prevents him from declaring his passion is a vow he has made that the next overtures must come from her; and when she replies that the first proposal must come from him, but that to save his vow he may make it a command,—nothing will induce us to believe that he would persist in his foolish pride any longer. Frank, the young man in question, is preëminently flesh and blood—and flesh and blood would have kissed her on the spot. On the whole, this book will hardly add to the author's reputation; but it is a pleasant tale nevertheless, and a great boon to novel-readers who have no taste for the spasmodic.

IV. *A History of England during the Reign of George the Third.* By William Massey, M.P. Vol. IV., 1793-1802. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn, 1863.

It is scarcely matter for surprise, from one point of view, that Mr. Massey has determined to bring his book to a premature conclusion; for the end of the reign of George the Third is a singularly bad terminus. If, as the title would seem to indicate, the central idea of the author was to show how the personal character of George the Third affected the history of this country, his labours would naturally conclude with the commencement of the Regency. But such a subject is better suited, perhaps, for an essay than a historical narrative, for it would leave England in the very thick of the greatest conflict in which she was ever engaged. If, on the other hand, the literal promise of his title were fulfilled, he would equally conclude at a point of time which affords no adequate historical resting-place. The natural plan would have been to undertake the narration of affairs either from the king's

accession, or from the conclusion of the American war (the point at which Lord Stanhope stops), down to the peace of 1815. The revolutionary war, though not concluded till George the Third had ceased to exercise royal power, was commenced by the nation under the influence of the modes of thought and the feelings of which he was preëminently the representative, far more so than the great minister who is commonly held responsible for it; and thus such a plan would have enabled Mr. Massey to work out the leading idea which we have ventured to attribute to him, and at the same time to give us a careful review of an important section of English history. The peace of Amiens, with which his work now ends, is merely the conclusion of the first act of the war, and in no sense fulfils the promise of his title-page. This is the more to be regretted, because we are convinced that if the history of England is to be written at all, it must be written piecemeal, each writer choosing some well-marked portion of time. No very long continuance of his labours would have enabled Mr. Massey to complete such a design; as it is, he has given us only the fragment of a fragment.

It is idle to attempt to ascertain, and indeed the public have no concern with, his motives for this resolution. It may well be, however, that he may have been much influenced by the increasing difficulties of his task. Whatever shortcomings criticism may detect in his treatment of domestic events, it cannot be denied that he possesses some qualities which peculiarly fit him for the discharge of that part of his undertaking. He has, for instance, great moderation of temper, and very considerable constitutional learning; but in dealing with military events he may not improbably have found himself engaged in an uncongenial employment. His limits scarcely allowed him to give more than an outline, and an outline of military operations written by a civilian can hardly be otherwise than uninteresting. In Mr. Massey's hands the outline must be pronounced singularly dull. His narrative is clear indeed, but it is diffuse and spiritless. If there is a battle in modern history more dramatic in its incidents than another, it is Marengo. The Austrian victory, where defeat was ruin; the opportune arrival and heroic death of Desaix; the decisive charge of Kellerman; the strangely sudden change of fortune; and the veteran Melas receiving the news of his utter overthrow as he was writing the despatch which was to announce his triumph,—are all circumstances which impress the most sluggish imagination. If any curious person wishes to know how dreary and uneventful that 14th of June may be made to appear, let him turn to page 499 of this volume, and satisfy his soul. And Mr. Massey might very fairly have contented himself with a mere allusion to it. Its incidents are perfectly well known to every person of ordinary reading; and though the terms of the subsequent treaty of Campo Formio had considerable influence on the policy of this country, the details of Bonaparte's Italian campaign might well have been dispensed with. It was, however, impossible to escape the necessity of narrating those operations, in which our own forces were actually engaged; and had Mr. Massey prolonged his

history he would have been involved in a period in which the war becomes of predominant importance and interest. If he felt that this was a period of which he was scarcely suited to be the historian, there is, we think, in this volume enough to show that he has formed a just estimate of his own powers.

But perhaps the most curious part of this volume is the tone in which the author writes of the actors in the French Revolution. He seems to have studied the literature of the period until he has imbibed its feelings, and writes in a sort of strain with which it is difficult to find fault, and which is nevertheless a little unfair as well as a little absurd. For instance, all persons "concerned in the murder of the king of France," including, therefore, such men as the Girondists and Carnot, are termed "blood-thirsty miscreants" (p. 14). The French armies are "led or *driven on*" by their generals; and the generals are "desperate men, conscious of inexpiable crimes, and animated by a mingled fear and hatred of their adversaries" (p. 25): as Bernadotte, for instance, and Moreau. With a phraseology pompous enough for Burke, and which intervenes strangely amid the tame sentences of Mr. Massey, Philippe Egalité is branded as a "recreant prince and gentleman" (p. 31). After this it is not surprising to read that "Bonaparte was a genuine child of the Revolution. No fear of God or man influenced his actions. No feeling of humanity, no sense of honour, ever checked the career of his ambition or restrained him from any word or deed which his interest or the exigency of the moment seemed to require. His proceedings in Egypt were a tissue of cruelty, blasphemy, and lying" (p. 459). And the old story of the murder of the sick at Jaffa is raked up again, and represented in the colours in which it was painted at a time when Englishmen feared and hated Bonaparte, as perhaps they never feared and hated man. As a matter of fact, the proposal referred only to incurables, whom it was necessary to abandon to the mercy of the Turks, and was not entertained by the medical officers; and whatever proof it may afford of the unscrupulousness of Bonaparte, the character of that great bad man was his own, was borrowed from no revolution, and would have been the same in the golden age or the millennium. Of course all men agree that, if the deeds of the actors in the French Revolution are to be considered by themselves, from the point of view of a judge trying criminals, they are among the worst by which human nature has ever been stained. But that is not the point of view of the historian. He may and ought to take into consideration the provocation which the French people had received, the ignorance in which the populace was steeped, the frenzied fear by which they were driven. After all, the cruelty and infidelity of the Revolution was less than the cruelty and infidelity which had for years distinguished the nobles and priests of France. The French people was like a faithful dog flogged by a savage master into flying at his throat. Its excesses were only proportionate to its previous patience, and its guilt must to a great extent be borne by those who had brutalised it by oppression. The historian is bound to modify his judgments by reference to that law, rightly, indeed, repudiated by the

legislator, but nevertheless not of man's devising, nor capable of being altered by him,—that law which enacts that the sins of the fathers must be visited on the children.

The best part of Mr. Massey's book is, however, that which treats of domestic affairs, and their bearing on our constitutional progress. Here he is on ground with which he is more familiar, and the narrative of the trials of Hardy, Horne Tooke, and Thelwall, is even spirited. His general view of the state-prosecutions of the period is the same as that which has been successively taken by Lord Campbell and Mr. May, but has the advantage of treating them historically, from which Mr. May was precluded by his plan of dividing the events of the period of which he treated, by subjects, and not according to the order of their occurrence. There is however proof in this volume that the author shares to some extent the reactionary spirit of the present day, not only in the opinions which he expresses as to the French revolution, but even with reference to the internal policy of Pitt. Take, for instance, the prosecution of Mr. Reeves, the author of the *History of English Law*. The Government was compelled by the clamours of the Opposition to prosecute him, although a Tory, for writing a violent tract, in which he said that Parliament was a branch which could be lopped off the monarchy without endangering the constitution. He was properly acquitted; for merely speculative opinions ought to be free: but it was certainly of importance to show at that evil hour that the Government did not intend actually to proscribe liberty. Neither was Mr. Reeves quite so insignificant a person as Mr. Massey makes him. His *History of the English Law* may or may not be "a mere compilation," but it remains to this day the only book on the subject to which the student can be referred. And it is not altogether unimportant to observe that Sheridan, so far from proposing that Reeves should be prosecuted, distinctly opposed it, although he did demand his dismissal from the public service, that he should be summoned to the bar and reprimanded, and his book burned by the hangman. The prosecution was the choice of the Government, who did not care to be involved in a question of privilege. We could wish, moreover, that plainer language had been used as to the financial extravagance of the period. Pitt's expedients—such as the suspension of cash-payments—were not always unexceptionable; and the enormous sums wasted on expeditions which, even if successful, would have effected nothing towards bringing the war to an end, form the bulk of that extravagant debt under which the nation still groans. The most completely satisfactory part of the work is the chapter on Ireland. And whatever may be thought of the means by which the Union was effected, it is at least satisfactory to reflect that it has put a stop to the barbarities which either faction in that unhappy country was wont to inflict upon the other. The rebellion of 1798 probably owed its origin in no slight degree to the acts of 1795, by which Pitt, in pursuance of his policy of repression, silenced the political societies. Up to that time they had courted publicity; thenceforth they became secret associations. The United Irishmen, deserted by the more timid or more moderate of their number, began to scheme for a

French invasion instead of the rights of man. Coercion thus led to its natural conclusion—rebellion. The Croppies were cruel, as was to be expected from the degraded condition to which they had been reduced; but they were not licentious. The Protestant militia added rape to robbery, while Lord Cornwallis reported to the secretary of state that “murder appeared to be their favourite pastime.” The use of torture was freely resorted to. Confessions were extorted by “tearing the scalp off the head with pitched caps, penetrating the soles of the feet with pointed stakes, cutting with swords, and flogging to the peril of life.” The Irish Parliament eagerly covered these atrocities by an act of indemnity; and even in the British Parliament, after the Union, Beresford, an Irish member, and Lord Clare, the Irish chancellor, ventured to defend them. The worst of these ruffians, Fitzgerald, the high-sheriff of Tipperary, was actually rewarded with a baronetcy. Whatever other injuries the act of Union may have inflicted on Ireland, it at least gave the death-blow to the system of government which had produced such results as these.

V. *The History of the Jews, from the Earliest Period down to Modern Times.* By H. H. Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. 3 vols. Third edition, thoroughly revised and extended. London : Murray, 1863.

In comparing this new edition of Dean Milman's work, revised and enlarged as it now is, with its earliest appearance more than thirty years ago, we are made to feel most strikingly how wide is the interval in the progress of human thought which separates them, and how many questions then first budding into the possibilities of future speculation, have since that time expanded into positive and well-defined conditions of biblical inquiry, which no competent scholar with any regard to his own reputation can venture henceforth to evade. To Dean Milman belongs the merit—and no slight one we regard it—of having first introduced to the general public of this country, a rational and at the same time a religious view of the history of the Jews,—and of enabling the mass of readers to form a conception of the marvellous fortunes and the still more marvellous literature of that extraordinary people, not through the distorting glasses of theological systems, but in the clear, natural light of common sense, and with the unforced sympathies of the common heart of man. For the first time in our literature he made the history of the Bible readable, by making it human. Others have subsequently followed in the same direction, but he broke up the ground and led the way. To undertake such a work for English readers in the earlier part of the present century, not only a learning then rare, but a yet rarer moral courage, was required; and these are claims on the respect and gratitude of the friends of religious truth, which richer harvests reaped by later hands from the same fields can never supersede. It is no discredit to the most exact and thoughtful writer, that after the lapse of many years, marked as the last three decades have been by unparalleled activity in every branch of critical and historical research,—on a subject running out into many collateral inquiries, and involving not

a few very complicated problems, he should find that he had advanced some positions which can no longer be maintained with the same undoubting confidence ; that with the accession of fresh and indisputable facts, the old solution of difficulties was no longer available; and that points which he once supposed definitively settled, had to be reconstructed and set in a new light. To acknowledge such deficiencies, and to endeavour to supply them with the candour and moderation which signalise the corrections and additions to the volumes now before us, is no small praise.

The extension of the present edition consists partly in the interpolation of numerous passages in the text, but still more in a large body of notes, confirming and sometimes qualifying the statements in the text, and not unfrequently affording the reader materials for coming to a conclusion at variance with that of the author himself. His reading, indeed, is immense. Of every thing which the scholarship of France, Germany, and even Italy has contributed during the last quarter of a century to the manifold subjects of his work, he seems to have industriously made himself master. The additions and corrections are not in the same proportion to the original text in all parts of the work. We speak from a comparison of the present with the earlier edition. The notes, if not the most abundant, are certainly the most important, and furnish the largest amount of corrective and illustrative matter, in the opening part of the history, to which recent controversy has naturally attracted a more than ordinary attention. The most copious additions to the narrative occur in the later books, which have been greatly expanded, and contain a very interesting account, not readily accessible to the English reader from other sources, of the state of Judaism in medieval and modern times. In this part of the work we would notice with special commendation the characters of Maimonides, Spinoza, and Mendelsohn. They are discriminating and just, and written in a spirit of genial appreciation. Throughout, the recent researches of Jost, Geiger, Depping, and Herzfeld, have been diligently used and turned to good account. The author's studies, it is evident, have never been intermitted ; he has not reposed under the laurels of his early fame. We might rather say, he has been almost too anxious to read every thing that had the remotest affinity with his subject. As a consequence, he has hardly left himself time to digest his multifarious materials, and to reduce the infinite variety of ideas which the open candour of his mind so readily admits, into order and harmony. Sometimes he merely notices a book and its contents, without further comment, leaving it to the reader to infer what bearing it may have on the views maintained in the narrative. On the whole, there is a want of keeping between the text and the notes. Notwithstanding the effort to reconcile them, they still bear the trace of belonging to different stages in the history of the author's mind—they still belong, so to speak, to the opposite ends of the long interval which divides his last from his first edition. Furnished with so much new matter, which has had a marked effect upon himself, we cannot but regret, as well for his own reputation as for the instruction

of the public, that Dean Milman did not recast his history, and produce, like Jost, an entirely new work. On a theme of such importance, there is, to our apprehension, something slovenly in reprinting an old text here and there interpolated, with a running margin of qualifying commentary which ought to have been incorporated into a new one, and which, if it does not itself directly contradict the text, supplies the reader with the means of seriously questioning its statements. The work has the appearance of having been somewhat hastily brought out. Its publication was, perhaps, accelerated by the Colenso controversy, to which the author alludes in an excellent spirit at the conclusion of his preface. Of course we do not mean that the materials of this new edition had been suddenly got together. They are, doubtless, the accumulation of years, and their very richness makes us the more regret that sufficient time should not have been given to develop them into greater completeness and self-consistency. When Dean Milman takes pains, he can write excellently well. There are passages in his works of remarkable graphic power. But in the present volumes, especially in his long notes, partly we presume from want of time and partly from the pressure of his redundant matter, his style is more than ordinarily loose and careless, at times scarcely grammatical; and in the citation of Greek and German authorities we have observed frequent errors of the press, which should not have been allowed to disfigure the pages of so accomplished a scholar.

On the much-debated question of the origin and authorship of the Pentateuch, Dean Milman adheres to the view which he maintained in his first edition, namely; that in its substance, with some recent interpolations, it belongs to the Mosaic age, and is an authentic embodiment of the primitive Mosaic legislation. He lays stress on the fact, that all recent discoveries render it next to certain, that the Hebrews must have been acquainted with the use of alphabetic characters at the time of the Exodus; that many of the laws still furnish evidence in their peculiar phraseology, of their origination in the desert; and that if the Law (*Torah*), as it was subsequently called, did not proceed from Moses, no period can be assigned between the Exodus and the extinction of the monarchy, when such a collection could have been put forth under his name without the imposition being discovered, and the authority claimed under it repudiated. These are the old arguments, and to this day they satisfy many minds. But there are considerations of great weight on the other side, which the author has had the candour not to withhold from the reader in his notes.

Every one who dispassionately considers this subject, must be struck with the remarkable failure of all allusion to Moses and the Law in the earlier literature and history of the Hebrews, after we quit Joshua. The name of Moses does not once occur in any of the older prophets; and we believe not more than three times in the whole compass of the books of Kings. In Judges and Samuel it is wholly wanting. Dean Milman himself has called attention to this singular fact (i. 134, note). The condition of the people corresponds to the silence of their records. As far as any inference can be drawn from the books of Judges, Samuel, and

even Kings, the elaborate system of sacerdotal ordinances contained in the Pentateuch, and issued complete, it is usually supposed, by Moses, under the direct authority of Jehovah,—seems to have existed without any perceptible effect on the popular mind and character for many centuries, and not to have made any approach to a realisation till after the return from exile. Between that time and the age of Moses a long interval elapsed, during which the Mosaic legislation, *as we now have it*, might as well never have existed for any visible trace which it has left behind it. It is difficult to conceive, why such a prospective scheme should have been promulgated so many centuries before it was wanted, before it was even practicable. Such a proceeding is not in harmony with the usual order of God's providence. This is a fact patent on the surface of the Old Testament history, which yields evidence appreciable by every one; not at all dependent on the critical faculty of discriminating the age and authorship of ancient documents, or on those subtle deductions from the niceties of a particular language, which lie beyond the reach of a vast majority of even studious men. Our author has evidently felt the difficulty involved in this fact, and meets it in his own way, though he does not, we think, either carry the difficulty to its full extent, or effectually reply to it. "I have a strong opinion," he says (i. 135, note), "that at the time of the Exodus the Israelites, at least their leaders, were in a higher state of civilisation in many respects than at any period of their history before the Captivity, excepting, perhaps, during the later reign of David and that of Solomon."

Every thing seems to show, that the old, what we may call the classical, literature of the Hebrews in its three main branches—the legal, the prophetic, and the devotional—was collected, arranged, digested, and, to use a modern phrase, reedited, on the reconstitution of the national life after the return from Babylon. The nature and extent of the revision to which their old writings were then subjected, to adapt them to a new state of things, our strong Protestant prejudices have hindered us from even yet adequately appreciating. Perhaps the nearest parallel case in the history of literature was the reediting of the old Greek poets by the critics of Alexandria. Certainly some of the early fathers use a language on this subject, which would shock our modern orthodoxy as much as the heresies of Bishop Colenso; and that is saying a great deal. Irenaeus, in a well-known passage cited by Dean Milman (i. 134, note), does not hesitate to speak of the dispersion and corruption of the Scriptures (*διαφθαρεῖσαν τῶν γραφῶν*) during the Captivity, and of the restoration of the Law of Moses (*ἀποκαταστήσατ*) by Ezra, who was inspired for the purpose; and Jerome, repeating his statement, calls Ezra "instauratorem Pentateuchi." It must be remembered that the question under discussion is the Pentateuch in its present form and compass, with Joshua as an appendix.

We have some difficulty in determining what Dean Milman's own views are. He makes concessions in his notes which furnish data for going beyond the conclusions apparently affirmed in his text. He thinks the argument from language overdone, and charges the critical

school with having fallen into the same fallacy as the upholders of a verbal inspiration—that of assuming the soundness and reliability of the text on which they ground their reasonings. But we may surely ask, what other ground have they to reason from at all? If our actual text is so uncertain, that we can draw no inference from it as to age or authorship, we must give up all criticism, and with it all history. Ignorance of the history of a text, admission even of extensive corruption, does not disqualify us for discerning those traces of mental individuality which are too deeply stamped on all genuine writings ever to be effaced, except by intentional and systematic depravation; and this in the present case no one ventures to impute. We can feel what belongs to Homer—the peculiar genius of his diction, his rhythmus, and his thought—though we cannot trace the history of his text with much distinctness beyond the Alexandrine age, and cannot tell what changes and interpolations his lays may have undergone since they were first sung by wandering minstrels. It seems to us a strange mode of rescuing the history of the Bible, to discredit to such an extent the language in which it has been transmitted to us. The Dean's supposition of the "gradual and insensible modernisation"—to use his own words—of the text of the Old Testament, to adapt it to later times, offers quite as much violence to all received notions on the subject, and leaves us at last quite as much in doubt as to what is or what is not authentically Mosaic, as any of the hypotheses of the critical school, to which he is so strongly opposed. The following observations, which we extract from a long note (i. 134), seem to us as bold as any thing advanced by Davidson or Colenso, without being at all more satisfactory:

"I must confess that so many objections that have been raised, and on which great stress has been laid, against the historical value of the Hebrew writings, vanish away, in my point of view, as palpable interpretations, glosses which have crept into the text, errors in numbers. Even in linguistic difficulties so much may have grown out of gradual and insensible modernisations, the accommodation to the prevailing vernacular usage of the people, that the argument from language—however unimpeachable to a great extent—is not a guide quite so sure and infallible as it is sometimes assumed to be. And what if there be ground for the reconstruction or redintegration of all the sacred books by Ezra, as seems to have been the belief of many, if not most, of the early fathers? They attest that Ezra was specially inspired for this function; but, setting aside the question of his divine inspiration, if the sacred books really were recomposed (this is hardly too strong a word) by Ezra, or in the time of Ezra, supposing the most scrupulous fidelity as to legal and religious provisions, what extensive modifications may have been made as to the smaller historic facts (some for the sake of perspicuity, some to harmonise discrepancies), above all in the language, which would in many places inevitably and insensibly take a varying cast!"

In speaking of the enormous numbers that characterise the narrative of the Exodus, the author remarks in a note (i. 189): "If we

might suppose that a cipher has been added in the total sum, and throughout the several particulars, or if we might include men, women, and children under the 600,000, the history would gain, in my opinion, both in clearness and consistency." But the only plea for such wholesale alteration would be the assumption of the strict historical veracity of the original statement, which is the very matter in dispute. Every history may be brought more within the limits of credibility by thus pruning it at will. The excess in numbers here is uniform, pervading, and self-consistent. Besides, there is every reason to believe that the numbers were from the first expressed in words, which afford less opportunity for corruption. The citation of parallel instances of numerical exaggeration from other Oriental works explains the fact, but does not redeem the history.

Assuming the probability of changes so constant and extensive, as are here supposed, to adapt the document to the "vernacular usage" of the time, what guarantee have we left that they would not extend to the "legal and religious provisions," which are quite gratuitously excepted in the foregoing extracts? If we admit any growth in the national character and institutions, such as the extant history distinctly attests, these are precisely the points in which some change might be most naturally expected to occur. Indeed, unless we suppose the Mosaic Law to have been throughout a mere abstract ideal, with no practical influence on the people, we are reduced, apart from the admission of some progressive change, to this dilemma: either the laws enacted by Moses for the use of nomades, must have been wholly unavailable in the time of Ezra; or else laws suited to the new state of things which followed the exile, must have been unsuited to the need and capacity of a warlike horde, fighting its way to a new settlement through the wilderness. In the face of evidence which he has so candidly collected in his notes, we are surprised that Dean Milman should still leave unqualified the broad statement of his earlier edition,—that there can be no doubt "that the statute-book of Moses, with all his particular enactments, still exists, and that it recites them in the same order, if it may be called order, in which they were promulgated."

This question is often so put, as if it lay between the recognition of the whole existing Pentateuch as the work of Moses, and the entire repudiation of him as in any sense the primitive legislator of the Hebrews. Such a statement may serve the purpose of extreme partisans, who desire to enlist the religious prejudices of the uninstructed on their side; but those who only seek truth, will perceive that there is an intermediate view which best meets and reconciles the several conditions of the case. We presume that none but the most unreasonable sceptics venture to call in question the historical existence of Moses, or attempt to reduce him to a simple myth. His name is too deeply impressed on the subsisting laws of the Jewish people, and too closely interwoven with their oldest traditions, to permit us to entertain so extravagant a supposition. On the other hand, there is every probability that much has been ascribed to him, which is not his, and that his name by its commanding attraction has gathered to it, and put

under its high sanction, many usages and ordinances which had come into existence with the increasing demands of the national life, and brought with them no distinct evidence of a particular occasion or a certain author. His personal history is so interwrought with the marvellous, which few even of the most cautious critics now accept as historical, that it seems impossible to doubt that much of it must have come to us through the mythic and legendary medium of oral tradition. Granting, then, the existence of a Mosaic nucleus of legislation in the Pentateuch, which gave its first impulse to the national existence, and even determined to a large extent by its powerful precedent the form of subsequent enactments, we are still compelled to suppose, by the undeniable results of critical analysis, by the existence of laws substantially the same in different forms of enunciation, by the traces of distinct groups of laws which must have preceded the present Pentateuchic collection, and by other phenomena of a similar kind—that around this primitive nucleus new enactments continually accumulated as the political and sacerdotal elements of the commonwealth developed themselves, which still carried with them the venerable name of Moses. Such extension of a name beyond the limits of its own proper sphere is not without example. David has imparted his to the whole Psalter, though only a small portion of its contents was actually written by him. The Proverbs are ascribed to Solomon, though the book itself speaks of various authorship. In our own country, how many institutions, that date from the Anglo-Saxon period, has the popular reverence gratuitously associated with the name of Alfred! This view, it must be admitted, is at variance with the general belief, and even with the impression, which the Pentateuch and Joshua (reduced to the form in which we now have them, at a later age) are calculated to produce. Instead of conceiving Moses to have announced the Law in its whole extent, and to have revealed the religion on which it is based, in its full perfection, all at once, with reference to a distant state of things, centuries before it did or could exist—it compels us to believe, that the Mosaic legislation, and the Jehovahism associated with it, commenced with a few rudimental principles, involving the seed of a progressive self development, which slowly and gradually, through their inherent strength and vitality, quickened by ceaseless prophetic action, forced their way into wider acknowledgment against a dense mass of grossness and ferocity, and even to the close of the monarchy had to sustain a doubtful contest with formidable hostile agencies.

This view is certainly most in accordance with the evidence of the history from Judges onwards, and with two facts that are prominently brought out by the learned and enlightened author of the present work. First, it is quite clear (Dean Milman every where acknowledges it) that, beside the polytheistic idolatries of the surrounding nations which threatened the purity of the national belief,—there were two forms of Jehovahistic worship prevalent in Palestine,—one lower and symbolical, perhaps even idolatrous, of which the seats were the old high places where Samuel had once ministered; the other pure and

spiritual, represented by Isaiah and the prophets, of which Jerusalem was the centre ;—and that between these two forms there arose a deadly antagonism, which increased in bitterness in the last days of the kingdom, and was hardly exceeded by that which existed between Jehovahism itself and the Baal worship of Ahab. This lower Jehovahistic worship is usually regarded as a defection from the primitive Mosaic standard, occasioned more particularly by the separation of the kingdoms and the political necessities of the first king of Israel. We seem to encounter fewer difficulties by viewing it as the perpetuation of an earlier and ruder faith, from which the Jehovahism of Jerusalem, cherished by a higher civilisation and developed by the prophets, was effectually disengaging itself; while it still subsisted in vigour in the northern and remoter districts, and had one of its principal seats at Bethel, which Jeroboam selected as a new sacerdotal centre for his kingdom.—The other fact is the change which appears to have come over the religious tendencies of the Jews, under the influence of the people among whom they were for a time transplanted. On their return from exile they were strict and even bigoted monotheists, and had worked off apparently all those idolatrous proclivities which had so deeply infected them to the very termination of the monarchy. “It is by no means improbable,” says Dean Milman, “that at this period the Persians were pure Theists;” “and this probability,” he adds in a note, “has been much increased by the cuneiform inscriptions, those especially of which the interpretation appears to me the most trustworthy,—the translations from the first or Zend column of Behistun.” We cannot indeed suppose that the words of Isaiah, Micah, and Jeremiah were without deep effect in the concluding period of the kingdom of Judah; but their ministry had to maintain a sharp struggle to the last. The sorrow and humiliation of exile proved the truth of what they had uttered; and in that sad season their countrymen became acquainted with a great and powerful nation, the conquerors of the world, who repudiated all idolatry, and worshiped through their grand dualistic symbolism one Sovereign Intelligence. Such an example was not lost upon them. It perfected their spiritual training, and infused into it, through the doctrine of individual immortality, new elements of motive and hope. When their Law was reconstituted and put forth afresh on their return to their native country, it completed the work of preceding influences, and impressed on the national mind a fixed and enduring type, which all the wanderings and persecutions of ensuing centuries have been unable to efface. Such a type, had the Law previously existed in equal force, carrying with it as it did a divine sanction, and assisted, as was believed, by miraculous interposition,—it is surprising it should never have exhibited, during all the centuries that elapsed between the Exodus and the Exile, even a proximate tendency to produce.

For ourselves, we feel so sure that the solemn warnings, the grand suggestive exhortations, and the sublime anticipations of the prophets contain a truth, which carries its own evidence along with it, and could only come from God,—a truth which found its destined issue and fulfilment in the Gospel of our collective humanity,—that, in a

religious sense, we are quite indifferent as to the solution of these critical questions. Our interest in them is purely intellectual,—to ascertain, if possible, what result is yielded by accessible evidence, and what view best meets the acknowledged difficulties of the case. Whatever that view and that result may be, religion, we are perfectly certain, will remain uninjured. We think it will even be an advantage to religion, that the theology of the Bible should be delivered, by the unavoidable effect of these inquiries, from too servile a dependence on the assumed history of the Bible. With all that the venerable author of the present work has so well said on this subject, we find ourselves in perfect harmony; and we heartily wish his own enlightened and catholic spirit were more widely diffused through the church of which he has long been so distinguished an ornament. We cannot do better than close this article in his own beautiful words (Preface, p. xxii.):

"For the perpetuity of religion, of the true religion,—that of Christ,—I have no misgivings. So long as there are women and sorrow in this mortal world, so long there will be the religion of the emotions, the religion of the affections. Sorrow will have consolation, which it can only find in the Gospel. So long as there is the sense of goodness, the sense of the misery and degradation of evil, there will be the religion of what we may call the moral necessities of our nature, the yearning for rescue from sin, for reconciliation with an All-holy God. So long as the spiritual wants of our higher being require an authoritative answer; so long as the human mind cannot but conceive its imaginative, discursive, creative, inventive thought to be something more than a mere faculty or innate or acquired power of 'the material body'; so long as there are aspirations towards immortality; so long as man has a conscious soul, and feels that soul to be his real self, his imperishable self,—so long there will be the religion of reason. As it was the moral and religious superiority of Christianity,—in other words, the love of God, diffused by Christ, 'by God in Christ,'—which mainly subdued and won the world, so that same power will retain it in willing and perpetual subjection. The strength of Christianity will rest not, in the excited imagination, but in the heart, the conscience, the understanding of man."

**VI. *The Plain of Troy described, &c.*** By Charles Maclaren, F.R.S.E.  
Edinburgh : Black, 1863.

Mr. Maclaren published in 1822 a *Dissertation on the Topography of the Plain of Troy*. Since that period so much light has been thrown upon the geography of Homer, especially by the publication of Dr. Forchammer's Memoir in 1842, and the Admiralty map in 1844, that Mr. Maclaren, having himself visited the Troad in 1847, has been induced to re-write his essay with considerable additions. Some of these, more particularly the reproduction of the Admiralty map, are important.

Never have the merits of a good map been more strikingly illus-

trated than in the case of the Troad. Kauffer's map was published somewhere about 1800 : it is far from a scientific performance, and yet from Clarke's copy of Kauffer, engraved in 1803, have been derived almost all the maps of the Troad down to a very recent period. We cannot be surprised, therefore, that the Admiralty survey was an epoch in the history of Homeric topography. It did much to establish the geographical reality of Homer ; but above all it confirmed the substantial accuracy of Strabo.

Sinking minor details, it is surprising how well Strabo has described the Trojan plain. If we take the Admiralty map, and fix our attention upon its more salient features, we get unmistakably the three ridges of the ancient geographer. These are the Rhœtean or Northern, the Chiblak or Central, and the Udjek or Southern ridge. Starting from Ida, and running in the direction of the Hellespont, very nearly parallel to each other, but with a perceptible inclination of the two outer ridges towards the inner, these perfectly unpretending hills enclose two valleys, each with its river-course. Between the Rhœtean and Chiblak ridge we have the Dombrek, between the Chiblak and Udjek the Menderé. It is upon the slopes of these hills and in the recesses of these valleys that all students of Homer, with few exceptions, have agreed to search for the site of *wind-swept* Troy. The field of investigation is thus narrowed to an area some ten miles by seven ; and within these limits three principal points have been selected : the Novum Ilium of Strabo at Hissarlik, a village just upon the Western end of the Central ridge ; Strabo's Ancient Ilium, near the Eastern extremity of the same ridge ; and the village of Bunarbashi, on the Menderé, in the fork between the Central and the Southern ridge. Mr. Maclarens defends the claims of the first. The second, in some one or other of its modifications, has been adopted by several eminent geographers, particularly by Major Rennell. The third has perhaps found more friends than any other claimant, and was first suggested by M. Lechevalier in 1785.

Mr. Maclarens does not principally rely upon authorities. If he did, we do not think he would be badly off; for with the exception of Strabo, or rather Demetrius of Skepsis, from whom Strabo derived his information, the uniform testimony of antiquity is with him ; and as to modern writers we can heartily enter into the honest pride with which he refers to the favourable opinion of Mr. Grote. But authorities are by no means Mr. Maclarens's sheet-anchor. His reliance is much more on facts and figures, in handling which he is evidently a veteran. His method is simple enough. He endeavours to establish two propositions : first, that *the Novum Ilium of Strabo is the modern Hissarlik*; secondly, that *Ilium Novum was really the Ilium Vetus of Homer*.

The identity of Ilium Novum with Hissarlik was first discovered by Dr. Clarke ; but for the final settlement of this question we are indebted to the Admiralty map, and the indefatigable rule and compass of Mr. Maclarens. Not that Mr. Maclarens is without his difficulties. Strabo's figures look obstinate at first, but no figures are invincible.

Strabo places Ilium Novum 20 stadia from Sigeum, and 12 from Rhoeum. Now, if lines starting from these points be produced until they meet towards Hissarlik, the one will measure 33, the other 22 stadia. At this crisis Mr. Maclarens calls in Scylax. Scylax wrote about 400 years before Strabo; he gives 25 stadia between Ilium and the Hellespont, and this is actually the distance, as shown on the Admiralty map, between the bottom of the hill at Hissarlik and a point about midway between the mouth of the Menderé and that of the Dombrek. But is Strabo wrong? It does not follow for an instant. Mr. Maclarens propounds a theory which bids fair to be the true one, and which certainly reconciles the apparent discrepancy. It is briefly this. Scylax describes Troy before, Strabo after, its enlargement under the Romans. This enlargement would naturally be towards the coast, and thus the distance would become less. But, however this may be, the first proposition is proved to satiety, and we must accept Hissarlik as the Ilium Novum of Strabo.

But was this Ilium Novum the Ilium of Homer? Strabo says not. Here Mr. Maclarens divides his argument. First, there is the question of magnitude: is the hill of Hissarlik large enough to have been the site of Homer's Troy? Secondly, there is the question of distance from the shore and relation to the rivers: does the Iliad suppose an interval of some 6 or 8 miles between Troy and the Greek camp; or would the conditions of the poem be better satisfied by a distance of some 3 or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles? Again, is the Simois the prominent river in the battle-scenes, or is it not rather the Scamander? The area of the hill at Hissarlik is about half a square English mile; the area of that portion which Mr. Maclarens would identify with the *Pergamus* is about 11 English acres. Now we know that Tyre, with its 45,000 inhabitants, covered only about one-sixth part of a square mile; that East London has a population of 290 to the acre; and, as regards the *Pergamus*, that the acropolis of Argos, and also that of Athens, present areas of not more than eight acres. We do not see, then, how Mr. Maclarens can be blamed for inferring that the question of size is not against the claims of Hissarlik to be considered the site of ancient "wide-streeted" Troy.

The question of distance is a question to be determined by the Iliad itself; and here we think that Mr. Maclarens has it all his own way. Whether we read the details of the first, the second, or the third battle, it seems impossible to resist the conviction that the poet had in his mind a comparatively brief interval between the city and the camp of the Greeks. In fact, the evidence on this point has always seemed to us perfectly irresistible; and we think that Mr. Maclarens might fairly have been excused if he had treated it less fully than he has done. Now Hissarlik is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, Strabo's Ilium Vetus 6 miles, and Bunarbashi 9 miles, from the Dardanelles. Strabo felt this difficulty, and therefore proposed to abridge the space between his Ilium Vetus and the Hellespont by supposing the shore to have been advanced seaward by the detritus of the Scamander.

This theory has been adopted to a certain extent by Major Rennell;

and of course it has been eagerly grasped at by Major Leake and other patrons of M. Lechevalier, whose maps exhibit a deep bay at the mouth of the Dombrek. Mr. Maclarem has convincingly shown that there is no river in the Troad which could produce such a change in the shore-line; and even Major Rennell admits that "to attribute the addition supposed [by the Lechevalier school], amounting to three feet per annum on the low shore of the Rhœtean bay, to a river like the Menderé, which is only occasionally full enough to make any deposits, is to ascribe to it an effective power of deposition proportionally greater than the Ganges possesses, with all its floods, with its perpetual great stream, and its never-ceasing load of sediment." The testimony of Seylax has a material bearing on this point; and, as his 25 stadia are something very like 25 stadia still, it seems evident that no considerable projection of the shore can have taken place between his time and ours.

The relation of the city to the rivers brings Mr. Maclarem into still sharper collision with M. Lechevalier. M. Lechevalier explored the Troad in 1785-1786, and read the results of his investigations before the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1791. Lechevalier was neither an engineer nor a geographer, but simply a volatile Frenchman, with all the reckless positivism and pseudo-sentimentalism of his race. He surveyed with a graphometer, and made blunders innumerable, and yet his theories have found a host of supporters. They cannot, however, stand before the Admiralty map, and the fierce onslaught of Mr. Maclarem. Never was there a more hapless stream than the Kirk Jos. From being exalted to the high dignity of the Homeric Scamander, it has been degraded by Mr. Maclarem successively into a brook, a rivulet, a drain, and a quagmire. That the Scamander is the Menderé we think there can be no doubt whatever: a glance at the map shows this at once. Unless we give up Homer's geography as desperate, the Scamander must certainly have been the largest river of the Troad. It must have flowed in such a direction that the Greeks in marching against the city would cross it, and it only, and cross it once, not twice. These are the conditions; and no river fulfils them but the Menderé, nor fulfils them with reference to any site but that of Ilium Novum, or Ilium Vetus, both on the Chiblak ridge. In the face of any thing like an accurate map, the Kirk Jos must be given up. It is neither the Scamander nor the Simois, but in all probability a canal of comparatively recent construction.

The next question is, where are we to find the Simois? Mr. Maclarem determines it to be the Dombrek. But there are difficulties connected with this hypothesis. The Scamander and the Simois, as late as the time of Pliny, became one river before entering the sea. Ptolemy separates their embouchures, and they are separate now. It is true the Kalifathi Asmak, which is after all little more than a muddy ditch, communicates both with the Menderé and the Dombrek, and thus forms a kind of junction. But on the whole Mr. Maclarem is not quite so satisfactory upon this point as upon some others. Indeed, if our topographer can be supposed capable of any thing like special pleading, we venture to think that he has yielded to that weakness here.

The fact is, that the appetite for identification is always in great danger of becoming morbid ; the broad, general features of resemblance come at last to lose their piquancy ; and the very gravest of archaeological mouths may at times be observed to water for a titbit of special discovery. Mr. Maclarens is no exception to this rule.

There is yet one great difficulty which stands between Mr. Maclarens and the goal of triumphant identification. This is the present course of the Scamander. Running close under Sigeum, it leaves a space on its western bank utterly inadequate for the position of the Greek camp. This is a difficulty which besets all theories as to the site of Troy ; and Mr. Maclarens has been quite as successful as any of his predecessors in attaining that prime necessity of Homeric realists, a more easterly channel for the lower Scamander. Here again the Admiralty map is used with effect. From the peculiar projection towards the north-east of the line of three-fathom soundings, Mr. Maclarens infers a deposit which suggests two successive channels : one, and that probably the older, at En Tepe Asmak, or the mouth of the Dombrek ; the other at a lagoon rather more to the west. We need hardly say that either of these channels, but especially the former, would leave a very considerable space on its west bank for the Naustathmos.

Mr. Maclarens has done good service to all students of Homer : he has written a book which promises to be the book on the subject of which it treats. But we really never saw such Greek quotations. Mr. Maclarens has published a table of *errata*. Can he possibly be aware of the portents which still disfigure almost every page ? In the earlier part of the book we have copious extracts from Dr. Clarke's Latin translation : it might perhaps have been as well if this *pis aller* had been adhered to throughout. We have one other complaint to make. Possibly we may be pardoned if we venture to submit that the tone of some passages in this work is slightly in excess of that vigorous warmth which is only just admissible in questions of archaeology. There is a quasi-Bentleian ferocity in one or two of the assaults upon poor M. Lechevalier which might well have been spared. Nor do we think that Mr. Maclarens will be angry with us if we suggest that it has long ceased to be the habit of accomplished authors, even though they be sprung from the *perfervidum genus*, to call each other hard names.

#### VII. *The Polish Captivity.* By Sutherland Edwards. W. H. Allen and Co.

Any body who has lived much on the Continent must be aware that in every European country there exists a pro-English party of more or less importance. As a rule, the influence of English opinion on the masses of a Continental nation is very small compared with that of France. To what cause this fact is due, whether to our language, our insular position, or our peculiar state policy, is a question too wide for us to enter on. The fact, however, is, that the party which studies English literature, and copies English manners, and admires English

institutions, is rarely, if ever, the national one. They represent a sect, often a very influential and respectable sect, but they do not represent the country ; and therefore their opinions as to the prospects and condition of their own land are seldom reliable. On the other hand, an Englishman is remarkably apt to make acquaintance with this pro-English party, and adopt their views and sentiments as being those of the country he is visiting. Unless we are mistaken, Mr. Sutherland Edwards has fallen a victim to this common mistake. Apparently, during his sojourns in Poland, he became intimate with the small section in that country who represent the Anglo-loving community, and has been indoctrinated by them with their peculiar views. Unfortunately, in this instance, the error was a serious one. By this time the notion that England is likely to interfere actively in behalf of the popular cause on the Continent is pretty well exploded. The party therefore in Poland who favour the English in preference to the French alliance are virtually advocates of moral intervention in preference to physical. Now as the most enthusiastic of Poles scarcely believe it possible that Poland can overthrow the dominion of Russia without the aid of foreign arms, this preference is tantamount to an acquiescence in the supremacy of Russia. In other words, the pro-English Poles consider that the best chance for their country lies in coming to terms with the Czar, not in attempting to dissolve the partnership by force. This opinion may possibly be a wise and just one, but it is not the national opinion of Poland ; and the views based upon it are likely to mislead the readers of *The Polish Captivity*.

What renders this bias of Mr. Edwards the more unfortunate is, that the peculiar tenets of his Anglo-Polish informants happened to tally exactly with his personal prejudices. We never met with a writer who had a greater number of partisan animosities. It is hard to say whether he dislikes the French or the Germans, the Manchester party or the European democrats, more cordially. Mr. Carlyle is an antipathetic—in Italian phrase—to him, as Mr. Cobden and Frederick the Great and the first Napoleon are the objects of his indiscriminate abuse. As far as we can understand the author's views, he would sooner see Poland amalgamated with Russia than emancipated by the aid of French armies ; and indeed the brightest prospect he can look forward to for that unhappy country is, that the Czar should recover her lost provinces from Austria and Prussia, and incorporate the whole into a Russian dependency. Throughout the book, amidst much generous and—what is more—much genuine sympathy for the Poles, there runs a strong undercurrent of pro-Russian sentiment. The moral of the work might be conveyed in the proverb, which the author remarks could be applied appropriately to the relations between Russia and Poland, “*Nec sine, nec cum te vivere possum.*” It is clear that, in despite of his conservative prejudices, he believes the inexorable logic of facts to have decided the fate of Poland. She is henceforth bound to Russia, and the only thing she can do is to make the best of an indissoluble union. There is a story told of King Victor Emmanuel in whose moral Mr. Edwards would heartily coincide. At the outbreak

of the Polish troubles, somebody spoke to his majesty on the subject. The king twisted his moustache, and remarked, "If I were Czar of Russia, I would end this difficulty at once : all I should say to the Poles would be, 'Soyons amis, annexons la Prusse.'" Of all their persecutors, the Poles, in our author's opinion, dislike the Russians the least, and would gladly combine with them in an attack on Austria and Prussia. Mr. Edwards, therefore, is disposed to look leniently on the errors of the Marquis Wielopolski and other pro-Russian Poles, and to believe that their policy was in itself the wisest for their country. We are by no means clear that these views are mistaken ones, but we dispute the accuracy of receiving them as the popular opinions of educated Poles.

Disagreeing, as we do, with Mr. Edwards' political sentiments, we yet wish to render full justice to his literary merits. In the first place *The Polish Captivity* is a very readable and pleasant book ; and in the second place it gives us a great amount of information we could not easily obtain elsewhere. As a mere work of art it would be more perfect if the latter half of the second volume were omitted. The lengthy disquisition on the first faltering steps of constitutional life in Russia is the least interesting portion of the book, and bears only indirectly on the question of Poland. We could perhaps wish, too, that Mr. Edwards had given us more of description and less of political discussion ; not, indeed, that the latter is not worth reading, but that the former is so very light and easy. As a specimen of the author's descriptive powers, let us quote the following :

"Even in the thoroughly Polish city of Cracow, where there is no prohibition against the national dress, it is a rare thing to see a complete and authentic Polish suit. I remember one old Pole there, however, who, but for the reality of his look, the calm dignity of his manner, and the intimate relations evidently existing between him and his clothes, might have been taken for a Mazurka-dancing Pole out of some Polish ballet, produced with unusual magnificence, and with scrupulous accuracy in the costume department. He was old enough to have seen the constitution of the 3d of May adopted, supposing that his father had carried him to the Assembly, as Suchorzewski did his son, that he might swear a theatrical oath to slay him on the spot if the wise measure which abolished the *veto*, and made the crown hereditary, became law. The first time I saw this ancient Pole, I found myself looking involuntarily to see whether he still wore the sabre which was formerly the distinguishing sign of a Polish gentleman. No, he had abandoned that ; but he kept to the silken semi-oriental robe, and to the close-fitting tunic worn beneath, and the silver ornamented girdle, and the long black boots of soft shiny leather ; and on great days (such, for instance, as the anniversary of the Union of Poland with Lithuania) actually appeared in a species of hussar cap, and made a point, according to the ancient custom, of wearing in his dress the colours of his coat-of-arms."

It is a pity that an author who can write so well as this should tarnish his pages with frequent, and invariably unsuccessful, attempts at fine writing. Here, for example, is an indignant apostrophe, though

to whom it is addressed we are unable to discover. We presume it is meant for Prussia, and that for 'Prussia' in the first sentence you should read 'Russia.' This, however, is only a conjectural emendation.

"Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin ! You tied yourself to Prussia without thinking how much younger, stronger, more powerful, more enterprising, and even more unscrupulous, she is than you. The Poles may yet rise against you ; your long, thin country may again be broken in pieces, as it was in 1806, and as it remained until 1813 ; when finding that your French master was running from the Russians, you turned upon him and magnanimously kicked him !

"But, whatever happens to Prussia, it will still have Mr. Carlyle for its historian, only it must not lose Posen till the *Life of Frederick II.* is quite finished : for if a nation does not prosper, it does not deserve to prosper. The historian will justify the ways of Providence towards Prussia up to the moment of going to press. It must not, then, before the last volume is completed, fall back to the position it occupied fifty years ago."

These blemishes, however, are incidental, and hardly affect the intrinsic value of the work. The two points which Mr. Edwards throws the greatest light upon are, to our mind, the state of the Poles in the non-Russian provinces, and the relations of the peasantry to the nobles. On these points he writes from observation, not from theory, and therefore his researches possess an especial importance. If his facts are true, they completely dispel the popular English notion that Austria and Prussia have succeeded in reconciling the Poles, more or less, to their governments. On the contrary, according to our author's views, though the political position of the Poles is more favourable in Posen and Galicia than in Russia, their social and personal comfort is greater in the latter. "In spite of most reforms, in spite of liberty of the press, as great almost as in Prussia, and perfect liberty of speech in the Gallician diet, there is still, on the whole, far less political liberty in Galicia than in Posen, though of course far more than in the Kingdom where there is indeed none whatever. On the other hand, of that kind of freedom, scarcely appreciable by those who have never felt the want of it, which consists in being able to speak, learn, teach, and transact all kinds of business in the national language, and without the interposition of foreigners, there is less in Austrian Poland than in that portion of Russian Poland called the 'Kingdom,' where every one speaks Polish, where Polish money circulates, and accounts are kept in the old Polish currency ; where such phantoms of journals as appear are all printed in Polish ; where Polish is the language of the public offices, churches, and schools ; and where until quite lately (when, in consequence of the Poles refusing to attend it, it was closed) there was a national Polish theatre, at which Polish pieces were played by Polish actors. This is just the kind of freedom which is denied to the Poles by the government of Prussia, and which, in spite of copious promises, has only been partially granted by Austria. In short, a Pole is surrounded by more of what is called 'Polonism' in the kingdom than in Galicia or Posen ; but he finds

in Posen the greatest amount of political liberty. In Austria, he has a little of both, but not very much of either."

This statement, if correct, will account for the vitality of Poland, and is therefore promising for the hopes of its future regeneration. On the other hand, Mr. Edwards' narrative of the feelings prevalent amongst the peasants towards the nobles is a gloomy one for the friends of Poland. Entertaining as he does a strong prejudice in favour of the old aristocratic Polish government, he strives hard to prove that the peasants have no real cause to entertain ill-will towards their former masters. He dwells enthusiastically on the liberal provisions with regard to the serfs contained in the constitution of 1791. He declares, possibly with reason, that the Polish nobles have long been anxious to emancipate their serfs, but were continually prevented by their rulers from carrying out their wishes ; and he affirms that the permanence of serfdom would have been far less long-lived, had it not been for the partition of Poland. All this may be true, but it does not affect facts. The truth seems to be, that the serfs were miserably ill-treated under the old Polish governments, and that since their country has been enslaved their condition has been marvellously improved. In consequence they regard the government as their friend, and the nobles as their enemy. The conclusion may be wrong, but it is not unnatural. Supposing the result of the American civil war should be to free the blacks, it is certain that the Negroes will always regard the Federal government as their protector, however logically you may prove to them that the planters, if left to themselves, would have liberated them with equal or greater rapidity. The condition of the Polish serf appears to have been little, if any thing, better than that of a field-hand in the cotton-states ; and the Poles are reaping now the curse which sooner or later falls on all slave-owners. It is hard that the Polish nobles should be ruled by foreigners at the present day, because their grandfathers were tyrants ; but it is the law of the world that children do suffer for the sins of their parents. The Polish peasantry are very likely brutal, ignorant, and selfish ; but still we cannot exaggerate the importance of Mr. Edwards' admission, that practically the emancipated serfs would regard the restoration of an independent Poland as a national calamity. We do not say, for one moment, that this state of things justifies the enslavement of Poland ; but it accounts for the fact that the country has been enslaved, and causes us not to be oversanguine of its ultimate liberation.

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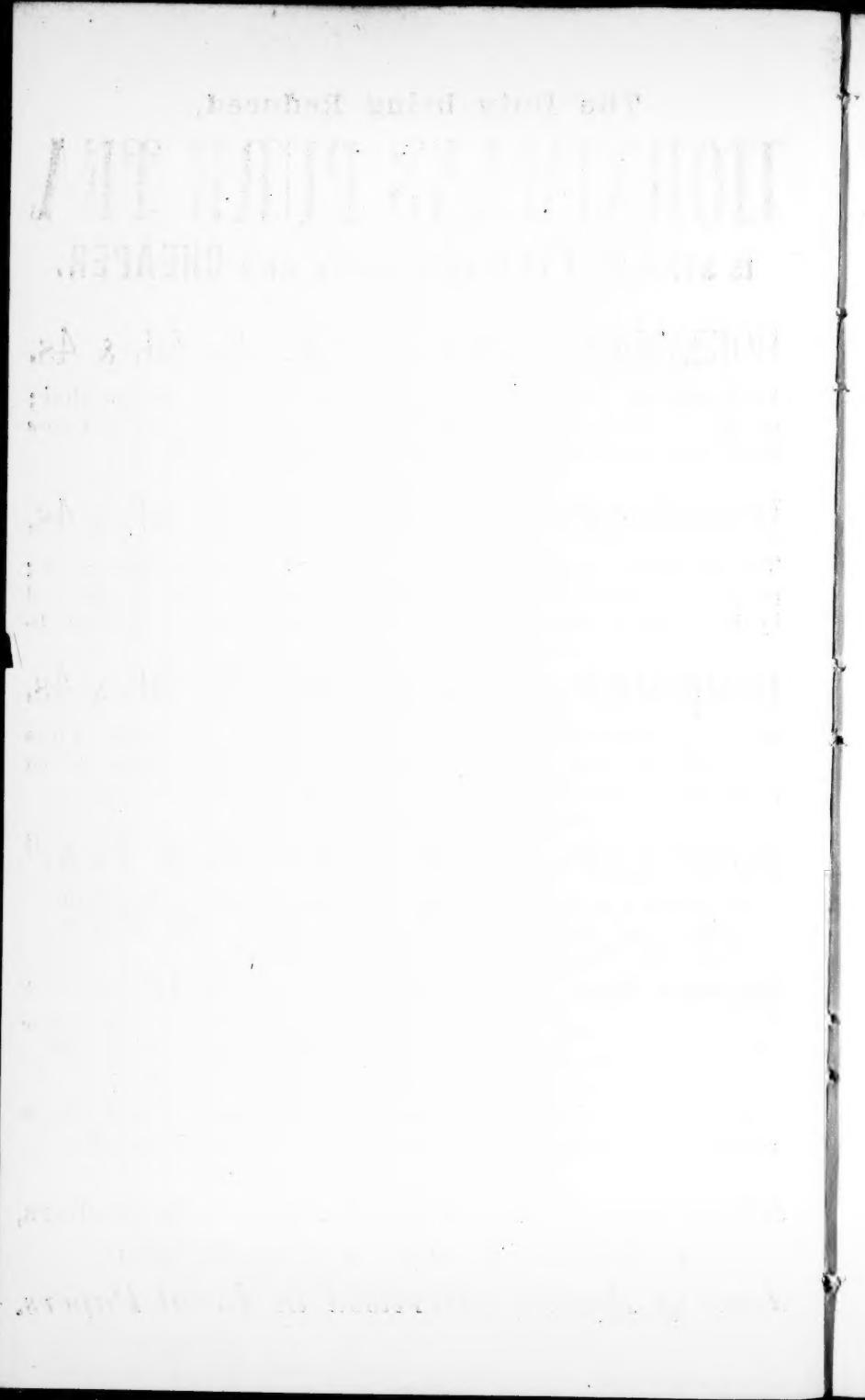
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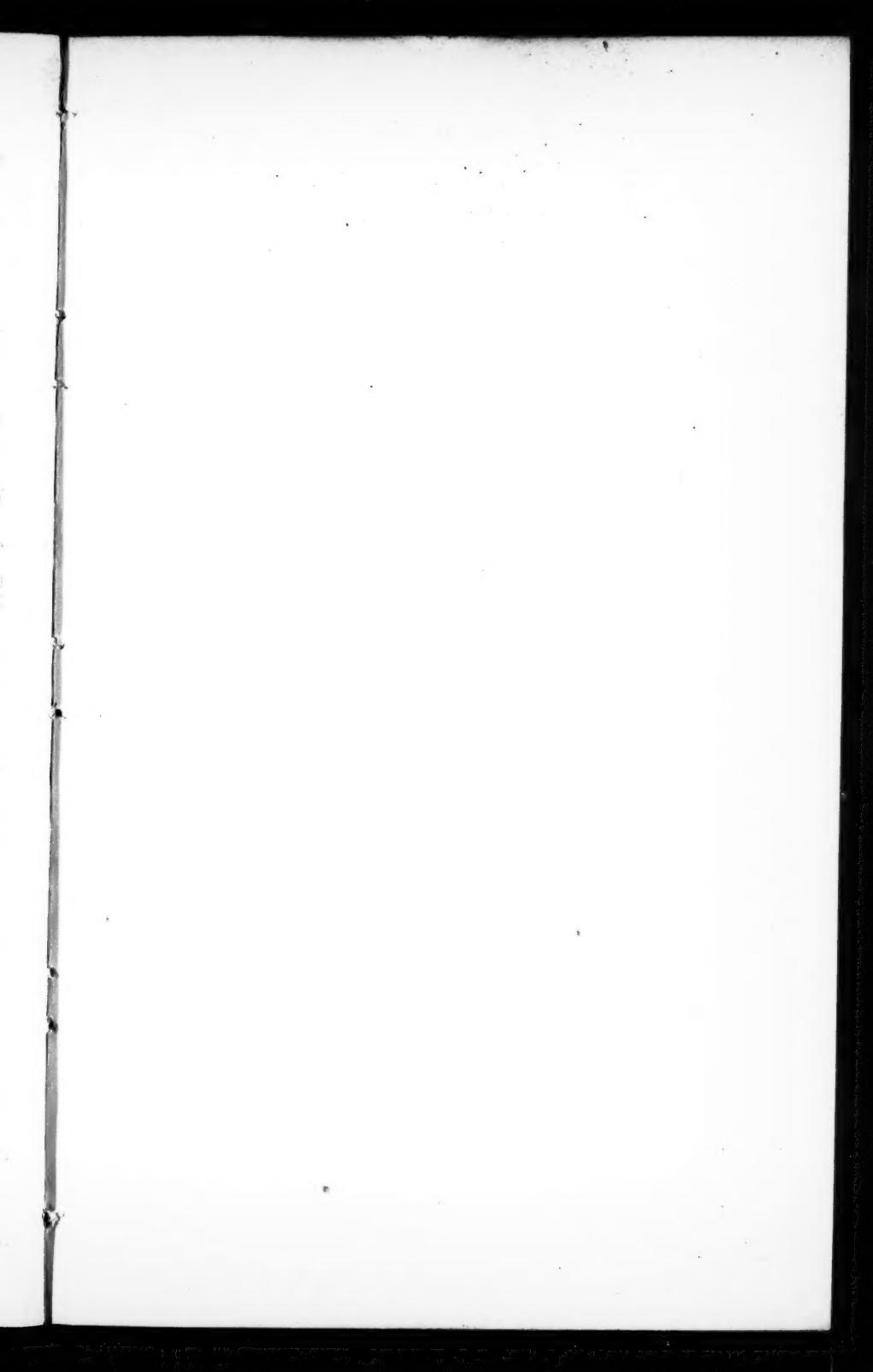
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